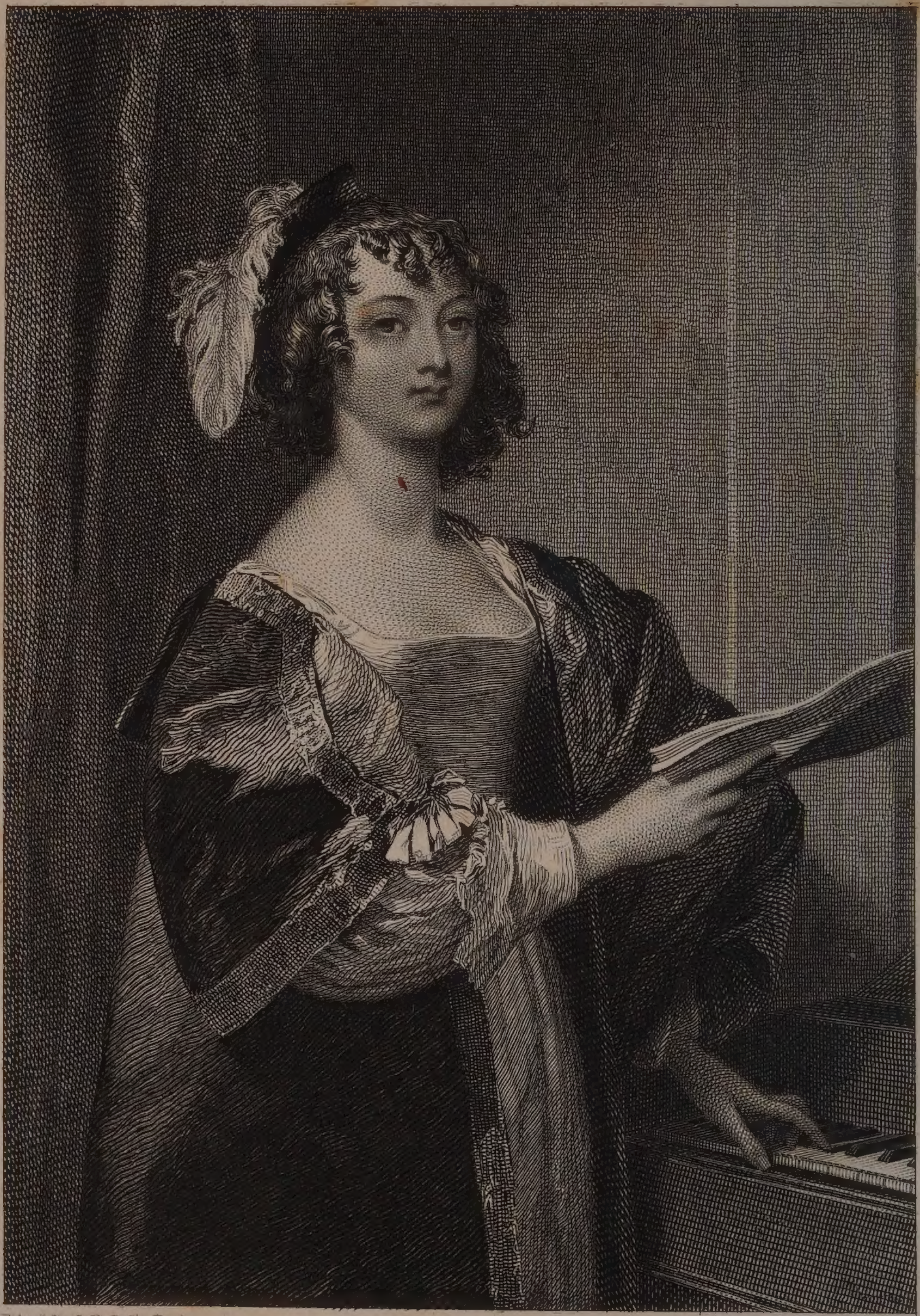
FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING

SMITH, ELDER & Co. CORNHILL, LONDON.

FRIENDSHIP'S
OFFERING.

London.
MDCCCXXXI



Painted by C. R. Leslie, R. A.

Engraved by W. Humphrys.

Adelaide.

Published by Smith, Elder & Cº 65, Cornhill.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING,
A Literary Album
and
ANNUAL REMEMBRANCER.

Miss A. C. Brown

"This is Affection's Tribute—Friendship's Offering;
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith and truth in absence,
And says—Forget me not!"

H. Corbould del.

LONDON
SMITH, ELDER & Co. 65, CORNHILL.

J. W. Cook sculp.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING:

A Literary Album,

AND

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXXXI.

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LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.
1831.

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TO

THE QUEEN'S MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

This Volume

IS, BY PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE

In presenting a new volume of "Friendship's Offering" to the public, the editor, presuming on old acquaintanceship, was almost ready to forget the preliminary bow expected on such occasions. He is reminded, however, that there may be — (*will be* was the expression of his Mentors)—a great many strangers in the company before which he has now the honour to appear; and that compliance, therefore, with an old custom will be both polite and prudent.

For the success which this work has met with, and which, after seven years' prosperity, may be said to be perfectly unequivocal, he has of course to thank the contributors; but there are others to whom his thanks are not less due in courtesy and kindness —and these are the individuals whose contributions have not been used. To them it is proper to remark, that the editorial privilege of rejection is frequently exercised without reference to mere talent. It was his study, soon after the conduct of the work was entrusted to his care, to preserve a certain unity of purpose which might render it rather a work published in numerous volumes, than a separate miscellany for each succeeding year; and many very valuable articles have been rejected, simply because they did not fall in, as nicely as he could have wished, with the general scope and plan of his undertaking.

Without intending to enter minutely into explanations, which he hopes will be conveyed distinctly enough by a perusal of the book itself, he may yet remark, that solid literary excellence, rather than the showy trifling of genius, has been the object of his pursuit. The way in which the volumes are "got up," to use a technical phrase — uniting in so remarkable a manner, the qualities of durability and elegance, would of itself have suggested this; and it has been his ambition to qualify them in a moral, as well as physical point, of view, for taking their place, after the period of novelty is over, in the permanent repositaries of family literature. Without the slightest sacrifice of that most important of all the attributes of an annual — amusement, it will be understood, he imagines, that a work like "Friendship's Offering," may be rendered fit to impress the mind, and to assist in forming the taste, exercising the judgment, and improving the heart.

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THE COUSINS.

A Country Tale.

BY MISS MITFORD.

Towards the middle of the principal street in my native town of Cranley, stands, or did stand, for I speak of things that happened many years back, a very long-fronted, very regular, very ugly brick house, whose large gravelled court, flanked on each side by offices reaching to the street, was divided from the pavement by iron gates and palisades, and a row of Lombardy poplars, rearing their slender columns so as to veil, without shading, a mansion which evidently considered itself, and was considered by its neighbours, as holding the first rank in the place. That mansion, indisputably the best in the town, belonged, of course, to the lawyer; and that lawyer was, as may not unfrequently be found in small places, one of the most eminent solicitors in the county.

Richard Molesworth, the individual in question, was a person obscurely born and slenderly educated, who, by dint of prudence, industry, integrity, tact, and luck, had risen through the various gradations of writing clerk, managing clerk, and junior partner, to be himself the head of a great office, and a man of no small property or slight importance. Half of Cranley belonged to him, for he had the passion for brick and mortar often observed amongst those who have accumulated large fortunes in totally different pursuits, and liked nothing better than running up rows and terraces, repairing villas, and rebuilding farm houses. The better half of Cranley called him master, to say nothing of six or seven snug farms in the neighbourhood, of the goodly estate and manor of Hinton, famous for its preserves and fisheries, or of a command of floating capital which borrowers, who came to him with good securities in their hands, found almost inexhaustible. In short, he was one of those men with whom every thing had prospered through life; and, in spite of a profession too often obnoxious to an unjust, because sweeping, prejudice, there was a pretty universal feeling amongst all who knew him that his prosperity was deserved. A kind temper, a moderate use of power and influence, a splendid hospitality, and that judicious liberality which shows itself in small things as well as in great ones (for it is by twopenny savings that men get an ill name), served to ensure his popularity with high and low. Perhaps, even his tall, erect, portly figure, his good-humoured countenance, cheerful voice, and frank address, contributed something to his reputation; his remarkable want of pretension or assumption of any sort certainly did, and as certainly the absence of every thing striking, clever, or original, in his conversation. That he must be a man of personal as well as of professional ability, no one tracing his progress through life could for a moment doubt; but, reversing the witty epigram on our wittiest monarch, he reserved his wisdom for his actions, and whilst all that he *did* showed the most admirable sense and judgment, he never *said* a word that rose above the level of the merest common-place, vapid, inoffensive, dull, and safe.

So accomplished, both in what he was and in what he was not, our lawyer, at the time of which we write, had been for many years the oracle of the country gentlemen, held all public offices not inconsistent with each other, which their patronage could bestow, and in the shape of stewardships, trusts, and agencies, managed half the landed estates in the county. He was even admitted into visiting intercourse, on a footing of equality very uncommon in the aristocratic circles of country society—a society which is, for the most part, quite as exclusive as that of London, though in a different way. For this he was well suited, not merely by his own unaffected manners, high animal spirits, and nicety of tact, but by the circumstances of his domestic arrangements. After having been twice married, Mr. Molesworth found himself, at nearly sixty, a second time a widower.

His first wife had been a homely, frugal, managing woman, whose few hundred pounds and her saving habits had, at that period of his life, for they were early united, conduced in their several ways to enrich and benefit her equally thrifty but far more aspiring husband. She never had a child; and, after doing him all possible good in her lifetime, was so kind as to die just as his interest and his ambition required more liberal housekeeping and higher connexion, each of which, as he well knew, would repay its cost. For connexion accordingly he married, chusing the elegant though portionless sister of a poor baronet, by whom he had two daughters, at intervals of seven years; the eldest being just of sufficient age to succeed her mother as mistress of the family, when she had the irreparable misfortune to lose the earliest, the tenderest, and the most inestimable friend that a young woman can have. Very precious was the memory of her dear mother to Agnes Molesworth! Although six years had passed between her death and the period at which our little story begins, the affectionate daughter had never ceased to lament her loss.

It was to his charming daughters that Mr. Molesworth's pleasant house owed its chief attraction. Conscious of his own deficient education, no pains or money had been spared in accomplishing them to the utmost height of fashion.

The least accomplished was, however, as not unfrequently happens, by far the most striking; and many a high-born and wealthy client, disposed to put himself thoroughly at ease at his solicitor's table, and not at all shaken in his purpose by the sight of the pretty Jessy,—a short, light, airy girl, with a bright sparkling countenance, all lilies and roses, and dimples and smiles, sitting, exquisitely dressed, in an elegant morning room, with her guitar in her lap, her harp at her side, and her drawing table before her,—has suddenly felt himself awed into his best and most respectful breeding, when introduced to her retiring but self-possessed elder sister, drest with an almost matronly simplicity, and evidently full not of her own airs and graces, but of the modest and serious courtesy which beseemed her station as the youthful mistress of the house.

Dignity, a mild and gentle but still a most striking dignity, was the prime characteristic of Agnes Molesworth in look and in mind. Her beauty was the beauty of sculpture, as contradistinguished from that of painting; depending mainly on form and expression, and little on colour. There could hardly be a stronger contrast than existed between the marble purity of her finely-grained complexion, the softness of her deep grey eye, the calm composure of her exquisitely moulded features, and the rosy cheeks, the brilliant glances, and the playful animation, of Jessy. In a word, Jessy was a pretty girl, and Agnes was a beautiful woman. Of these several facts both sisters were of course perfectly aware; Jessy, because every body told her so, and she must have been deaf to have escaped the knowledge; Agnes, from some process equally certain, but less direct; for few would have ventured to take the liberty of addressing a personal compliment to one evidently too proud to find pleasure in any thing so nearly resembling flattery as praise.

Few, excepting her looking-glass and her father, had ever told Agnes that she was handsome, and yet she was as conscious of her surpassing beauty as Jessy of her sparkling prettiness; and, perhaps, as a mere question of appearance and becomingness, there might have been as much coquetry in the severe simplicity of attire and of manner which distinguished one sister, as in the elaborate adornment and innocent showing-off of the other. There was, however, between them exactly such a real and internal difference of taste and of character as the outward shew served to indicate. Both were true, gentle, good, and kind; but the elder was as much loftier in mind as in stature, was full of high pursuit and noble purpose; had abandoned drawing, from feeling herself dissatisfied with her own performances, as compared with the works of real artists; reserved her musical talent entirely for her domestic circle, because she put too much of soul into that delicious art to make it a mere amusement; and was only saved from becoming a poetess, by her almost exclusive devotion to the very great in poetry—to Wordsworth, to Milton, and to Shakspeare. These tastes she very wisely kept to herself; but they gave a higher and firmer tone to her character and manners; and more than one peer, when seated at Mr. Molesworth's hospitable table, has thought with himself how well his beautiful daughter would become a coronet.

Marriage, however, seemed little in her thoughts. Once or twice, indeed, her kind father had pressed on her the brilliant establishments that had offered,—but her sweet questions, "Are you tired of me? Do you wish me away?" had always gone straight to his heart, and had put aside for the moment the ambition of his nature even for this his favourite child.

Of Jessy, with all her youthful attraction, he had always been less proud, perhaps less fond. Besides, her destiny he had long in his own mind considered as decided. Charles Woodford, a poor relation, brought up by his kindness, and recently returned into his family from a great office in London, was the person on whom he had long ago fixed for the husband of his youngest daughter, and for the immediate partner and eventual successor to his great and flourishing business: —a choice that seemed fully justified by the excellent conduct and remarkable talents of his orphan cousin, and by the apparently good understanding and mutual affection that subsisted between the young people.

This arrangement was the more agreeable to him, as, providing munificently for Jessy, it allowed him the privilege of making, as in lawyer-phrase he used to boast, "an elder son" of Agnes, who would, by this marriage of her younger sister, become one of the richest heiresses of the county. He had even, in his own mind, elected her future spouse, in the person of a young baronet who had lately been much at the house, and in favour of whose expected addresses (for the proposal had not yet been made—the gentleman had gone no farther than attentions) he had determined to exert the paternal authority which had so long lain dormant.

But in the affairs of love, as of all others, man is born to disappointment. "*L'homme propose, et Dieu dis-*

pose," is never truer than in the great matter of matrimony. So found poor Mr. Molesworth, who — Jessy having arrived at the age of eighteen, and Charles at that of two-and-twenty, — offered his pretty daughter and the lucrative partnership to his pennyless relation, and was petrified with astonishment and indignation to find the connexion very respectfully but very firmly declined. The young man was very much distressed and agitated; "he had the highest respect for Miss Jessy; but he could not marry her—he loved another!" And then he poured forth a confidence as unexpected as it was undesired by his incensed patron, who left him in undiminished wrath and increased perplexity.

This interview had taken place immediately after breakfast; and when the conference was ended, the provoked father sought his daughters, who, happily unconscious of all that had occurred, were amusing themselves in their splendid conservatory—a scene always as becoming as it is agreeable to youth and beauty. Jessy was flitting about like a butterfly amongst the fragrant orange trees and the bright geraniums; Agnes standing under a superb fuschia that hung over a large marble basin, her form and attitude, her white dress, and the classical arrangement of her dark hair, giving her the look of some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessy was prattling gaily, as she wandered about, of a concert which they had attended the evening before at the county town:

" I hate concerts!" said the pretty little flirt. "To sit bolt upright on a hard bench for four hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving, or of speaking to any body, or of any body's getting to us! Oh! how tiresome it is!"

"I saw Sir Edmund trying to slide through the crowd to reach you," said Agnes, a little archly: "his presence would, perhaps, have mitigated the evil. But the barricade was too complete; he was forced to retreat, without accomplishing his object."

"Yes, I assure you, he thought it very tiresome; he told me so when we were coming out. And then the music!" pursued Jessy; "the noise that they call music! Sir Edmund says that he likes no music except my guitar, or a flute on the water; and I like none except your playing on the organ, and singing Handel on a Sunday evening, or Charles Woodford's reading Milton and bits of Hamlet."

"Do you call that music?" asked Agnes, laughing. "And yet," continued she, "it is most truly so, with his rich Pasta-like voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to you, who do not greatly love poetry for its own sake, it is doubtless a pleasure much resembling in kind that of hearing the most thrilling of melodies on the noblest of instruments. I myself have felt such a gratification in hearing that voice recite the verses of Homer or of Sophocles in the original Greek. Charles Woodford's reading *is* music."

"It is a music which you are neither of you likely to hear again," interrupted Mr. Molesworth, advancing suddenly towards them; "for he has been ungrateful, and I have discarded him."

Agnes stood as if petrified: "Ungrateful! oh, father!"

"You can't have discarded him, to be sure, papa," said Jessy, always good-natured; "poor Charles! what can he have done?"

"Refused your hand, child," said the angry parent; "refused to be my partner and son-in-law, and fallen in love with another lady! What have you to say for him now?"

"Why really, papa," replied Jessy, "I'm much more obliged to him for refusing my hand than to you for offering it. I like Charles very well for a cousin, but I should not like such a husband at all; so that if this refusal be the worst that has happened, there's no great harm done." And off the gipsy ran; declaring that "she must put on her habit, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister, and expected them every minute."

The father and his favourite daughter remained in the conservatory.

"That heart is untouched, however," said Mr. Molesworth, looking after her with a smile.

"Untouched by Charles Woodford, undoubtedly," replied Agnes, "but has he really refused my sister?"

"Absolutely."

"And does he love another?"

"He says so, and I believe him."

"Is he loved again?"

"That he did not say."

"Did he tell you the name of the lady?"

"Yes."

"Do you know her?"

"Yes."

"Is she worthy of him?"

"Most worthy."

"Has he any hope of gaining her affections? Oh! he must! he must! What woman could refuse him?"

"He is determined not to try. The lady whom he loves is above him in every way; and much as he has counteracted my wishes, it is an honourable part of Charles Woodford's conduct, that he intends to leave his affection unsuspected by its object."

Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue, during which Agnes appeared trying to occupy herself with collecting the blossoms of a Cape jessamine and watering a favourite geranium; but it would not do: the subject was at her heart, and she could not force her mind to indifferent occupations. She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching her motions and the varying expression of her countenance, and resumed the conversation.

"Father! perhaps it is hardly maidenly to avow so much, but although you have never in set words told me your intentions, I have yet seen and known, I can hardly tell how, all that your too kind partiality towards me has designed for your children. You have mistaken me, dearest father, doubly mistaken me; first, in thinking me fit to fill a splendid place in society; next, in imagining that I desired such splendour. You meant to give Jessy and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford, and designed me and your large possessions to our wealthy and titled neighbour. And with some little change of persons these arrangements may still for the most part hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son-in-law and your heir, for he loves Jessy, and Jessy loves him. Charles Woodford may still be your partner and your adopted son, for nothing has chanced that need diminish your affection or his merit. Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious indeed, if she be not content with such a destiny. And let me live on with you, dear father, single and unwedded, with no thought but to contribute to your comfort, to cheer and brighten your declining years. Do not let your too great fondness for me stand in the way of their happiness! Make me not so odious to them and to myself, dear father! Let me live always with you, and for you—always your own poor Agnes!" And, blushing at the earnestness with which she had spoken, she bent her head over the marble basin, whose waters reflected the fair image, as if she had really been the Grecian statue to which, whilst he listened, her fond father's fancy had compared her: "Let me live single with you, and marry Charles to the woman whom he loves."

"Have you heard the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess who she may be?"

"Not the slightest. I imagined from what you said that she was a stranger to me. Have I ever seen her?"

"You may see her—at least you may see her reflection in the water, at this very moment; for he has had the infinite presumption, the admirable good taste, to fall in love with his cousin Agnes!"

"Father!"

"And now, mine own sweetest! do you still wish to live single with me?"

"Oh, father! father!"

"Or do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?"

"Father! dear father!"

"Choose, my Agnes! It shall be as you command. Speak freely. Do not cling so around me, but speak!"

"Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all live together? I cannot leave you.—But poor Charles—surely, father, we may all live together!"

And so it was settled; and a very few months proved that love had contrived better for Mr. Molesworth than he had done for himself. Jessy, with her prettiness, and her title, and her fopperies, was the very thing to be vain of—the very thing to visit for a day;—but Agnes, and the cousin whose noble character and splendid talents so well deserved her, made the pride and the happiness of his home.

THE DREAM OF THE SEVENTH SON.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

I.

" Three times thy red lip kissed the cup,
 Three times I drained it dry,
At every pledge thy beauty seemed
 To shine more gloriously—

" I had no fear for God above,
 No care for man below,
In this lone room, at that still hour,
 Lay all my weal or wo—

" In this lone room, at that still hour,
 Thy lily hand in mine,
We made a vow, unblessed of Heaven,
 Unwitnessed at its shrine—

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

"Thy words are wild, as is the wind
That sweeps the billowy sea—
Thou hast a grim and ghastly look,
What spirit works in thee?

* * * * * * *

"I told thee, girl, how softly sleep
Descended on my brow;
Of that which followed afterwards
I am to tell thee now.

II.

"I stood upon a pleasant hill,
Which overlooks the home
I once called mine, before I learned
From my own land to roam—

"I felt like one who has returned
From exile o'er the deep,
Who will not smile until he knows
He has no cause to weep.

"It was high summer noon, the sun,
O'er the sweet sylvan world,
The banner of his majesty
Most gorgeously unfurled.

"In all my days, I never saw
The mountains seem so near,
Or town and tower, wood, lake and stream
So vividly appear—

"Yet far, or near, I could not mark
The form of living thing,
By forest, flood, or field, not even
An insect on the wing!

"A sultry silence reigned around,
Unbroken by a breath,
As it had been a paradise,
Of which the lord was Death!

"The garden that my sister loved,
With flowers and fruit-trees fair,
Bloomed brighter than in by-gone times—
But Mary was not there!

"The orchard where my grey-haired sire
Retired in summer's heat,
Flung its broad shadows o'er the grass,—
But 'twas not his retreat!

"I was the youngest son of seven,
The rest remained behind,
To till the ground and tend the flocks—
Yet none my eye could find!

"Not one of all that goodly band,
Who prized the lightsome air
Of their youth's haunts like life itself,
Could I see anywhere.

"I left the hill—I quickly passed
The meadow and the lane ;
Our own old hall was darkened with
My shadow once again !

III.

"The shadow of his youngest son
Darkened my father's hall—
It was the only thing that might
The dream of life recall,
The sole thing left to mourn with me,
My kindred vanished all !

"There swept a sickness o'er my soul—
A sickness without name ;
God ! 'twas a fearsome sight to see
All household forms the same,
Save that the place was tenantless,
And on the hearth no flame.

"I had been happy to have heard
The dog bark as of yore !
I could have blessed a little mouse
For sporting on the floor !

"I bent me o'er my father's bed,
His night gear still was there,
And many an antique ornament
My mother used to wear.

"I call'd on each belovéd one,
None answered me again—
I prayed that storms might rise and break
The stillness; but in vain!

"Through the barred lattice of the room
Entered the shimmering sun,
And settled where my sire of old
Made frequent orison.

"'Twas a tall chair of polished oak,
And on its seat there lay
The holy book the good man read,
Devoutly, every day:

"'Twas open where the names of all
Our house inscribed had been;
I took it up, in haste, to note
What changes were therein—

"Woe and despair! Death's dismal seal
Marked every name but mine,
And it avenging Heaven had stamped
With a heart-withering sign.

"I dashed the blesséd book to earth—
I staggered to the bed—
My body battled with my soul—
I knew that I was dead.

IV.

"It was as if a voice had cried,
'Let him and his appear!'
I felt it so, although no sound
Commanding did I hear.

"And, instantly, I stood before
The awful judgment-seat,
Where Adam's sin-bewildered race
Their last award shall meet.

"Within was light, fierce light, as of
Ten thousand suns in one;
Though freed from earthly bonds, its power
I could not choose but shun.

"The outward space was dark, death-dark,
No object blessed the sight,
Save an old man, who stood with all
His household on the right—

"O not with all! One son of seven
Gloomed on the left alone—
His the sole eye reflecting not
The glory of God's throne—

"His the sole ear that greeted not
The mystic thunder note,
Which through Eternity's dim halls
On silence seemed to float—

" 'Twas the dread charge, omnipotent,
To show what we had been
Ere closed our dying lids upon
Earth's transitory scene.

" For every form arose a form,
A mirror of the past,
And each shone wondrous beautiful
And happy, save the last.

" That was a damnéd sulphur shape,
A record of the times
In which the loathsome clay had marred
My spirit by its crimes.

" It seared my soul with agony,
And hopelessness and shame—
The wine, my girl!—the curse still clings
Unto this fainting frame!

V.

" To melody, deep melody,
They passed in light away ;
I to abide in endless night,
They in eternal day.

" In vain I called—the youngest born—
On my mild-featured mother,
My patient sire, my sister kind,
And every dear-loved brother.

"Away—away—they passed away—
Gazing with soft, bright faces
On him who ne'er might follow them
To their appointed places.

"To part from lover, or from friend
Or kindred, is severe
To the distracted sojourner
In this uncertain sphere;

"But O! the anguish infinite,
In torture doomed to sever
From all we love, without a hope
That we shall meet them ever!

"'Twas thus with me—and yet not thus—
For I had still a mate,—
I could have borne my doom, perchance,
Had I been desolate—

"I could have suffered any thing
But that—I see it now—
As I'm a man, I think I see
Hell's brand upon thy brow!

"Full many a fathom deep, my girl,
In guilt's black tide we've been—
Last night I bore the punishment,
Last night I shared the sin.

"Dream that the honey of our hearts
Is turn'd to fellest gall—
Dream that our vows are curses, dire
As ever fiend let fall.

"Fancy my frame a cankered thing,
A foul and festering sore—
And thou a folded snake, that gnaws
Endurance to the core—

"And then—O no!—not even then—
Couldst thou the tithe discover
Of that which came last night to blast
The slumbers of thy lover!"

OUR NEIGHBOUR.

LUKE X. 29.

"Who is my neighbour?"—Selfishness replies,
The man who best can aid our steps to rise;
The powerful—for whose favour all contend
The wealthy—who may prove a useful friend;
The fashionable—whose notice is a grace;
In short, whoe'er is forward in the race
Of worldly honour. Such as lag behind,
The poor, the mean, the wretched of mankind,—
If you are *prudent*, from their contact fly—
Leave them to Providence, and pass them by.

P.

THE SEA.

I.

The sea, — the sea, — the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark — without a bound —
It runneth the earth's wide regions round:
It plays with the clouds; — it mocks the skies;
Or, like a cradled creature lies!

II.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go: —
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter, — *I* still shall ride and sleep.

III.

I love — Oh! *how* I love to ride
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'-west blasts do blow.

IV.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more;
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me;
For I was *born* on the open sea!

V.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the ocean-child.

VI.

I have lived, since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a rover's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change;
And death — whenever he come to *me*,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!

J. Bethel.

COURAGE.

I.

Courage!—Nothing can withstand
Long a wronged, undaunted land,
If the hearts within her be
True unto themselves and thee,
Thou freed giant, Liberty!
Oh! no mountain-nymph art thou,
When the helm is on thy brow,
And the sword is in thy hand,
Fighting for thy own good land!

II.

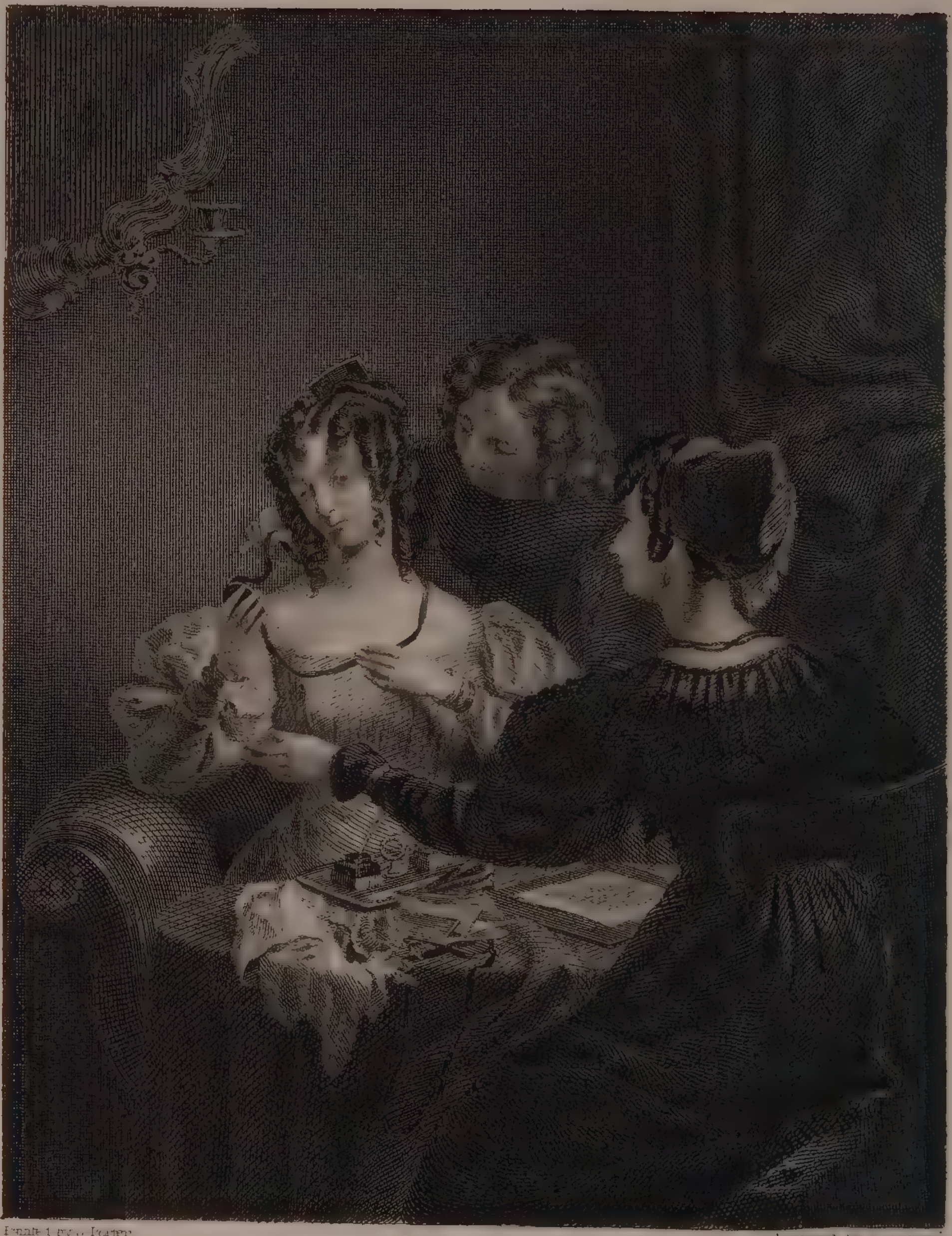
Courage!—Nothing e'er withstood
Freemen fighting for their good.
Armed with all their father's fame,
They will win and wear a name,
That shall go to endless glory,
Like the Gods of old Greek story,
Raised to heaven and heavenly worth
For the good they gave to earth.

III.

Courage!—There is none so poor,
(None of all who wrong endure),
None so humble, none so weak,
But may flush his father's cheek,
And his maiden's dear and true,
With the deeds which he may do.
Be his days as dark as night,
He may make *himself* a light.
What! though sunken be the sun,
There are stars when day is done!

IV.

Courage! Who will be a slave,—
That hath strength to dig a grave,
And therein his fetters hide,
And lay his tyrant by the side?
Courage!—Hope, howe'er he fly
For a time, can *never* die.
Courage, therefore, brother men!
Cry—"God! and to the fight again!"



Painted by [illegible] Porter. Engraved by [illegible] A. Dean.

THE LAST LOOK.

Published by Smith, Elder & Cº 65 Cornhill.

THE LAST LOOK

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Ay! take thy last fond look, unhappy girl,
On that bright image, and the glossy curl
Which oft with quivering smile and murmured tone
Those full and fervent lips have pressed alone.
Take thy last look! — that stealing glance no more
Shall read in his the truth of all he swore;
No more, as slow their timid lashes rise,
The earnest fondness of thy trusting eyes
Shall bless his happy heart, whose own express
Mixed thoughts — half triumph and half tenderness!
—One lingering gaze she gives that pictured form,
Which mutely smiles,—unconscious of the storm
That, bursting forth, like lightning from above,
Hath scattered havoc through their world of love.
One lingering gaze — but, in that last long look,
All that affection ever gave or took,
Each word — each tone — each breath of his, returns,
And on her cheek in mantling blushes burns.

She hath forgotten they are near her, now —
And round her lip, and on her quiet brow,
A slow faint smile is breaking, like the light,
When misty morning struggles out of night.
They speak her name — she starts — the dream is past:
She feels — she knows — that look must be the last.
Shuddering she hears again the stern command,
And the loved portrait leaves her anxious hand:
Each line his fondness traced, each treasured token,
She gives up all — and *now* — her heart is broken!

There is a nameless change come o'er that face —
A fading off of beauty and of grace,
A harshness, which those mournful eyes belie,
The peevishness of utter misery.
Like a sad spirit on some haunted ground,
She glides with melancholy step around.
Fain would she, with her usual tasks, employ
The hours devoted to a dreamy joy:
Fain would she, while apart and sad she stands,
Ply the quick needle with those listless hands:
But with that needle's point she only traces
A name, which soon the falling tear effaces;
And clasping those thin hands, she turns to gaze
Through the bright lattice on the sunset rays;
Recalls each whispered tone — each dear caress —
And dreams *his* form is by her side, to bless.
— Then, when around the winter hearth they crowd,
With rapid step, and laughter light and loud;

While the red flames that high and crackling rise
Light up the mirth within their eager eyes;
Silent *she* sits — a little space apart —
Brooding o'er thoughts deep treasured in her heart.
Round *her* are flowers and sunshine and green trees —
The song of birds — the murmuring of bees —
The heavy waving corn in golden gleams —
The broad smooth meadows — and the quivering streams.
There, hearing words of worship murmured low,
Happy she wanders — while upon her brow
The breeze that fans but cools not, vainly strays —
Through the dim leaves with mocking freshness plays,
Shrinks back and dies upon her burning cheek,
And shuns the spot her feverish footsteps seek.
Some playful touch the fond enchantment breaks,
And, with a pang of bitterness, she wakes!
Then as the peals of laughter louder ring,
And those young tones in broken snatches sing,
She shrinks, and vainly struggles not to weep;
Feels that she fails; and while the slow tears creep
From eyes to which that outward world grows dim,
Hides her pale face — and sobs aloud for *him!*
— Hushed by the passionate eloquence of woe,
A moment those young voices whisper low;
Then the sly question — the provoking hint —
The bursting of triumphant merriment —
From lips, whence carelessly each light word springs,
And hearts, where Love sleeps calm with folded wings.

These torture her — and with a languid smile
She meekly bears their jesting for a while;
Then, choking all the thoughts within her breast,
Slow glides away to her unquiet rest. —

It could not last. Bitterly for a while
A yearning for his voice — his hand — his smile
(Soon stilled because she knows it is in vain)
Rose in her heart and died away again:
Bitterly when the evening hour grew dim
She clasped her wasted hands and thought of him:
And now — she is at rest — the simple tomb
Tells but the fixed — the known — the common doom —
That fond of earth, but yet too frail to stay,
Breath, soul, and life, have left the senseless clay.
This to the crowd: but oh! to me — to *me!* —
How much that name can wring from memory!
How many transient hopes, and buried fears,
Rise with that word — and flash through vanished years!
Let those who once forsook thee, now forget:
There's *one* remembers — *one* deplores thee yet —
One who will shrink when strangers breathe thy name;
And still defend, when all conspire to blame:
One to whose heart, till death love's power shall quell,
That form must be a dream — that name a spell —
One who, though years have past, can never brook
To image to himself thy one *last look!*

ADELAIDE;

OR

The Lady of Song.*

BY H. F. CHORLEY.

There was no maid of Italy, with bright and fervent glance,
No noble dame of ancient Spain, no laughing girl of France,
Could bind his spirit in her spell, as he wandered o'er the sea,
For home he brought a weary heart, but still that heart was free.

The wanderer stood, at even-tide, in a fair English hall;
Banners were floating from the roof, and shields were on the wall;
And many a tasselled hunting-horn, and many a painting rare
Of lady gay, and belted earl, and smiling child, was there.

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* See Frontispiece.

And in an oriel's deep recess, where the rich sunset shone,
She stood amid its golden beams, a lady all alone;
The child of many sires renowned in tourney or in war;
O, look upon her picture well! yet *she* was fairer far.

No painter's art might shadow forth the beauty of her eye,
Where pure and mild and noble thoughts reposing seemed to lie;
Nor the gentle sweetness of her lip, untinged by guile or care;
Nor the grace that twined in every tress and ringlet of her hair.

She cast her eye abroad—but not upon the scene around;
Her hand awaked the silent strings to a sweet wandering sound;
And from the page, whereon was traced a loved Venetian lay,
Her spirit to its fairy land sailed pleasantly away.

She thought upon the lute at eve, amid the aspen shade,
The voice that stirred her summer dreams with tender serenade,
The graceful and the stately step, the smile so true and bright,
Which told her young and trusting heart its trust was given aright.

And—for the dower of song was her's, and some among her sires
Had left in ancient chronicles the record of their lyres—
A strain of answering music bade her ruby lips unclose,
—A strain to lull an elfin queen to slumber in a rose.

It was a song of Youth—a bird amid the morning sky—
Of Joy, with none to chide—of Hope, with a sunny haven nigh—
Of Fancy, singing in her bower without a dream of fear;—
For little recked the happy one the wanderer's step was near.

He gazed upon her queenly form, and sighed—"In vain! in vain!
And all too late my soul is bound in Beauty's golden chain!
But its links shall hold my memory still, while life hath yet a day!"
And all unseen, and all unheard, he sadly went his way.

EVENING HOURS.

BY JOHN MALCOLM.

Once more a welcome to the woods,
And wandering streams that glide along
The soft and sylvan solitudes,
Now voiced with summer's song —

The odours wakening into birth,
The dreamy lull that fills the calm,
The dewy freshness of the earth,
And evening breathing balm.

Lo, brightening in her smiles serene,
The landscape in the distance lies,
Soft as hope's fairy-pictured scene,
When steeped in memory's dyes.

Sweet eve! the golden sunsets gone
Around thy dying beauty throng,
And voices from the green earth flown,
Are mingling with thy song.

Thy hues the cloud-wove glories wear,
  All gorgeous in the west they gleam,
As childhood's air-built fabrics fair,
  But floating as its dream.

And mantling vale and mountain high,
  Thy lingering radiance o'er the waves,
Smiles a bright promise from the sky,
  O'er half forgotten graves.

'Tis sweet to list thy far farewells,
  The mystic murmurs of the wood,
The dying voice of vesper bells,
  The mountain's falling flood;

The wild bird's chorus on the moor,
  The hum of home-returning bee,
The sea-fowl's wail upon the shore,
  An echo of the sea;

To sit amid the garden bowers,
  And mark thy glory's lessening line;
While kindling stars and closing flowers
  Attend thy calm decline;

And with the loved one of the heart,
  (Adown the path of parted years,)
To watch thy last pale splendours part,
  In silence and in tears.

FOREST CHANGES.

BY DERWENT CONWAY.

Spring is thy youth, and winter is thy age,—
In all thy changes wonderful or fair:
Spring doth exhaust her sweets, winter his rage,
On thee, thou world of trees that spreadest there.
How sweet when young, how venerable, old!
May breathes on thee,—and lo! thy buds unfold
Their virgin blossoms to the love-sick air.
And summer crowns thee, when no wandering ray
Can through thy leafy labyrinth find its way;
While all day long, upon thy solitudes
His "chut, chut, chut," the nightingale intrudes.
Now autumn sighs,—and summer-green turns pale;
And, by and bye, thy painted leaves hang frail,
While in thy depths Decay's small voice is heard,
As severed leaves drop on the rustling sward.
Last—winter comes, to lay thy glories bare;
Yet thy unbending trunks stand proudly there,—
Huge, grey, and gnarled, with their fantastic arms,
Or white, and sparkling in a world of charms.
Spring,—summer,—autumn,—winter, rule thee ever:
Thy vesture changeth,—but thy beauty never.

KISHNA KOMARI.

A Tale of Rajast'han.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

Among the many romantic passages which adorn the bloody page of Rajpoot history, the story of Kishna and her Bracelet is one of the most interesting. Colonel Tod, in his Annals of Rajast'han, lately published,* has opened to the European reader a vast fund both of amusement and instruction, hitherto guarded from curiosity by the difficulties of a foreign language, and scattered over the immense surface of India in local tradition, and in the songs of the wandering minstrels.

Kishna was the daughter of the Raja of Shapoora, one of the most powerful of the chiefs of Mewar. She was said to be the most beautiful damsel of Rajast'han; and although the number of those who had seen her was of course small, no face had been better known or more minutely described than hers since the days of the celebrated Meera Bae. Her motion was described by some as resembling the graceful pace of the young Elephant; others likened her eyes to the blue water-lily gleaming through the dew of early morning, while others again compared them to those of the fawn-eyed Radha, the mortal love of Heri. This precious gem was intended by her father to ornament the rawula[*] of the Lord of Pokurna, a turbulent and powerful chief, whose family had long been a thorn in the side of the Ranas of Oodipoor. The projected union, like that of most marriages in Rajast'han, was a mere political alliance ; and Kishna, who was of royal descent, was understood to be a peace-offering to the Pokurna chief.

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* It is to this highly valuable work that the author of these pages has been mainly indebted for assistance in the following episode in the border history of Mewar, here presented as exhibiting some very striking illustrations of the manners and character of the military caste of Hindostan.

Not long before, however, very different views had been entertained by her father on this subject ; and it was thought that in yielding to the influence of his royal kinsman, the Rana, he had acted a part more consistent with public than with personal policy. The Komari of the house of Shapoora,[†] in fact had been looked upon from her birth as the future wife of the Ranawut chief of Amergurh, between whom and the raja one of those deadly feuds had existed for half a century, which in India can only be put an end to by the offer of a daughter in marriage from the aggressor. So serious was the enmity between the two houses, that the whole country was shaken by it. Commerce was interrupted, and agriculture nearly destroyed. A wide area, embracing the borders of the two demesnes, seemed like a battle common, a debateable land of strife and bloodshed, where midnight fires pointed out to the alarmed peasant the track of the plunderer, and where in the day time the banners of the rival houses, flaunted in the sunbeam, as the chiefs led on the chivalry of their tribes to battle.

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[*] Harem.

[†] Our heroine must not be confounded with another Kishna Komari (the virgin Kishna) daughter of the Rana Bheem, by a mother of the Chawura race, the ancient kings of Anhulwara. This young princess was sought in marriage by the whole chivalry of India at the same moment, who flew to arms to make good their claim. Poor Kishna, in all the loveliness and innocence of sixteen, was at length ruthlessly murdered by Ajit Sing, her father's minister, as the only expedient he could hit upon to settle the claims of the rivals. This dreadful villain we believe, still pollutes the atmosphere of the world with his accursed breath.

At first view the contest might have been thought to be exceedingly unequal. The raja was a man of vast possessions, and high court influence; his plains were enriched with fifty villages; and at the sound of his sankh * two thousand men girded on their swords. His silleh-khaneh † was said to be the most complete in Mewar. There might be seen every species of armour known in India, arranged with the nicest regularity. The match-lock of Boondi, inlaid with mother of pearl and gold—the shield of the rhinoceros hide, beautifully painted and enamelled—the bow of the buffalo horn—the favorite sirohi, slightly curved like the blade of Damascus—with a thousand varieties of spear, sabre, and dagger—all glittered in their appointed place, and all were distinguished by peculiar names commemorative of some passage in their history. His palace as a work of architecture was unrivalled out of Yoginipoor.‡ Its lengthened suites of colonaded and sculptured halls, and its vast terraces sloping with marble steps to the river's edge, gave one the idea of some enchanted fabric described in the songs of the poets; while its gardens, no less worthy of admiration, were studded

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* War-shell. † Armoury. ‡ Dehli.

with fountains and reservoirs, and diversified with a hundred rivulets, which leaped in every direction across their bosom. There the golden chumpa diffused its feverish aroma, so overpowering, that if the leaves are laid on the pillow at night, they will produce head-ache; the mogra, too, and the chamaili or jessamine, hung their rich blossoms around; and the bara-masha, the very queen of flowers, presented with its undying bloom an image of the joys of paradise.

The character of the raja might be guessed from that of his possessions. The stern simplicity of ancient times had given way before the voluptuous example of the Mohammedan tribes. The houris of an earthly heaven had usurped, in the dreams of the Rajpoot warrior, the place of those celestial apsaras, whose eyes, beaming from the world of bliss, had once been the guiding stars which led on his ancestors to conquest or death. He vied with the other nobles of the Rana's court rather in the costliness than the sharpness of his kirban;* and his forays among the neighbouring chiefs were directed not to the enemies of his policy or honour, but to those whose rawula was said to boast a fair wife or a black-eyed daughter. Ample as were the estates of Shapoora, the revenue of their lord could but ill supply the extravagance of so voluptuous a housekeeping; and recourse, therefore, was had with reckless tyranny to the Rekwalee, answering to the *Salvamento* of feudal Europe, and in some respects to the Black Mail of the Scottish Highlands. Sums were levied for protection from the very disturbances caused by the raja's own troops; ruinous tolls were demanded on every article of commerce passing through his territory; and to such an extent of petty extortion was the system carried, that throughout his demesne not only fees on marriages were taken, but a dish of good fare bargained for at every wedding feast. For the rest, although feared and hated by his dependants, he was reckoned a brave man, and a loyal Rajpoot, and in times of public danger no member of his court was relied on more implicitly by the Rana than the prince of Shapoora.

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* One of the many kinds of swords.

On the other hand, the Ranawut chief, the lord of little more than his own rude doorg * perched like an eagle's eyrie on the cliff, was a man of altogether another stamp. Resisting, either from obstinacy or principle, the stream of effeminate corruption which was daily sweeping away some new portion of those ancient land-marks of Rajpoot character, described by the historians of Europe as incapable of change or decay, he formed a rampart in himself against the encroachments of foreign manners, as venerable, and seemingly as secure as his own castled mountains, which looked frownfully down upon the plains. In peace his trade was hunting; in war, his simple economy was amply supplied from the full barns of the foe. An unsparing enemy, a devoted friend, a condescending master, he united in his character every thing which could win the love or command the respect of his brethren and followers. Secure in his mountain fastness,

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* Mountain fortress.

perched on the bare pinnacle of a rock, and defended by large swivels, but still more by immense belts of forest, he laughed at the vain threats of the raja. The roads which led to this alpine retreat were few and intricate. They winded through enormous chasms of the mountain, susceptible of defence at every step. Sometimes a hut built upon the edge of the cliff would be seen watching, as if with prying eyes, the unfrequent traveller, and a half naked boy, after gazing for a moment through the brushwood, would spring off like a wild antelope, to announce at the next station the approach of a stranger. More frequently, however, the gaunt wolf, looking down with a glare, half of fear, half of wistful hunger, was the only centinel visible in the rude demesne; and the visitor, as with poised spear he pursued his path darkened with eternal shadow, wished the distance shorter and the road less dreary to the doorg of Amerguṛh.

Near the plains, the scene was wildly beautiful. A large stream winded at the base of the hills, overhung by shady evergreens. Farther up appeared some sloping patches of rice and maize, or, in autumn, of Indian corn, glancing through the dark mangoes which clothed the sides of the mountain. These in some places were mingled with the goolar* the sitaphal † and the aroo badam ‡; and in others with the larger trees, such as the picturesque tamarind, the sacred peepul, and the burr, or Indian fig. Amidst this luxuriant vegetation the stunted neem-tree occasionally appeared, a picture of deformity and decay; seeming to point with its uncouth branches to some ravaged field, or ruined hut, where the destroyers had left the print of their footsteps in blood and ashes.

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* Wild fig.

† Custard apple.

‡ Almond peach.

Samarsi, the heir of this wild domain, and once the intended husband of Kishna, was one of those romantic characters, in whom the rudeness of the feudal age is so tempered and polished by a spirit of fantastic honour, that the reader of history, confounding unconsciously the genius of the period with that of the individual, is apt to fancy what is called the era of chivalry—and which is really the era of barbarism—to be the very golden age of lofty sentiment and generous emprize—of brave men, and fair women. The restless mind of Samarsi was by no means bounded by the mountain retreat of his fathers. He had visited the court of his prince; claimed the hospitality of the most powerful chiefs throughout the plains of Hindostan; and repaid the welcome which all were eager to extend to the noble mountaineer, with the service of his sword. He had listened in his wanderings to the masters of the lyre till he himself became a poet; he had performed a pilgrimage to Gya, the Jerusalem of the Hindoos; and, roused by an insult to his honour and faith, had smote the Islamite with his sword within the sacred gates. Although still a very young man, his fame had already gone abroad in the country. When the deeds of Pirthi Raj were sung by the bards, the name of Samarsi was mentioned at least as that of an imitator of the Rajpoot Rolando; and while the damsels of the princesses of

Rajast'han were wreathing flowers in their mistresses' hair, the word whispered in their ear was answered by a sigh as soft yet as ardent as the aroma of the golden chumpa.

Samarsi had never seen his once intended wife, the lovely Komari of Shapoora, but fame had done ample justice to her merits. Her image was early enshrined in his heart; and it grew in loveliness with the growth of his imagination, like an idol, which is adorned more richly every day according to the waxing fortunes of the worshipper. What his feelings were when he heard of the rupture of the negociations—when he learnt that Kishna was to be offered up a victim to the Pokurna chief—may be conceived. Wounded pride added tenfold bitterness to disappointed love, and revenge rose rankling in his bosom, like a poisonous weed among flowers. He contracted the circle of his wanderings, and confined his visits to the neighbouring chiefs, heretofore the allies, or at least the neutral spectators of his father's feuds. He accustomed the immediate followers of the house to his presence, mingling freely in their games, and exhibiting in the various exercises, such as riding in the ring, and firing with the matchlock at a mark, a degree of dexterity which appeared to partake almost of the marvellous. The musters of the clan became speedily so frequent, and the shout of mimic war so loud on the heights of Amergurh, that the raja's friends warned him to beware. "The old eagle of the rock," said they "is pluming his feathers;" and the hand of the Shapoora prince instinctively grasped the scimetar at his girdle at the ominous intelligence.

Kishna, in the meantime, although she felt as a woman, exhibited in her outward manner the spirit of a Rajpoot daughter. It was not in the nature of things that the reputation acquired by Samarsi could have failed in its effect on a sensitive heart like hers. She had watched the progress of her future husband—whom she had never yet seen—with an interest increasing every day. A glow of loftier pride, at every new triumph, illumined her beautiful countenance; a thrill of more tumultuous pleasure ran through her veins at every repetition of his name in the songs in which the soldier-bard was accustomed to extol the beauty of his unseen mistress above that of the fairest among the princesses of Rajast'han. He was the unceasing theme of conversation among the damsels. His face—his figure—his gallant bearing—his noble horsemanship—his strength—his feats of arms—all were detailed with unwearied minuteness, till at length the image of the young hero of Amergurh was engraved upon her heart, as indelibly as the figures seen upon the walls of the marble caves of Elephanta, which can never be obliterated except by the destruction of the rock itself. Yet when tidings were brought to her of the change in her father's intentions, and when she knew that that beautiful dream which had been intervoven so closely with the thread of her mortal existence must now be torn away—no word of complaint escaped her lips.

It is true, the clear and sparkling blood was seen no more through the light transparent olive of her cheek; the circle of musk painted upon her forehead looked, in that region, of the paleness of death, like some ominous sign more fit to awaken fear than admiration; and her eyes, when their native brilliancy was heightened by the line of unjum drawn upon the edges of the lids, exhibited something so wildly beautiful in their expression that her very maidens paused in the middle of their task to gaze upon her. It was observed too, that when she walked, the sound emitted by her anklets of golden bells betrayed an abruptness and agitation which might have been sought in vain in her calm and lofty deportment; and her damsels, with the fine instinct of penetration peculiar to their sex, in spite of her apparent indifference, broke the silence which respect for their lord had imposed, and murmured loudly against the cruelty of his decrees. One flush on her pale cheek, which passing away left the cheek still paler—one wild and momentary throb of her bosom, were the only tokens by which the heart of Kishna answered to the name of power they pronounced; but with a slight catching of the breath she addressed them in a few firm but gentle words.

"Am not I a Rajpootni?" she said, "Am not I a daughter of the princely house of Shapoora? Shall Kishna say to her father, 'My lord, why dost thou this?' We are set apart for sacrifice from our birth. When our eyes first open upon the light, if the cunning-woman say not, 'Behold, a man-child is born to thy house!' the opiate straight is mixed in the bowl, and the first food we receive is our last. That I have lived so many years I owe to the goodness of the raja; and if my death were required this moment by his policy, I feel that I should not disgrace by a single shudder the blood of a line of kings." It was of death Kishna spoke, not of marriage!

The vengeance of Amergurh at length broke like a thunder-storm upon the Shapoora plains. A fortress, one of the few defences of the raja's territory on the mountain borders, was carried by assault, and the garrison put to the sword; the neighbouring villages were plundered, and their inhabitants scattered upon the plains, with the exception of the wealthier few, who were carried off to partake of the hospitalities of the mountain chief, till their friends could collect a fitting ransom; fires blazed and swords flashed in every direction; and although the assailants were but a handful compared with the host of defenders, so quick were their motions, so sure their information, and so deadly the meditated blow where it fell, that the whole feudal power of Shapoora seemed unable to arrest the progress of him who had been deridingly termed "the old robber of the rock." It was then the warlike education of Samarsi was duly appreciated. Nothing had escaped his keen eye in the policy of the Indian states, whether Hindoo or Mohammedan; no improvement in military tactics, no invention in arms and accoutrements was unfamiliar to him; and when the raja's followers had formed their simple lines for the reception of enemies as rude and simple as themselves, they saw to their dismay, the advance of a power, still more formidable than that of the Mussulman conqueror.

Over the whole struggle, however, fierce and bloody though it was, there was thrown a relieving air of chivalrous gallantry, not uncommon in the wars of the Rajpoots. This was a feud of love more than of hate; and the rudest soldier in Samarsi's ranks knew how to distinguish between the cause of the Komari and that of her father. Kishna and Samarsi, in fact, had long been twin names in the imagination. The romance had already commenced; the line of its story had been carried on through a succession of years; and now this striking incident—involving perhaps the catastrophe—became the subject of deep and concentrated interest.

When intelligence of this sudden awaking of the slumbering feud reached the raja, he was enjoying, with his family, the pleasures of a country residence, near the borders of his territory. He contented himself, at first, with ordering a detachment of his troops against the "old robber;" but alarmed at length at the repeated disasters which befel the Shapoora arms, he resolved to take the field in person. Determining, however, that the hopes of Samarsi, both in love and war, should be overthrown in one day, he dispatched messengers to his intended son-in-law, the Pokurna chief, requiring him to repair with his whole chivalry to the fortress of Chulwa, for the purpose of escorting his bride to Shapoora, where the nuptials were to be immediately celebrated. For the farther security of the fair traveller, as well as to swell the pomp of the procession, he also issued orders to his own adherents, with the exception of the body employed in keeping Samarsi in check, to muster at Chulwa; and having arranged, by the aid of constant couriers, the preparations at Shapoora, the raja at length fixed a day on which the important rites were to be performed, with a magnificence hitherto unknown, except in the marriages of kings.

All was bustle at Chulwa. No sooner did the sun rise on the hills, than the sound of the nakarra,* reverberating like distant thunder, gave notice of the approach of successive bodies of guests or troops, speeding to the centre of attraction from all points of the compass. As they came nearer, the crimson banner of Shapoora, floating over many of the bands, distinguished the liege-men of the raja; while others bore conspicuously the gallant ensigns of the house of Pokurna. Not a few, too, of the neighbouring chiefs appeared winding down the hill-sides, at the head of their followers; and here and there a solitary cavalier, armed at all points, was seen galloping across the plain. This brilliant picture was filled up by innumerable figures of brahmins, astrologers, mendicants, dancing-women, and the whole host of supernumeraries who crowd with equal eagerness to a wedding and a sati. As the various groups approached the gates of the fortress, the forms of reception, modified by their different ranks, gave a new animation to the scene. The hill-warriors striding over the marble courts, their armour rattling as they walked, were seen to throw glances around, half of admiration, half of affected contempt. Gallant and grave, the older chiefs paced steadily along, measuring with a soldier's eye the almost perfect appointments of the place; while the younger, as the lattices of this temporary palace of beauty caught their wandering glances, might have been observed to throw back their heads with soldier-like dignity, or ring their Boondi matchlocks on the marble pavement with an air of elegant negligence. Haughtily waved the peacock's feather on many a dinted helmet, as the array seemed to be gradually swallowed up by the magnificent portals; and loud and long at intervals rose the peal of the warlike sankh, and the thunder of the hoarse nakarra.

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* Great kettle drum.

The reception of the guests was such as befitted the luxurious hospitality of the raja. Seated under painted and gilded ceilings supported by serpentine pillars, which were reflected in walls forming a single mass of mirrors, the chiefs drank at their pleasure, from golden vessels, the flower of the Mawa tree, the infusion of the poppy, or the thousand arracks, or distilled waters, which lull the soul of the Hindoo into forgetfulness of its cares. Some repaired in detached groups to colonnaded refectories placed on the water's edge; others refreshed themselves in marble baths; and others, wandering into the orange and lemon groves which intervened between the buildings, lay down beneath the spreading tamarind, or ever-green kheenee to sleep off their noon-day opiate.

The denizens of the rawula, in the meantime, were not exempted from the agitation of the time. Kishna's damsels, delighted with any incident which relieved the usual monotony of their lives, leaped backwards and forwards like young antelopes, seeking and conveying intelligence of every new arrival. Sometimes they would peep through the lattices to obtain a distant view of the throng, and sometimes, ascending to the top of the building which contained their apartments, look stealthily over the battlements. Their young mistress, herself, appeared to be affected by the general commotion. She started at every blast of the sankh, as it smote upon her ear, and watched with an unquiet air the echoes of the nakarra, as they thundered through the courts of the palace-fort, and died among the distant hills. Even the soft voice of the shehna,* as in the evening it floated from the lofty terraces, in many a sweet, wild tuppa of her country, was ineffectual in soothing the agitation of her mind; and when the night set in, and the warder's tourraye†, rising with its intense and magnificent swell from some lonely turret, had received the answer it challenged, her heart seemed to die within her as the deep *hem! hem!* proclaimed " all's well!"

Then, encircling with her arm the waist of her foster-sister, who was the favourite maiden, she wandered to a distant apartment, and throwing open the lattice, stooped to inhale the scent of the thousand lotos flowers which gemmed the bosom of the lake below. At the instant a passing bird of prey dropped the quarry he held in his beak, into the water. The foster-sister shrieked at the fatal omen—but her shriek was silenced by the voice of a shial*, which rose in a wild howl of lamentation from the neighbouring forest; and the maiden, shocked at the double signal of despair, which no Rajpoot nor Rajpootni could witness without horror, hid her pale face in her mistress's bosom.

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* Hautboy.

† Trumpet.

"A tale—a tale!" cried Kishna, with a sudden effort, "a tale of the days of other years! But let it be as wild, my Punna, as the cry of the shial sounding at night, and as sad as—as—" and she pressed her hand, convulsively to her breast, and leaning her fair brow on her confidant's shoulder, gave way, for the first time, to a burst of tears. They sank down upon the carpet together; and in obedience to her mistress's commands, Punna examined the stores of her memory, to bring forth some of those pleasing, but melancholy tales, which had so often beguiled the wearisome hours of the rawula. The hue of night, however, was spread even over her mind, and her gloomy thoughts could find only images of gloom. In vain she endeavoured to transport her imagination to the days of Pirthi-Raj, and to steep her soul in the recollected melodies of the minstrel Chund.

"Happy days!" she exclaimed, "when the high-born damsel sitting on her cushioned throne, in the midst of her assembled suitors, threw the Bur-mala† to the lover of her heart. No father's stern decree—no policy of state—forbade the tying of the garments when souls were already united; love, love alone, was the lord of the period, and woman's will his only minister on earth!" At this moment another blast of the tourraye swept with a wailing sound through the air, and dying away among the distant hills, left behind a silence so awful, that Punna trembled at her own breathing.

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* Jackal.

† Garland of marriage.

At the whispered command of her mistress she spoke again; but forgetting her theme, it was of fear, and forboding, and destiny, and despair, that was formed the burthen of her tale. She told of that unhappy Rana who fell, with his eleven sons, amidst the ruins of Cheetore—and of the spectre-genius, who, advancing between the granite columns, stood by his sleepless bed by the dim light of the cheragh*, and exclaimed *Myn bhooka hó!* "I am hungry still!"—and of the fair Pudmani, who, with the queens and princesses, and ladies of Cheetore, walked in magnificent procession to the subterranean palace, when all hope of defending the city was abandoned—where they were so securely built up from Tartar lust, that no particle of smoke escaped to tell the fearful story of their doom! Insensible of the lapse of time, Kishna and her damsel continued to feed their gloomy fancies with such stories, till the faint light of their lamp was lost in the beams of the dawn, and a thousand living sounds in the fortress proclaimed that preparations were already making for the journey to the raja's capital—that the day was indeed arrived, when the Komari of Shapoora was to bid a last adieu to those long-cherished hopes, which even now only flitted around her heart, like the shahaba of Hindoo superstition—the spectre-lights of the grave.

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* Lamp.

Soon all was in motion in the fortress of Chulwa, and the scene presented in the spacious courts was in the highest degree imposing. Masses of moving figures were observed, some already forming in the order of the march, and others still immersed in all the hurry of preparation. Here a Sanyasi, with his orange coloured unga, or tunic, flowing loosely round his limbs, and his turban of the same hue, ornamented with a necklace of the lotus kernel, might be seen wandering through the crowd, counting his beads, and repeating the name of his favourite deity aloud, in apparent abstraction from all worldly concerns; there a young chief, adjusting hurriedly the heron plume, or peacock's feather in his helmet, as he turned a stealthy look towards the distant lattices of the rawula; beside him, two rival bards, disputing on some point of distant genealogy; and here and there, walking with unsteady pace, and staring vacantly around, a figure, whose hollow eyes, and uncared-for apparel, proclaimed that he had already, even at that early hour, been indulging in the darling opiate. Turbans of all hues and forms might be seen floating through the area, some decorated with feathers, and some with branches of different shrubs sacred to the god of war; while the clusters of arms scattered every where around; lances, matchlocks and bucklers,—steeds snorting and pawing the ground, as if proud of their scarlet trimmings,—and pennons fluttering gaily over head,—conferred a character of animation upon the half warlike pageant, which could scarcely be equalled in any other than a Rajpoot festival. The very elephants sympathised on the joyous occasion, signifying their delight in that shrill and indescribable cry which is peculiar to them; and the yells of the camels, in spite of their monstrous defiance of all musical proportion, spoke a language by no means untranslatable by the human heart.

Kishna and the whole train of the rawula were at length mounted in their litters, and all things were ready. The fortunate hour agreed upon by the astrologers arrived, and the sankh was thrice sounded, and three rounds of thunder elicited from the nakarras. The Pokurna chief, a plain, middle-aged, soldier-like man, approached the covered vehicle which contained his bride, and having ordered around it an escort, the noblest of his retinue, the raja passed the orders to march.

At this moment, a single horseman, who a few minutes before had been spurring with frantic speed down the neighbouring hills, plunged, in spite of the shouts and menaces of the guards, into the midst of the group of chiefs, and threw himself at the raja's feet, while his horse reeled, fell, and expired at the same instant. The intruder was a young man, whose dress and colour denoted him to be an Abyssinian slave; and he held in his hand the fragments of a silver ring, such as is worn round the left ankle by the golas, or military slaves of the Hindoo chiefs. What his natural appearance and physiognomy might be, it was impossible to determine; for his face was so begrimed with blood and the marks of travel, and his scarf so torn, and twisted round his body, that little else could be gathered from this sudden apparition than that it bore the figure and aspect of a man.

Being ordered to speak, the young man rose up, and covering his face, related in a broken voice a story of outrage and dishonour. His wife had been torn from his arms by the very master who was bound to protect him—and whom *he* had often protected at the hazard of his life. She had been——(the lips of the slave refused to utter the word)—and the complaints, wrung from his burning heart by fury and despair, had been answered by public stripes!

An exclamation of horror ran through the listeners at the tale, without the exception even of the libertine raja himself.

"Dust on his head!" cried they with one voice—"may he die childless, and his name die with him!"

"By my sword and shield!" exclaimed the Pokurna chief, striking furiously the two weapons together, "if the dastard be but within reach, it were a fortunate deed to wipe out this stain upon the Rajpoot race, on our way to Shapoora!" A cry of savage joy escaped from the white lips of the Abyssinian at the words; and prostrating himself again upon the earth, he besought the chiefs to aid him in his revenge.

"Name him!" said they.

"Samarsi of Amergurh!"

It may be imagined that the virtuous wrath of the Raja was no whit appeased by this identification of the perpetrator of the outrage with his personal foe; and few doubted his word when he swore solemnly by his favourite sword, kneeling before it on the earth, that he took the feud of the Abyssinian upon himself.

"Be it mine, then," said the latter, "to point your way to a double conquest—a triumph at once over your enemy and mine. In the pass of Alhiran, Samarsi, like a couched tiger, waits your coming. Let the main body of your troops march boldly but warily through the pass, while a chosen band makes a circuit by the plain-ward side. At the signal of attack, which will be given by a shower of rocks descending from the brow of the cliffs, let the main body push gallantly up the steep, while their comrades on the other side, warned by the shout of war, scale the ridge to their assistance. Thus between two fires will Samarsi perish, without possibility of escape; for his force, you must be aware, even including his Bhil allies, is not a tenth part of yours. As for the bride," continued the Abyssinian, in an altered voice, while his frame trembled with half-suppressed emotion, caused no doubt by the remembrance of his wrongs, "let the princess, protected by a suitable escort, take the nearer and narrower pass of Aravulli, and—"

"Ha!" interrupted the Pokurna chief; "by the steel, here is a goodly adviser! Why, slave, would you separate the princess from the strength of her friends?" and he bent upon the Abyssinian a searching and suspicious gaze. The gola stood collected under the scrutiny for some moments, and then modestly withdrawing his eyes, answered in a submissive tone.

"My lord is the director of the will of mankind! I but hinted at a separate route for the females, lest the eagerness of your troops when attacked by the enemy, might leave them unprotected in the gorge of the mountains; and because in the pass I have named, too narrow for more than three men to walk abreast, and too wild and rugged for the purposes of pleasure, no human being would think of looking for the marriage cavalcade of a daughter of the house of Shapoora. The ridge of mountain, besides, which separates the two passes, is not high enough to prevent a hollo, not to talk of the report of a matchlock, from being heard from one to another. Howbeit, if it is the will of my lord that the bride be carried through fire and smoke to her wedding—"

"Silence, slave!" interrupted the raja, "It may be—if one may reason from that daring tongue and insolent eye—that the heir of Amergurh had better excuse for his conduct than the beauty of a gola's wife—he is *my* enemy, however, and you are the tool which I shall use to crush him." Then, turning to the other chiefs, he proposed apart to them a plan of operations, which it was hoped would deliver Samarsi and his whole force into their hands. It was determined that the Abyssinian's advice should be taken; that the litters of the females, strongly escorted, should proceed by the pass of Aravulli, and that he himself, at once their guide and prisoner, should head the procession, between two soldiers with lighted matches.

Having arranged also the order of the main body, the march was again about to be commenced, when the astrologers, uttering a cry of warning, reminded the chiefs that the fortunate hour was passed by.

"Behold," said they, "our witness!" as they pointed with meaning finger to the heavens—and many a bold heart quailed with fear at the sight of some spots on the broad disk of the sun. To propitiate the powers which watch over the fate of armies, a buffalo was sacrificed with great pomp in front of the lines; and this ceremony over, which is seldom omitted by the Rajpoot warrior, when any considerable interval elapses between the sounding of the instruments and the march of the troops, three blasts on the sankh were again blown, and the nakarra thrice struck, and the huge procession was at length in motion.

The Abyssinian slave, apparently unmoved by fear or any other ordinary feeling of human nature, had remained during the whole time seated on the ground, his face buried in his hands, crossed on the top of his shield, which rested perpendicularly on his knees. When summoned to his place in the ranks, he slung his matchlock on his back, crossed his arms in his ample scarf, and strode forward between his two guards, without raising his eyes from the ground.

In due time the little army divided, the main body taking the pass of Alhiran, while the litters of the females, escorted by a considerable number of troops, and followed by the unarmed supernumeraries of the procession, plunged into the deep gorge of Aravulli. This Kishna thought was the least unpleasant part of the journey; and in contemplating a scene so new and striking to her imagination, she almost forgot the load of griefs which had pressed upon her heart like a tombstone.

Their route was along the bed of a torrent, which cooled the air by its perpetual spray; and through the branches of the tamarind and burr, which canopied the path, they could see at intervals the bare and fantastic projections of the rocks, basking in the sun, several hundred feet above their heads. The sounds with which this natural solitude was filled, were the more striking, from their very incongruity. Mingling with the roar of the mountain-river, modified every moment by the varying volume of the water, and the height of successive falls, came the clattering of arms, the hoarse shouts of men, and the yells of camels; while the cry of a thousand wild-birds, startled from their ancient domain by so unusual a phenomenon, was emulated by the shrieks of women, stumbling among the fragments of rocks, and the shrill laughter of children chasing one another up the sides of the steep.

The van of the procession had reached the loftiest part of the path, where the road was seen to divide into two branches; and the Abyssinian and his guards halted for a few moments, as if to choose between them. A simultaneous pause took place in the whole body, and all eyes were bent upon the conductors. Among these, at length, a stir was observed—hardly comprehended at first by the nearest; but one of the guards was seen to fall suddenly over the rocks into the torrent, while the other sunk lifeless at the foot of the steep. The Abyssinian, clashing together two daggers, which had just drank the blood of both their bosoms—held them up towards the mountain; the signal was answered by a single shot, which rung across the pass, and followed almost instantaneously by the descent of an enormous rock, into the midst of the troops which guarded the litter of the princess. The startled soldiers fired their matchlocks at random among the trees; and as if conjured by the sound, every branch gave forth its sprite in the shape of a foe. These were seen to a man arrayed in the saffron robes, which indicate that the wearers will neither give nor receive quarter, but must either conquer or die; and with the wild *hur! hur!* the battle-shout of the Rajpoot warrior, they rushed down the steep upon their prey.

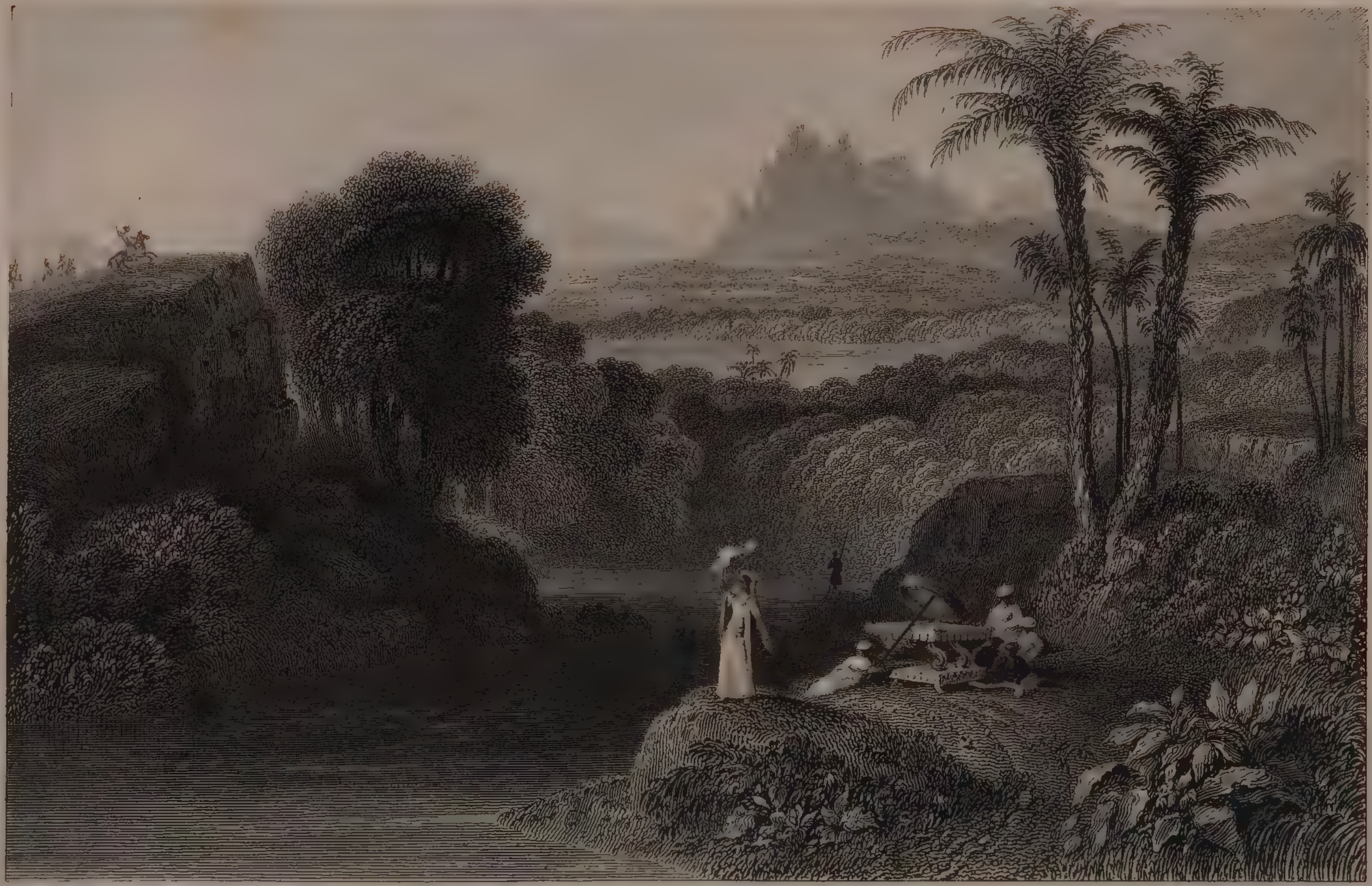
The guard in advance was cut to pieces, as if by one blow; and as the assailants swept on to the attack of the main body of the detachment, which surrounded and followed the litters, and was commanded by the Pokurna chief in person, Kishna, moved by an uncontroulable impulse, drew aside the curtains, and gazed with fearful curiosity upon the boiling tide of battle. In a moment, her eyes were rivetted, as if by some magical charm, upon the figure of the Abyssinian slave, who seemed to be the evil genius of the slaughter. He had torn the dark scarf from his breast, which now exhibited the saffron ensign, at once of indomitable courage and reckless despair. He was the star of the battle, to whom all hearts were turned, either in love or deprecation. His steps were on the dead and dying; wherever he trode, blood bubbled up beneath his feet; his course through the fight was as that of a reaper on a harvest field. In a few moments he had cut his way towards the litter of the princess, and the bridegroom sprung to meet him. Terrible was the clash of the warriors when they met; but at the instant, one of the assailing party, who lay mortally wounded below, seized on the foot of the Pokurna chief, and in the strong agonies of death dragged him to the earth. The Abyssinian's sword circled round his head, like a bird of prey, about to stoop upon his quarry; but in descending, its swoop was arrested by a shriek from Kishna, and, raising the dripping blade to his lips, the Gola bowed himself to the earth and turned away. The cry of *hur! hur!* arose with renewed ardour at the fall of the Pokurna chief, and was answered with a yell, at once of fear and fury, by his adherents, "For the bride of Shapoora!" shouted the terrible Abyssinian, in a voice of thunder, as he passed the litter. "Amergurh! Amergurh!" answered his followers, and the tide of battle rolled past.

Stupified by the crowd of contending emotions, stirred up in her mind by the last battle-cry, which informed her that Samarsi's friends were warring desperately and unequally for the possession of her hand, Kishna hardly saw which way the fortune of the battle went. She felt the curtains of her litter drawn closely round, and perceived by the motion that she was again on her journey, over ground still more rugged than before. The voices of war by degrees died away behind her, and the panting of the men by whom she was borne, was at length the only sound which met her ear. After travelling in this manner for a considerable time, the litter was set down, and the fair prisoner perceiving that the fastenings were withdrawn, threw open her curtains and looked round.

Some wild-looking men, panting and gasping with fatigue, were hanging eagerly over a rivulet, which trickled from a rock ; and further on a single soldier; armed and equipped at all points, appeared to be acting as a sentry. No stir nor confusion was any where visible ; the late battle seemed to be but a dream, and every thing in the secluded valley in which she found herself, shaded by some mountain trees, and defended by a circle of singularly shaped rocks, appeared so calm and pleasant, that she might have fancied herself some heroine of a tale, journeying alone on a mission of adventure and love. When the sense of novelty, however, was past, more disagreeable ideas occurred to the mind of the Rajpoot maiden. The very stillness and method of the arrangements, at length, disgusted and irritated her.

"Insolent!" she exclaimed, after pondering for some time, with a gradually heightening colour, on the affairs of the morning; "not satisfied with humbling the pride of my father, his paltry vengeance must alight upon me! He sends by a vile slave for the daughter of Shapoora—succeeds in his mission by means of a lying tale and a cowardly artifice—and now, oh Mata! without being vouchsafed a view even of my master's face, far less being treated to the usual jargon which on such occasions disguises fraud and sweetens force, I am to be carried to his abode like a piece of merchandize,—even I, Kishna Komari!—and presented, a passive slave, at the feet of the lordly heir of Amergurh!" With flushing cheek and flashing eyes, Kishna concluded her soliloquy; but the next moment no bystander could have perceived the traces of emotion in her calm face. Her hand grasped the hilt of a dagger in her girdle, and in her heart she vowed that she never, while living, should enter by human force the doorg of Amergurh.

In a short time a change of bearers was effected, and the litter again in motion. Anxiously did the eyes of the Rajpootni wander over the wilderness of rocks in which she journeyed; and more fell grew her purpose as the opening shades of distance began to reveal, in the form of a fortress, an object which she had hitherto taken for the fantastic ridge of one of the cliffs which were faintly sketched upon the northern sky. At this moment a party of horsemen appeared in the distance, threading the mazes of the rocks, and the possibility



Drawn by Colonel James Tod. Engraved by E. Finden.

THE MAID OF RAJAST'HAN.

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of escape for the first time suggested itself to her mind. The strangers, however, might be friends as well as enemies; their number might even contain Samarsi himself; and a soft glow rose into Kishna's cheeks at the thought. Who knows whether she most dreaded or desired the tardy interview? But the horsemen turned away in another direction, and the maiden's cheek grew paler than before. "They are neither the friends nor the party of my ravisher," she exclaimed; "at all events they are Rajpoots, and for the rana's, if not for honour's sake, they will protect a kinswoman of their prince's house." So saying she threw up a thin handkerchief into the air, and had the satisfaction of finding that the signal was immediately observed.

The horsemen, scattering in all directions, forsook the regular route, and pursued the paths over the rocks which seemed best to each; and as their graceful figures at times rose above the horizon, and were painted upon the silver sky behind, Kishna's thoughts reverted to the golden age of Hindoo chivalry, when beauty was the only star which ruled the tides of man's bosom. This lightning of her mind, however, illumined but for an instant the glorious picture, and then fading as suddenly left all dark as before. The next moment the leader of the party, dashing down a precipitous steep, reined up his horse within a few paces of the litter, with a force which threw the animal back on his haunches; and then leaping lightly off, inquired, with a profound obeisance, what were her commands. Kishna gazed for a moment on the stranger, who was a young man of a noble and lofty bearing, armed at all points as became an accomplished cavalier, and bearing in his helmet a heron's plume, the sign of nobility; but recollecting herself with a blush, she speedily drew down her veil in token of respect, and stepped from the litter.

"I do not inquire," said she, "to what house you belong; it is sufficient that your air and dress, your retinue and banner, inform me you are noble. I call upon you as a man to protect the oppressed, and as a Rajpoot to save the blood of your Rana from dishonour!" The blood of the stranger mounted into his face at this address, and he looked fiercely round as if to seek the cause of her complaint; but seeing only the peaceful bearers by her side, and the single sentry maintaining his post in advance, he turned a look of perplexity upon the fair supplicant.

Mistaking simple perplexity for hesitation, Kishna drew aside her veil, and looked imploringly in his face; but as a sudden thought flashed upon her mind she unclasped one of her bracelets, formed of gold chains and gems, and threw it across the unresisting arm of the stranger. "I have implored you," said she, proudly, "as a man and a Rajpoot, I now command you as my Rakhi-bund Bhaé* to perform the behests of a sister!" Pride, joy, and astonishment swept by turns across the stranger's face, but without removing in their swift career its perplexity. He sunk upon his knees, and raising his dagger to his forehead, pledged himself solemnly to obey her commands whatever they might be, were they even to plunge that dagger in his heart. Kishna bent over the young warrior with clasped hands, and pronounced the asees or blessing, only to be conferred by a woman or a priest; and then, waving above his head a rich jewel which she plucked from her hair, presented it with graceful dignity to the attendant who stood nearest.

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* Bracelet-bound brother.

"My brother," said she, drawing back, "I am Kishna, the Komari of Shapoora, and the service I require of you is to conduct me to my father, from whom this morning I was basely and treacherously abducted." The stranger continued gazing in her face for some time after the words had passed her lips, apparently without any conception of their meaning; and when at length he rose up, the stare he threw around was so ghastly and bewildered, that Kishna was half tempted to believe he was paralysed by fear of the adventure.

"Can it be," said she, "that I am mistaken — that I have bound with the sacred rakhi one who is insensible of its value, or ignorant of the duty it imposes on every man of courage, piety, and honour?" While she spoke, the face of the stranger became as calm as polished marble, and as cold. A slight tremor of the lip, indeed — a scarcely audible catching of the breath, remained, but only for a moment, to indicate the existence of emotion within, and he answered with a steady voice —

"You are not mistaken; the service you require shall be performed, *whatever* sacrifice it may involve. So help me heaven, I will be true to the faith of a Rajpoot!" And so saying, he conducted his charge to her litter, drew around her the curtains with his own hand, and in another moment Kishna was on her return from the mountains.

When the necessity of action was over, the thoughts of Kishna began to prey upon themselves. The events of this important day passed in review before her, and her busy imagination traced a connection and relationship between things, which in their acted moments had appeared the result of accident. The Abyssinian, that strange and terrible gola, by whose enchantment the adventures of the day seemed to have arisen, occupied a prominent place in these waking dreams; and the young and handsome stranger, who was just exerting a no less powerful influence over her destiny, seemed by the very force of contrast to be inseparably linked with him in her fancy. A strange suspicion flashed across her brain, as the shadowy figures glided before her; but it was so indistinct and confused that she seemed appalled rather with the sense of some unknown misfortune than terrified at any obvious evil. Her heart sickened as she felt herself hurried along to the arms even of a father and a husband, and oppressed with the confusion of her thoughts, which she had not courage to examine and arrange, the Rajpootni, who an hour before would have plunged, with steady hand, a dagger into her heart, leant back in her trembling litter and gave way to her tears.

In another hour she heard her conductor challenged by voices which she recognised as those of her father's attendants, and she started up and drew aside the curtain. No sooner had her eye caught the figure of the stranger, who, with drawn sword, and in an attitude of fierce menace, thrust aside the weapons of his challengers, than a flash of lightning darted through the chaos of her brain.

"The Abyssinian! the Abyssinian!" she almost shrieked; but at this moment the litter was set down—a hand grasped her, she knew not wherefore, nor by whom,—she tottered, rather than walked, into the raja's tent,—and on the stranger's presenting her to her father, while the assembled chiefs exclaimed in voices of astonishment, "Samarsi of Amergurh!" she sank fainting upon the ground.

The next moment, however, the noise of the swords, which rattled instinctively from their scabbards at the appearance of so formidable an enemy, awoke the maiden of Shapoora from her trance, although without restoring her recollection. The delicacy of her sex—the honour of her house—the proprieties of time, place, rank—all vanished from before her eyes; she saw but a host of blades pointed against the bosom of her Rakhi-bund Bhaé, and with a scream which startled the hardiest warriors of that wild group, she threw herself before him, and encircling with one arm his neck, pointed with the other her jewelled dagger against his enemies. The swords of the Rajpoots fell instantaneously, as if by word of command, with a heavy clank upon the ground; and Kishna, startled from her dream, covered her face with her hands, and sank lifeless at Samarsi's feet.

The fury and dismay of the Raja cannot be adequately described; he dashed down his turban, swore, and blasphemed, and was only withheld by main force from poniarding his daughter upon the spot. The emotions of the Pokurna chief were less violent but more manly.

"My conqueror in love as well as in arms," said he, approaching Samarsi, "you this morning presented me with my forfeited life, and now you restore my captured mistress! Let us henceforth be rivals only in generosity; and let us now seize an opportunity, when so many chiefs are assembled for the purpose of social enjoyment — when so many bosoms are warmed by a living picture of that love and honour which were wont to live only in the songs of the bards — to unite, in brotherly alliance, those brave hearts and daring hands whose disunion has been the cause of so many evils to our lost but still lovely Rajast'han." This generous speech was followed by a burst of applause, which became still louder, when the Pokurna chief signified solemnly his unqualified adherence to the political concessions which were to have been purchased by the hand of Kishna; and the raja, happy to preserve the honour of his family, while he extinguished a troublesome and dangerous feud, without sacrificing the interest of the Rana, was easily prevailed upon to extend the right hand to Samarsi, and revert to his original intentions in the disposal of his daughter's hand.

Meanwhile the alarm was given by the outposts of the camp, and the troops of Amergurh, with their Bhil allies, a rude and savage race, armed only with bows and arrows, were seen taking their station in great force upon the neighbouring heights. The chief, having received intimation of his son's phrenzied adventure, had hastened to protect or revenge him. It may be conceived that only a few words from the full heart of Samarsi were necessary to induce his father to descend the steep with his sheathed sword; and when the fine old man entered the camp of his heretofore enemy, the extemporaneous songs of the bards already met his ear, celebrating the fierce wars and faithful loves of Shapoora and Amergurh.

CONSCIENCE.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

I.

The Kaiser's[*] hand from all his foes
Had won him glory and repose;
Richly through his rejoicing land
Were felt the blessings of his hand;
And when at eve he sought his rest,
A myriad hearts his slumbers blessed.

II.

In midnight's hush a tempest broke: —
Throughout his realm its myriads woke;
And by the lightning's rapid flash,
And 'mid the thunder's bellowing crash,
In faith to heaven their prayers they spake,
For Christ's and for the Kaiser's sake.

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[*] Henry V. of Germany. See Hoveden.

III.

But with a start, and with a pang,
Up from his couch the Kaiser sprang;
What! Feareth he who never feared,
When bloody deaths through hosts careered?
What! Can the tempest's passing sound
That heart of battles thus confound?

IV.

No! no! But in its deepest deep
It wakes a cry no more to sleep—
And there! and there! in wrath begin
The pangs—the power of secret sin.
A blow is dealt,—a strife is stirred,—
Without the storm may pass unheard!

V.

And, therefore, from his palace door
He passed into the loud uproar;
In wildest wind, and blackest night,
He passed away in sudden flight:
'Mid lightning, rain, and thunder's roll
He went,—a fire within his soul.

VI.

At morn, when woke his royal bride,
She found no Kaiser at her side;
At noon, impetuous horsemen pressed,
A thousand ways in eager quest;
At eve returning, back they bare
A doubt—a darkness—a despair.

VII.

The Kaiser went in storm and night,
But ne'er returned in peace and light;
Astonished thousands asked his lot;
Love sought—and sought—but found him not:
But Conscience did what Conscience would,
And sealed its errand—blood for blood.

SONNET, FROM CAMOENS.

BY THE REV. J. P. WOOD.

"O cysne quando sente sei chegada"

The dying swan, who feels that now no more
The western sun, that sinks with golden gleam
Beneath the blue and level tide serene,
To him shall gladness, light, and life restore,
Lifts up his voice along the lonely shore
To mourn each favourite haunt and islet green;
While strains, than all the past that sweeter seem,
His lost delights and ebbing life deplore:
Thus,—from my love since deepening sorrows spring,
And, Lady! wake in thee but rigours new,—
O'er life's fair joys my heart yet lingering,
Though near and sad my coming fate I view,
In tones of softer harmony I sing
Thy broken faith, and my affection true.

THE COUNTESS LAMBERTI.

BY MARY HOWITT.

She still was young; but guilt and tears
On her had done the work of years:
'Twas in a house of penitence
  She dwelt; and, saving unto one,
A sorrowing woman meek and kind,
  Words spake she unto none.

And 'twas about the close of May,
  When they two sate from all apart,
In the warm light of parting day,
  That she unsealed her burdened heart.

'They married me when I was young,
  A very child in years;
They married me at the dagger's point,
  Amid my prayers and tears.

'To Count Lamberti I was wed—
He to the Pope was brother—
They made me swear my faith to him
The while I loved another!
Ay, while I loved to such excess,
My love than madness scarce was less!

'I would have died for him—and so
He would have done for me!
Lamberti's years were thrice mine own,
A proud, cold man was he.

'His brow was scarred with many wounds,
His eye was stern and grave,
He was a soldier from his youth,
And all confessed him brave—
He'd been in many foreign lands,
And 'mong the Moors a slave.

'I thought of him like Charlemagne,
Or any knight of old:
When I was a babe upon the knee
His deeds to me they told.

'I knew the songs they made of him;
I sung them when a child:
Giuseppe sung them too with me—
He loved his perils wild.

'I tell thee, he was stern and gray,
His years were thrice mine own!
That I was to Giuseppe pledged
To all my kin was known.

'My heart was to Giuseppe vowed;
Love was our childhood's lot;
I loved him ever — never knew
The time I loved him not!

'He was an orphan, and the last
Of an old line of pride.
My father took him for his son —
He was unto our house allied.

'And he within our house was bred,
From the same books in youth we read,
Our teachers were the same — and he
Was as a brother unto me;
A brother! — no I never knew
How warm a brother's love might be,
But dearer every year he grew!

'Love was our earliest, only life:
Twin forms that had one heart
Were we — and for each other lived
And never thought to part!

'My Father had him trained for war ;
He went to Naples where he fought :
And then the Count Lamberti came,
And my hand from my father sought.

'He wooed me not ; I did not know
Why he was ever at my side —
Why, when we rode unto the chase,
My father bade me with him ride.

'No, no !— and when Lamberti spoke
Of love, I misbelieving heard —
And strangely gazed into his face
Appalled at every word.

'It seemed to me as if there fell
From some old saint a tone of hell ;
As if the hero-heart of pride
Giusep' and I had sanctified
Among the heroes of old time,
Before me blackened stood with crime !

'That night my father sought my room,
And furious betwixt rage and pride,
He bade me on an early day
Prepare to be Lamberti's bride.

'I thought my father too was mad—
Yet silently I heard him speak;
I had no power for word or sign,
But the hot blood forsook my cheek;

'And my heart beat with desperate pain,
The sting of rage was at its core,
There was a tumult in my brain,
And I fell senseless to the floor.

'At length upon my knees I prayed
My father to regard the vow
Which to Giuseppe I had made—
Oh God! his furious brow,
His curling lip of sneering scorn,
Like fiends they haunt me now!

'Ay, spite my vows, they made me wed,
Young as I was in years—
At the dagger's point they married me
Amid my prayers and tears!

—'Our palace was at Tivoli,
An ancient place of Roman pride,
Girt round with a sepulchral wood,
Wherein a ruined temple stood;
And there, whilst I was yet a bride,
I saw Giuseppe at my side!

'My own Giuseppe!—he had come
From Naples with a noble train—
He came to woo me, and to wed!—
Would God we ne'er had met again!

'Lamberti's speech still harsher grew,
And darker still his spirit's gloom;
And with a stern and fierce command
He hurried me to Rome.

—'I had a dream—three times it came—
I saw, as plainly as by day,
A horrid thing—the bloody place
Where young Giuseppe lay.

'I saw them in that ancient wood—
I heard him wildly call on God—
I saw him left alone—alone
Upon the bloody sod!

'I knew the murderers, they were two—
I saw them with my sleeping eye,
And yet I knew them, voice and limb—
I saw them plainly murder him,
In the old wood at Tivoli!—
Three times the dream was sent to me,
It could not be a lie!

'I knew it could not be a lie —
I knew his precious blood was spilt—
I saw the murderer, day by day,
Dwell calmly in his guilt!

'No wonder that a frenzy came!—
At midnight from my bed I leapt,
I snatched a dagger in my rage —
I stabbed him as he slept!

'I say I stabbed him as he slept!—
It was a horrid deed of blood;
But then I knew that he had slain
Giuseppe in the wood!

'I told my father of my dream,
I watched him every word I spake —
He tried to laugh my dream to scorn,
And yet I saw his body quake.

'They fetched Giuseppe from the wood,
And a great funeral feast they had;
They buried Count Lamberti too,
And said that I was mad.

'I was not mad—and yet I bore
A curse that was not less;
And many, many years went on
Of gloomy wretchedness.

'I saw my father how he grew
An old man ere his prime;
I knew the penance-pain he bore
For that accursed crime.

'I, too—there is a weight of sin
Upon my soul—it will not hence!—
'Tis therefore that my life is given
To one long penitence!'

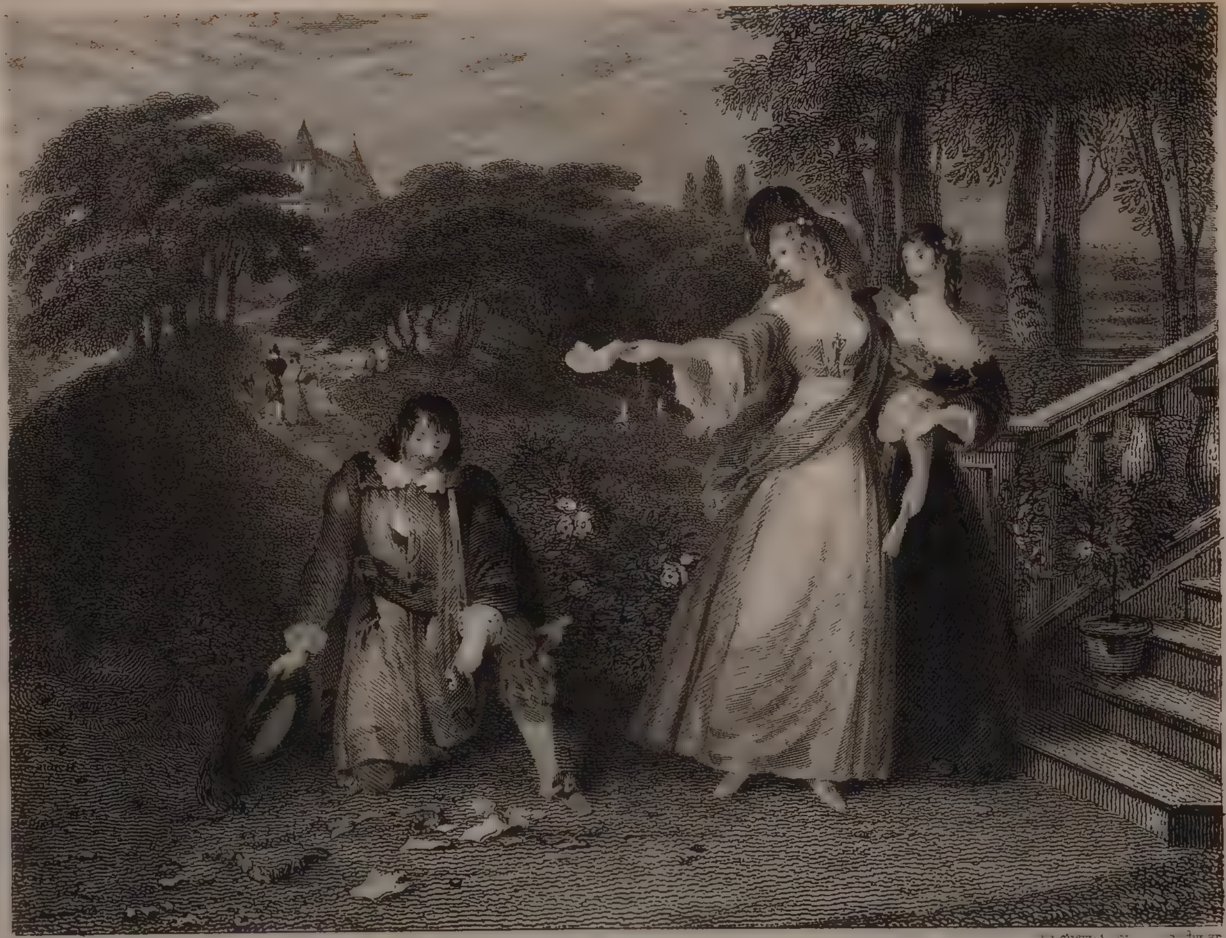
A VERNAL THOUGHT.

BY R. F. HOUSMAN.

I WOULD not die in winter
When the flowers have passed away;
But I would sigh my last sigh
In the merry month of May.

I would have birds about me
To sing me into death;
And green trees, answering sweetly
To the low gale's gentle breath.

Buds and blossoms should be gleaming,
Beneath an azure sky,
With the infant spring around me—
It is thus that I would die!



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THE REJECTED.

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THE REJECTED.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Not have me! Not love me! Oh what have I said?
Sure never was lover so strangely misled;
Rejected! and *just* when I hoped to be blest!
You *can't* be in earnest! It *must* be a jest.

Remember — remember how often I've knelt,
Explicitly telling you all that I felt;
And talked about poison in accents so wild,
So *very* like torture — you started — and smiled.

Not have me! Not love me! Oh what have I done?
All natural nourishment did I not shun?
My figure is wasted — my spirits are lost,
And my eyes are deep sunk, like the eyes of a ghost.

Remember — remember — ay, madam, you *must* —
I *once* was exceedingly stout and robust;
I rode by your palfrey, I came at your call,
And nightly went with you to banquet and ball.

Not have me! Not love me! Rejected! Refused!
Sure never was lover so strangely ill used!
Consider my presents—(I don't mean to boast)—
But, madam, *consider* the *money* they cost!

Remember you've worn them, and just can it be
To take all my *trinkets*, and not to take *me?*
Nay, don't throw them at me!—You'll break,—do
not start—
I don't mean my gifts,—but you *will* break my heart!

Not have me! Not love me! Not go to the church!
Sure never was lover so left in the lurch?
My brain is distracted, my feelings are hurt;
Oh, madam, *don't* tempt me to call you a flirt.

Remember my letters, my passion they told,
Yes, all sorts of letters—save letters of gold!
The amount of my *notes*, too—the notes that I penned,
Not bank notes—no, truly, I had none to send!

Not have me! Not love me! And is it then true
That opulent Age is the lover for you!
'Gainst Rivalry's *bloom* I would strive—'tis too much
To yield to the terrors of Rivalry's *crutch*.

Remember—remember I *might* call him out,
But, madam, *you* are not worth fighting about;
My *sword* shall be stainless in blade and in hilt;
I thought you a *jewel!* I find you a jilt!

THE STOLEN SHEEP.

An Irish Sketch.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE O'HARA FAMILY."

The faults of the lower orders of the Irish are sufficiently well known: perhaps their virtues have not been proportionately observed, or recorded for observation. At all events, it is but justice to them, and it cannot conflict with any established policy, or do any one harm, to exhibit them in a favourable light to their British fellow-subjects, as often as strict truth will permit. In this view the following story is written—the following facts, indeed; for we have a newspaper report before us, which shall be very slightly departed from, while we make our copy of it.

The Irish plague, called typhus fever, raged in its terrors. In almost every third cabin there was a corpse daily. In every one, without an exception, there was what had made the corpse—hunger. It need not be added that there was poverty, too. The poor could not bury their dead. From mixed motives of self-protection, terror, and benevolence, those in easier circumstances exerted themselves to administer relief, in different ways. Money was subscribed—(then came England's munificent donation—God prosper her for it!)—wholesome food, or food as wholesome as a bad season permitted, was provided; and men of respectability, bracing their minds to avert the danger that threatened themselves, by boldly facing it, entered the infected house, where death reigned almost alone, and took measures to cleanse and purify the close-cribbed air, and the rough, bare walls. Before proceeding to our story, let us be permitted to mention some general marks of Irish virtue, which, under those circumstances, we personally noticed. In poverty, in abject misery, and at a short and fearful notice, the poor man died like a Christian. He gave vent to none of the poor man's complaints or invectives against the rich man who had neglected him, or who, he might have supposed, had done so, till it was too late. Except for a glance,—and, doubtless, a little inward pang while he glanced—at the starving, and perhaps infected wife, or child, or old parent as helpless as the child,—he blessed God, and died. The appearance of a comforter at his wretched bed-side, even when he knew comfort to be useless, made his heart grateful, and his spasmed lips eloquent in thanks. In cases of indescribable misery—some members of his family lying lifeless before his eyes, or else some dying,—stretched upon damp and unclean straw, on an earthen floor, without cordial for his lips, or potatoes to point out to a crying infant,—often we have heard him whisper to himself, (and to another who heard him!) " The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Such men need not always make bad neighbours.

In the early progress of the fever, before the more affluent roused themselves to avert its career, let us cross the threshold of an individual peasant. His young wife lies dead; his second child is dying at her side; he has just sunk into a corner himself, under the first stun of disease, long resisted. The only persons of his family who have escaped contagion, and are likely to escape it, are his old father, who sits weeping feebly upon the hob, and his first-born, a boy of three or four years, who, standing between the old man's knees, cries also for food.

We visit the young peasant's abode some time after. He has not sunk under 'the sickness.' He is fast regaining his strength, even without proper nourishment; he can creep out of doors, and sit in the sun. But, in the expression of his sallow and emaciated face, there is no joy for his escape from the grave, as he sits there alone, silent and brooding. His father, and his surviving child, are still hungry—more hungry, indeed, and more helpless than ever; for the neighbours who had relieved the family with a potatoe and a mug of sour milk, are now stricken down themselves, and want assistance to a much greater extent than they can give it.

" I wish Mr. Evans was in the place," cogitated Michaul Carroll; " a body could spake forn'ent him, and not spake for nothin', for all that he's an Englishman; and I don't like the thoughts o' goin' up to the house to the steward's face—it wouldn't turn kind to a body. May be he'd soon come home to us, the masther himself."

Another fortnight elapsed. Michaul's hope proved vain. Mr. Evans was still in London; though a regular resident on his small Irish estate, since it had come into his possession, business unfortunately—and he would have said so himself—now kept him an unusually long time absent. Thus disappointed, Michaul overcame his repugnance to appear before the 'hard' steward. He only asked for work, however. There was none to be had. He turned his slow and still feeble foot into the adjacent town. It was market-day, and he took up his place among a crowd of other claimants for agricultural employment, shouldering a spade, as did each of his companions. Many farmers came to the well-known 'stannin,' and hired men at his right and at his left, but no one addressed Michaul. Once or twice; indeed, touched perhaps by his sidelong looks of beseeching misery, a farmer stopt a moment before him, and glanced over his figure; but his worn and almost shaking limbs giving little promise of present vigour in the working field, worldly prudence soon conquered the humane feeling which started up towards him in the man's heart, and, with a choking in his throat, poor Michaul saw the arbiter of his fate pass on.

He walked homeward, without having broken his fast that day. "Bud, *musha*, what's the harm o' that," he said to himself; "only here's the ould father, an' *her* pet boy, the weenock, without a pyatee either. Well, *asthore*, if they can't have the pyatees, they must have betther food — that's all; — ay — " he muttered, clenching his hands at his sides, and imprecating fearfully in Irish — " an' so they must."

He left his house again, and walked a good way to beg a few potatoes. He did not come back quite empty-handed. His father and his child had a meal. He ate but a few himself; and when he was about to lie down in his corner for the night, he said to the old man, across the room — "Don't be a-crying to-night, father — you and the child, there; bud sleep well, and ye'll have the good break'ast afore ye in the mornin'."

" The good break'ast, *ma-bauchal?*[*] a-then, an' where 'ill id come from?"

" A body promised it to me, father."

" *Avich!* Michaul, an' sure its fun you're making of us, now, at any rate. Bud, the good night, *a chorra,*[†] an' my blessin' on your head, Michaul; an' if we keep trust in the good God, an' ax his blessin', too, mornin' an' evenin', gettin' up an' lyin' down, He'll be a friend to us at last: that was always an' ever my word to you, poor boy, since you was the years o' your own weenock, now fast asleep at my side; an' its my word to you, now, *ma-bauchal;* an' you won't forget id; and there's one sayin' the same to you, out o' heaven, this night—herself, an' her little angel-in-glory by the hand, Michaul *a-vourneen.*"

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[*] My boy.

[†] Term of endearment.

Having thus spoken in the fervent and rather exaggerated, though every-day, words of pious allusion of the Irish poor man, old Carroll soon dropt asleep, with his arms round his little grandson, both overcome by an unusually abundant meal. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a stealthy noise. Without moving, he cast his eyes round the cabin. A small window, through which the moon broke brilliantly, was open. He called to his son, but received no answer. He called again and again: all remained silent. He arose, and crept to the corner where Michaul had lain down. It was empty. He looked out through the window into the moonlight. The figure of a man appeared at a distance, just about to enter a pasture-field belonging to Mr. Evans.

The old man leaned his back against the wall of the cabin, trembling with sudden and terrible misgivings. With him, the language of virtue, which we have heard him utter, was not cant. In early prosperity, in subsequent misfortunes, and in his late and present excess of wretchedness, he had never swerved in practice from the spirit of his own exhortations to honesty before men, and love for, and dependance upon God, which, as he has truly said, he had constantly addressed to his son, since his earliest childhood. And hitherto that son had, indeed, walked by his precepts, further assisted by a regular observance of the duties of his religion. Was he now about to turn into another path?

to bring shame on his father in his old age? to put a stain on their family and their name, "the name that a rogue or a bould woman never bore?" continued old Carroll, indulging in some of the pride and egotism for which an Irish peasant is, under his circumstances, remarkable. And then came the thought of the personal peril incurred by Michaul; and his agitation, incurred by the feebleness of age, nearly overpowered him.

He was sitting on the floor, shivering like one in an ague-fit, when he heard steps outside the house. He listened, and they ceased: but the familiar noise of an old barn door creaking on its crazy hinges, came on his ear. It was now day-dawn. He dressed himself; stole out, cautiously; peeped into the barn, through a chink of the door, and all he had feared met full confirmation. There, indeed, sat Michaul, busily and earnestly engaged, with a frowning brow and a haggard face, in quartering the animal he had stolen from Mr. Evans's field.

The sight sickened the father,—the blood on his son's hands, and all. He was barely able to keep himself from falling. A fear, if not a dislike, of the unhappy culprit also came upon him. His unconscious impulse was to re-enter their cabin unperceived, without speaking a word; he succeeded in doing so; and then he fastened the door again, and undressed, and resumed his place beside his innocent little grandson.

About an hour afterwards, Michaul came in cautiously through the still open window, and also undressed and reclined on his straw, after glancing towards his father's bed, who pretended to be asleep. At the usual time for arising, old Carroll saw him suddenly jump up, and prepare to go abroad. He spoke to him, leaning on his elbow.

"And what *hollg* * is on you now, *ma-bauchal?*"

"Going for the good break'ast I promised you, father dear."

"An' who's the good christhin 'ill give id to us, Michaul?"

"Oh, you'll know that, soon, father: now, a good bye:"—he hurried to the door.

"A good bye, then, Michaul; bud, tell me, what's that on your hand?"

"No—nothin'," stammered Michaul, changing colour, as he hastily examined the hand himself; "nothin' is on id: what could there be?" (nor was there, for he had very carefully removed all evidence of guilt from his person; and the father's question was asked upon grounds distinct from any thing he then saw.)

"Well, *avich*, an' sure I didn't say any thing was on it wrong; or any thing to make you look so quare, an' spake so sthrange to your father, this mornin';—only I'll ax you, Michaul, over agin, who has took such a sudd'n likin' to us, to send us the good break'ast?—an' answer me sthraight, Michaul—what is id to be, that you call it so *good?*"

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* What are you about.

"The good mate, father:"—he was again passing the threshold.

"Stop!" cried his father; "stop, an' turn fornent me. Mate?—the good mate?—What 'ud bring mate into our poor house, Michaul? Tell me, I bid you again an' again, who is to give id to you?"

"Why, as I said afore, father, a body that——"

"A body that thieved id, Michaul Carroll!" added the old man, as his son hesitated, walking close up to the culprit; "a body that thieved id, an' no other body. Don't think to blind me, Michaul. I am ould, to be sure; but sense enough is left in me to to look round among the neighbours, in my own mind, an' know that none of 'em that has the will, has the power to send us the mate for our break'ast, in an honest way. An' I don't say, outright, that you had the same thought wid me, when you consented to take it from a thief—I don't mean to say that you'd go to turn a thief's recaiver, at this hour o' your life, an' afther growin' up from a boy to a man widout bringin' a spot o' shame on yourself, or on your weenock, or on one of us. No; I won't say that. Your heart was scalded, Michaul, an' your mind was darkened, for a start; an' the thought o' getting comfort for the ould father, an' for the little son, made you consent in a hurry, widout lookin' well afore you, or widout lookin' up to your good God."

"Father, father, let me alone! don't spake them words to me," interrupted Michaul, sitting on a stool, and spreading his large and hard hands over his face.

"Well, thin, an' I won't, *avich;* I won't;—nothin' to throuble you, sure: I didn't mean id;—only this, *a-vourneen,* don't bring a mouthful o' the bad, unlucky victuals into this cabin; the pyaties, the wild berries o' the bush, the wild roots o' the arth, will be sweeter to us, Michaul; the hunger itself will be sweeter; an' when we give God thanks afther our poor meal, or afther no meal at all, our hearts will be lighter, and our hopes for to-morrow sthronger, *avich-ma-chree,* than if we faisted on the fat o' the land, but could'nt ax a blessin' on our faist."

"Well, thin, *I* won't, either, father; I won't:—an' sure you have your way now. I'll only go out a little while from you—to beg; or else, as you say, to root down in the ground, with my nails, like a baste-brute, for our break'ast."

"My vourneen you are, Michaul, an' my blessin' on your head; yes, to be sure, *avich,* beg, an' I'll beg wid you—sorrow a shame is in that:—No; but a good deed, Michaul, when its done to keep us honest. So come; we'll go among the christhins together. Only, before we go, Michaul, my own dear son, tell me—tell one thing."

"What, father?" Michaul began to suspect.

"Never be afraid to tell me, Michaul Carroll, *ma-bauchal?* I won't—I ca'nt be angry wid you now. You are sorry; an' your Father in heaven forgives you, and so do I. But you know, *avich,* there would be danger in quitting the place widout hiding well every scrap of any thing that could tell on us."

"Tell on us! What can tell on us?" demanded Michaul; "what's in the place to tell on us?"

"Nothin' in the cabin, I know, Michaul; but——"

"But what, father?"

"Have you left nothing in the way, out there?" whispered the old man, pointing towards the barn.

"Out there? Where? What? What do you mean at all, now, father? Sure you know it's your ownsef has kep me from as much as laying a hand on it."

"Ay, to-day-mornin'; bud you laid a hand on it last night, *avich*, an' so ——"

"*Curp-an-duoul!*" imprecated Michaul—"this is too bad, at any rate; no I didn't—last night, or any other night—let me alone, I bid you, father."

"Come back again, Michaul," commanded old Carroll, as the son once more hurried to the door: and his words were instantly obeyed. Michaul, after a glance abroad, and a start, which the old man did not notice, paced to the middle of the floor, hanging his head, and saying in a low voice—"Hushth, now, father—its time."

"No Michaul, I will not hushth; an' it is not time; come out with me to the barn."

"Hushth!" repeated Michaul, whispering sharply: he had glanced sideways to the square patch of strong morning sun-light on the ground of the cabin, defined there by the shape of the open door, and saw it intruded upon by the shadow of a man's bust leaning forward in an earnest posture.

"Is id in your mind to go back into your sin, Michaul, an' tell me you were not in the barn, at day-break, the mornin'? asked his father, still unconscious of a reason for silence.

"Arrah, hushth, ould man!" Michaul made a hasty sign towards the door, but was disregarded.

"I saw you in id," pursued old Carroll, sternly: "ay, and at your work in id, too."

"What's that you're sayin', ould Peery Carroll?" demanded a well-known voice.

"Enough — to hang his son," whispered Michaul to his father, as Mr. Evans's land-steward, followed by his herdsman and two policemen, entered the cabin. In a few minutes afterwards, the policemen had in charge the dismembered carcase of the sheep, dug up out of the floor of the barn, and were escorting Michaul, handcuffed, to the county gaol, in the vicinity of the next town. They could find no trace of the animal's skin, though they sought attentively for it; and this seemed to disappoint them and the steward a good deal.

From the moment that they entered the cabin, till their departure, old Carroll did not speak a word. Without knowing it, as it seemed, he sat down on his straw bed, and remained staring stupidly around him, or at one or another of his visitors. When Michaul was about to leave the wretched abode, he paced quickly towards his father, and holding out his ironed hands, and turning his cheek for a kiss, said, smiling miserably — "God be wid you, father, dear." Still the old man was silent, and the prisoner and all his attendants passed out on the road. But it was then the agony of old Carroll assumed a distinctness. Uttering a fearful cry, he snatched up his still sleeping little grandson, ran with the boy in his arms till he overtook Michaul; and, kneeling down before him in the dust, said — " I ax pardon o' you, *avich* — won't you tell me I have id afore you go? an' here, I've brought little Peery for you to kiss; you forgot *him, a vourneen.*"

" No, father, I didn't," answered Michaul, as he stooped to kiss the child; " an' get up father, get up; my hands are not my own, or I wouldn't let you do that afore your son. Get up, there's nothin' for you to throuble yourself about; that is, I mean, I have nothin' to forgive you: no, but every thing to be thankful for, an' to love you for; you were always an' ever the good father to me; an' ——" The many strong and bitter feelings which till now he had almost perfectly kept in, found full vent, and poor Michaul could not go on. The parting from his father, however, so different from what it had promised to be, comforted him. The old man held him in his arms, and wept on his neck. They were separated with difficulty.

Peery Carroll, sitting on the road-side after he lost sight of the prisoner, and holding his screaming grandson on his knees, thought the cup of his trials was full. By his imprudence he had fixed the proof of guilt on his own child; that reflection was enough for him, and he could indulge it only generally. But he was yet to conceive distinctly in what dilemma he had involved himself as well as Michaul. The Policemen came back to compel his appearance before the magistrate; and when the little child had been disposed of in a neighbouring cabin, he understood, to his consternation and horror, that he was to be the chief witness against the sheep-stealer. Mr. Evans's steward knew well the meaning of the words he had overheard him say in the cabin, and that if compelled to swear all he was aware of, no doubt would exist of the criminality of Michaul, in the eyes of a jury. "'Tis a sthrange thing to ax a father to do," muttered Peery, more than once, as he proceeded to the magistrates; "it 's a very sthrange thing."

The magistrate proved to be a humane man. Notwithstanding the zeal of the steward and the policemen, he committed Michaul for trial, without continuing to press the hesitating and bewildered old Peery into any detailed evidence; his nature seemed to rise against the task, and he said to the steward—"I have enough of facts for making out a committal; if you think the father will be necessary on the trial, subpœna him.

The steward objected that Peery would abscond, and demanded to have him bound over to prosecute, on two sureties, solvent and respectable. The magistrate assented; Peery could name no bail; and consequently he also was marched to prison, though prohibited from holding the least intercourse with Michaul.

The assizes soon came on. Michaul was arraigned; and, during his plea of "not guilty," his father appeared, unseen by him, in the gaoler's custody, at the back of the dock, or rather in an inner dock. The trial excited a keen and painful interest in the court, the bar, the jury-box, and the crowds of spectators. It was universally known that a son had stolen a sheep, partly to feed a starving father; and that out of the mouth of that father it was now sought to condemn him. "What will the old man do?" was the general question which ran through the assembly: and while few of the lower orders could contemplate the possibility of his swearing to the truth, many of their betters scarce hesitated to make out for him a case of natural necessity to swear falsely.

The trial began. The first witness, the herdsman, proved the loss of the sheep, and the finding the dismembered carcass in the old barn. The policemen and the steward followed to the same effect, and the latter added the allusions which he had heard the father make to the son, upon the morning of the arrest of the latter. The steward went down from the table. There was a pause, and complete silence, which the attorney for the prosecution broke by saying to the crier, deliberately, "Call Peery Carroll."

"Here, Sir," immediately answered Peery, as the gaoler led him by a side-door, out of the back dock to the table. The prisoner started round; but the new witness against him, had passed for an instant into the crowd.

The next instant, old Peery was seen ascending the table, assisted by the gaoler, and by many other commiserating hands, near him. Every glance fixed on his face. The barristers looked wistfully up from their seats round the table ; the judge put a glass to his eye and seemed to study his features attentively. Among the audience, there ran a low but expressive murmur of pity and interest.

Though much emaciated by confinement, anguish and suspence, Peery's cheeks had a flush, and his weak blue eyes glittered. The half-gaping expression of his parched and haggard lips was miserable to see. And yet he did not tremble much, nor appear so confounded as upon the day of his visit to the magistrate.

The moment he stood upright on the table, he turned himself fully to the judge, without a glance towards the dock.

"Sit down, sit down, poor man," said the judge.

"Thanks to you, my lord, I will," answered Peery, "only, first, I'd ax you to let me kneel, for a little start ;" and he accordingly did kneel, and after bowing his head, and forming the sign of the cross on his forehead, he looked up, and said — "My judge in heaven above, 'tis you I pray to keep me to my duty, afore my earthly judge, this day ;—amen :" — and then repeating the sign of the cross, he seated himself.

The examination of the witness commenced, and humanely proceeded as follows—(the counsel for the prosecution taking no notice of the superfluity of Peery's answers).

"Do you know Michaul, or Michael, Carroll, the prisoner at the bar ?"

"Afore that night, Sir, I believed I knew him well; every thought of his mind, every bit of the heart in his body; afore that night, no living cratur could throw a word at Michaul Carroll, or say he ever forgot his father's renown, or his love of his good God;—an' sure the people are afther telling you by this time, how it come about that night—an' you, my lord,—an' ye, gintlemen,—an' all good christians that hear me;—here I am to help to hang him—my own boy, and my only one—but, for all that, gintlemen, ye ought to think of it; twas for the weenoch and the ould father that he done it;—indeed, an'deed, we had'nt a pyatee in the place; an' the sickness was among us, a start afore; it took the wife from him, and another babby; an' id had himself down, a week or so beforehand; an' all that day, he was looking for work, but could'nt get a hand's turn to do; an' that's the way it was; not a mouthful for me an' little Peery; an', more betoken, he grew sorry for id, in the mornin', an' promised me not to touch a scrap of what was in the barn,—ay, long afore the steward an' the peelers came on us,—but was willin' to go among the neighbors an' beg our breakfast, along wid myself, from door to door, sooner than touch it."

"It is my painful duty," resumed the barrister, when Peery would at length cease,—"to ask you for closer information. You saw Michael Carroll in the barn, that night?—"

"*Musha*—The Lord pity him and me—I did, Sir."

"Doing what?"—

"The sheep between his hands," answered Peery, dropping his head, and speaking almost inaudibly.

"I must still give you pain, I fear;—stand up; take the crier's rod; and if you see Michael Carroll in court, lay it on his head."

"*Och, musha, musha,* Sir, don't ax me to do that!" pleaded Peery, rising, wringing his hands, and, for the first time, weeping—"och, don't my lord, don't, and may your own judgment be favourable, the last day."

"I am sorry to command you to do it, witness, but you must take the rod," answered the judge, bending his head close to his notes, to hide his own tears; and at the same time, many a veteran barrister rested his forehead on the edge of the table. In the body of the court were heard sobs.

"Michaul, *avich*! Michaul, *a corra-ma-chree!*" exclaimed Peery, when at length he took the rod, and faced round to his son,—"is id your father they make to do it, *ma-bauchal*."

"My father does what is right," answered Michaul, in Irish. The judge immediately asked to have his words translated; and when he learned their import, regarded the prisoner with satisfaction.

"We rest here, my lord," said the counsel, with the air of a man freed from a painful task.

The judge instantly turned to the jury-box.

"Gentlemen of the jury. That the prisoner at the bar stole the sheep in question, there can be no shade of moral doubt. But you have a very peculiar case to consider. A son steals a sheep that his own famishing father and his own famishing son may have food. His aged parent is compelled to give evidence against him here for the act. The old man virtuously tells the truth, and the whole truth, before you and me. He sacrifices his natural feelings — and we have seen that they are lively — to his honesty, and to his religious sense of the sacred obligations of an oath. Gentlemen, I will pause to observe, that the old man's conduct is strikingly exemplary, and even noble. It teaches all of us a lesson. Gentlemen, it is not within the province of a judge to censure the rigor of the proceedings which have sent him before us. But I venture to anticipate your pleasure that, notwithstanding all the evidence given, you will be enabled to acquit that old man's son, the prisoner at the bar. I have said there can not be the shade of a moral doubt that he has stolen the sheep, and I repeat the words. But, gentlemen, there is a legal doubt, to the full benefit of which he is entitled. The sheep has not been identified. The herdsman could not venture to identify it (and it would have been strange if he could) from the dismembered limbs found in the barn. To his mark on its skin, indeed, he might have positively spoken ; but no skin has been discovered. Therefore, according to the evidence, and you have sworn to decide by that alone, the prisoner is entitled to your acquittal. Possibly, now that the prosecutor sees the case in its full bearing, he may be pleased with this result."

While the jury, in evident satisfaction, prepared to return their verdict, Mr. Evans, who had but a moment before returned home, entered the court, and becoming aware of the concluding words of the judge, expressed his sorrow aloud, that the prosecution had ever been undertaken; that circumstances had kept him uninformed of it, though it had gone on in his name; and he begged leave to assure his lordship that it would be his future effort to keep Michaul Carroll in his former path of honesty, by finding him honest and ample employment, and, as far as in him lay, to reward the virtue of the old father.

While Peery Carroll was laughing and crying in a breath, in the arms of his delivered son, a subscription, commenced by the bar, was mounting into a considerable sum for his advantage.

MEMENTO.

My Son, be this thy simple plan:
Serve God, and love thy brother man;
Forget not, in temptation's hour,
That Sin lends Sorrow double power;
Count life a stage upon thy way,
And follow Conscience, come what may:
Alike with heaven and earth sincere,
With hand, and brow, and bosom clear,
'Fear God—and know no other fear.'

P.

COUNT ROLLO'S BRIDAL.

An Italian Legend.

I.

Winter's snowy sheet was cast
  On the ridge of Apennine;
But a gush of music passed
  Down the mountain's mighty spine.
Burst the sharp and sweeping hail
  On the forest's giant tree;
But amid the tempest's wail,
  Came the shouts of peasant-glee;
And upon the thunder's wing
Floated sounds of flute and string.

II.

Now upon Velino's height,
  Like a young volcano's brow,
Flashes through the deepening night
  Many a casement's golden glow,

Where the Tuscan pencil's dye
  On the oriel pane has thrown
Shape of saint and hue of sky,
  Knightly helm and kingly crown.
Genius, from thy hand they came,
Like thy spirit—living flame!

III.

Now are heard delicious tones;
  As the chapel aisles along,
Like the summer rainbow's zones,
  Move the young and lovely throng;
Where, the phœnix of the land,
  Haughty Rollo's trembling bride,
At the altar gives her hand;
  And her warrior, eagle-eyed,
Smiles to see her wear the chain,
That but death can loose again.

IV.

Now the holy rite is done:
  Rushes back the living tide;
Like the stars before the sun,
  Heralding that royal bride;
Fading into dim eclipse,
  Diamond eyes and cheeks of rose;
While the minstrel's burning lips,
  Glowing as her beauty glows,
Chaunt the lofty orison,
"Love and glory now are one."

V.

Now the festal hour is high,
  Golden bowl to bowl is rung;
Song and shout of revelry
  To the tapestried roof are flung;
Lute and harp their soul are breathing,
  Noble hand in hand is twined,
Forms of love the dance are wreathing,
  Like the rose-tree in the wind;
Every wave, and rise, and fall,
Fragrance, grace, and beauty all.

VI.

But a sudden trumpet-tone
  Echoes on the startled air;
It has deepened to a groan;
  Fear and agony are there!
It is gone.—A clash of swords,
  As of charging chivalry
Plunging on the Moslem hordes,
  Sweeps the gazing revel by;
Followed by the chauntings drear,
O'er some noble warrior's bier.

VII.

Peals the tempest's doubled roar,
  Broad as noon the lightning plays,
Sculptured roof and marble floor
  Quivering in the livid blaze;

Tinging every face and plume,
  In its ghastly burst of blue;
Looks the mighty hall a tomb —
  Awe-struck form, and stony hue,
Silent lip, and soundless tread,
Look a gathering of the dead.

VIII.

But one visage paler still,
  But one eyeball's wilder glare,
But one bosom's fiercer thrill,
  Tell the man of evil there:
On that bridegroom, one by one,
  Fixes every burning ball,
Turns half oped the lip of stone;
  But his glance defies them all.
Look not on him, shuddering bride,
By thee sits — the Parricide!

IX.

Now, as by a giant hand,
  Wide was flung the palace door;
Onward marched a warrior band,
  Sable priests a burthen bore;
From the bier a hooded monk,
  Slowly raised a bloody pall,
In it lay a headless trunk:
  From the roof-tree of the hall,
Where his father's helmet hung,
"Murder!" through the tempest rung.

X.

Whose the hand that gave the blow?
'Twas the sitter's on that throne;
For the bauble on his brow,
Was the deed of horror done.
Youth is hot, and age is cold,
Passion is a lion fanged;
Soon the tale of guilt is told—
Dagger against dagger clanged;
At his feet his father died,
Thus were won his crown and bride.

XI.

Through the hall no voice awoke,
Moved nor step, nor eye, nor hand;
But the broader thunders broke,
Broader blazed the lightning's brand.
Every torch and cresset dies,
Phantom priest and monk are gone;
But what groups around him rise,
Guardians worthy of his throne!
Through the solid darkness glare
Eyes of terror and despair.

XII.

Shapes that by the fiery flood
Hover on the sleepless wing;
Shapes, the worm's eternal food,
Vassals of the grisly king;

When the cup of guilt o'erflows,
Guilt no more to be forgiven,
Called the boaster's hour to close,
Reft of hope in Earth and Heaven:
Death without, and death within;
Sin, the punisher of Sin!

XIII.

In Count Rollo's haughty hand,
Sweeps the sword,—its blade is fire;
On Count Rollo's brow the band
Starts to life, a serpent's spire;
Gem-wrought sandal, broidered robe,
Worth the ransom of a king,
All are now a fiery globe;
Knightly star and jewelled string,
Trophies of immortal days,
All are now one whirling blaze.

XIV.

Still the murderer, unconsumed,
Sits upon the ghastly throne;
Every feature fire-illumed —
Who has heard Count Rollo's groan?
Who has seen his spirit bowed?
Still he taunts the eternal ire.
But ascending in his shroud,
Stands before the Son the Sire:
Howls the tempest; — "Thou'rt undone;"
Count Rollo's corpse is on his throne!

ARATUS.

SANDIE HARG.

A Song of the Solway.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

I.

" The night-star shines clearly,
  The tide fills the bay,
My boat like the sea-mew
  Takes wing and away.
Though the dark pellock rolls
  'Mid the moonlighted brine,
The silver finned herling
  And salmon are mine :
My fair one shall taste them,
  May Morely of Larg,
I've said it and sworn it,"
  Quoth young Sandie Harg.

II.

He spread his broad net
  Where, men say, in the brine
The mermaidens sport
  'Mid the merry-moonshine :
He drew it, and marvelled
  To find in the meshes
A fish, and a mermaid
  With silken eye-lashes,
Who sang, with a voice
  Like May Morely's of Larg,
" A maid and a salmon
  For young Sandie Harg !"

III.

O white were her shoulders,
  Far whiter her neck,
Her long locks in armfuls
  O'er-flooded the deck ;
One hand on the rudder
  She pleasantly laid,
Another on Sandie,
  And merrily said —
" Thy halve-net has wrought thee
  A gallant day's darg ;
Be monarch of Solway,
  My young Sandie Harg !"

IV.

O loud laughed young Sandie,
And swore by the mass,
" I'll never reign king
But 'mid gowans and grass."
O loud laughed young Sandie,
And swore, " By thy hand,
My May Morely, I'm thine
Both by water and land;
'Twere wondrous if mermaiden,
Slimy and slarg,
Could rival the true love
Of young Sandie Harg."

V.

She knotted one ringlet,
Syne knotted she twain,
And sung : lo! thick darkness
Dropt down on the main.
She knotted three ringlets,
Syne knotted she nine :
A tempest stooped sudden
And sharp on the brine ;
And away flew the boat—
There's a damsel in Larg
Will marvel what's come of thee,
Young Sandie Harg.

VI.

"The sky's spitting fire!"
Cried Sandie; "and see!
Green Criffell reels round
And will choke up the sea—
From their bottles of tempest
The fiends draw the corks;
Wide Solway is yeasting,
Like ale when it works.
There sits Satan's daughter
Who works this wild darg,
To mar my blythe bridal,"
Quoth young Sandie Harg.

VII.

From his bosom a spell
To work wonders he took,
Thrice kissed it and smiled,
And triumphantly shook
The boat by the rudder,
The maid by the hair;
With wailings and shrieks
She bewildered the air:
He flung her far seaward,
Then sailed off to Larg—
There was mirth at the bridal
Of young Sandie Harg.

THE UNHOLY PROMISE.

A Norwegian Legend.

BY DERWENT CONWAY.

It was impossible to go farther than Rinesager. A journey of forty miles on mountainous roads, and scanty fare by the way, had made the sight of the village extremely acceptable; but my expectations of comfortable accommodation were considerably damped by the constant beating of a drum,—the music of a pandean pipe,—repeated shouts,—and occasional reports of fire-arms—all pretty clearly indicating that Rinesager was that evening the scene of festivity, and consequently no resting-place for a weary traveller. I resolved therefore to quarter with the Minister,—and having found an old man whose infirmities kept him seated at the door of his hut, to point out the way, I proceeded to the lowly habitation of the reverend pastor. He had gone to the church to perform the marriage ceremony; so that the occasion of the rejoicings was sufficiently explained; and, guided by the sound of the rustic music, I soon reached the church yard, where I found all the village assembled—some, as "wedding guests," and others hoping to come in for a share of the libations which upon such occasions are liberally dealt out. It was not without the necessity of partaking in this hospitality that I was able to reach the porch; and a louder roll of the drum, more piercing notes from the pipe, and a more deafening shout from the villagers, announced the general satisfaction at this proof of good-will from a stranger. The interior of the building was almost as crowded as the area outside; but I contrived to make my way to the altar, where stood the bride and bridegroom and their respective relatives,—and before them, the minister whose good offices I intended to claim. The ceremony had already begun,—and I was more occupied in endeavouring to obtain a glimpse of the bride's countenance, than in listening to the questions and responses, when my attention was arrested by hearing the minister say, "Has any unholy promise been the means of bringing you and this maiden together?"—a question quite unintelligible to me, and of which I resolved to ask an explanation.

Soon after, the ceremony ended; the bride, wearing her gilded crown, * passed through the avenue that was made for her, followed by the sturdy Hedemarke to whom she belonged; and the church being cleared of its visitors, I turned to the Minister and introduced myself as a stranger and a traveller,—two characters,

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* Throughout Scandinavia it is the custom for every bride to stand at the altar with a gilded crown — meant as a symbol of chastity.

that in Norway claim the instant exercise of hospitality. We left the church together, each carrying a basket containing provisions—the marriage fees in this country being paid in kind; and were soon seated in the good man's parlour, with a table before us spread with the simple fare of the country.

"The religious part of the marriage ceremony with you is of course the same as with us," said I; "but there was one question put by you that sounded oddly in my ears,—I mean, when you asked whether any UNHOLY PROMISE had brought the bride and the bridegroom together."—"It might well seem strange to you," replied the Minister, smiling; "it is a remnant of an old superstition, which, however, yet retains so much power over the minds of these simple mountaineers, that no maiden in this part of Hedemarkens would consider herself safe in entering into a matrimonial engagement, unless the Minister put the question which you heard. Upon my naturally expressing some curiosity to know the origin of so singular an addition to the marriage ceremony, "I have it in my power," said the Minister, "to satisfy your curiosity. I regret I cannot present you with the original copy of the legend,—but I will willingly transcribe it for you; and you will then carry back to your country a Scandinavian relic which I believe is altogether unknown beyond the boundaries of this narrow district." So saying, my hospitable entertainer left the room for a few moments, and returned with the object of his search. "You perceive" said he, "that care is required in handling this paper: it is already almost in tatters, nor indeed is this wonderful, since, judging by the antiquity of the hand-writing, I should guess it to have been the work of some one who has been in his grave these two hundred years." "I am afraid," said I, "even to touch so venerable and so frail a relic, and will therefore postpone the gratification of my curiosity until you have fulfilled your kind promise." And while I admired the prospects from the window, and looked over a copy of the Edda, my kind host transcribed the manuscript,—of which the following is a literal translation.

"Who, in the valley of *Hammer*,—who, on the *Louver* mountains, so fair as Una!—Her hair was like the golden light that bathes the *Reen Field* ere the sun sinks behind it: her eyes were soft as the gentle stars that sleep in the waters of the *Miosen Soe*,—Una the beloved—Una the good. The lake rests tranquil in the bosom of the hills,—they shelter its infancy, and look down upon its repose,—and so rested Una in the valley of *Hammer*. She was the daughter of Eldred, but she was the child of all; and she was long fenced round by the prayers of the good. The young men of the valley and the young men of the mountains strove for a smile from Una, for her smile was like the tender light of the blessed moon when it peers above the hill-tops: but Una smiled upon none,—and least of all upon Uric.

It is the still hour when innocence rests,—and when the guilty are abroad. Why is it, oh night, that on thy calm and fair dominion wickedness intrudes? Why is thy peacefulness disturbed by the tread of the unholy? Una sleeps in peace: but Uric is abroad. Night is around him; but the moon mounts up the sky and will soon look down upon his path.

Uric walks in silence. Beneath sleeps the *Miosen Soe;*—beyond, the mountains stand in their dim and solemn greatness:—the woods are dim and solemn too, and silent as the hills.

"Now," said Uric in his heart,—for he was afraid to break the stillness of night, "Una shall be mine: I see the ruin's dim outline before me;"—and he hastened on his way,—and reached the rugged mound, and saw the dark walls above him,—and the moonbeams falling through the rents, and upon the shapeless rocks and the old and dwarfish trees that were scattered here and there.

Uric toils up the mound,—and now he stands within the ruin. The broad shadow of the wall falls darkly across the silent court, but beyond the shadow the moonshine lies white upon the tall weeds, and the matted grass, and the hoary dandelion—and Uric stands within the shadow of the wall.

Why is the stillness of the ruin broken by the beating of Uric's heart? Behold! a tall shade crosses the moonlight; and Uric remembers his dream and wherefore he standeth there.

Like the whisper of the night-wind, the name of Uric fell upon the expecting ear.

"I am here" said Uric.

And again, like the shiver of the forest, came these words to the ear of Uric,—"Una may be thine—but the price must be paid."

Now when Uric heard these words, his heart beat no more with fear, but for joy,—and he said—"what price?—be it the body, or be it the soul, it shall be paid;" and again he listened for the voiceless words of the unseen—and when they came, they fell chill upon the heart of Uric—for the price of Una was her first-born.

"Tis an unholy compact," said Uric—"but be it a compact."

No sooner had Uric spoken these words, than a tall shadow crossed the moon's light,—and he knew that he was alone. And he passed from the shade where he stood, into the fair moonshine, where it lay white upon the matted grass: and soon the dark walls rose behind him, and the dwarfish and branchless trees stood around like crooked old men; and he hastened on his way, while the night-wind, as it crept over the surface of the lake, or gently stirred the leaves of the forest, whispered in the ear of Uric, "Thy first-born!"

Who can tell the dreams of Uric? Were they of the dark ruin, and the white moonshine,—and the tall shadow that swept across it? Were they of the fair Una,—of her golden hair, and her star-like eyes, and her blessed smile? Were they of an innocent babe, and its infant caress? Who can tell!

Fair broke the morning upon the couch of Uric.

Who on such a morning would remember the visions of the night!

Ere yet the sun had drank the dew, Una had arisen, and with her braided hair and morning smile, she looked out upon the calm lake and the misty mountains:—and "wherefore," said she, "cometh Uric this way?"

Uric sitteth in Una's bower: her spindle is in her hand,—but she plies it not; nor listens she to the distant waterfall or the tinkling bells of the straying herds,—her ear drinks softer tones than the sound of falling waters—and sweeter words than the silver-tongued music of the hills.

Una sitteth in her summer bower,—but she sitteth alone,—the birds alone are her companions,—and the sweet flowers that turn to her their scented coronals; her cheek is tinged with the rosy hue of eve, and the star that loveth the sun twinkles through the foliage; and now she hears the distant waterfall and the tinkling bells,—but her heart tells her that there are sweeter and more welcome sounds than these. The rosy tint has left her cheek,—the star has set, and the moon climbs up the sky,—but Una yet sitteth in her bower.

It is the bridal morning of Una. Eldred, the father of the beloved, the lovely and the good, lays his hand upon her and blesses her; and, clothed in her white garment of innocence, he leads her forth to the altar. "Una," says he, "needs no gilded crown; is she not the child of all the valley?—and all the valley knows that she is chaste," and he lifted the crown from the head of his child,—and her golden hair was her crown; and thus did Una become the spouse of Uric.

Nine times hath the young moon pillowed her head upon the calm waters of the Miosen—and Uric heareth the cry of his first-born. Una smiles,—and the joy of a mother is in her heart and sparkles in her eyes; but Uric's heart remembers his unholy promise.

"Why art thou silent?" said Una;—"chosen of my heart, why art thou silent?—and why look ye not upon your first-born? Take him to thy bosom and bless him; his mother hath blessed him already, and he waiteth for the blessing of a father."

Uric took to his bosom the babe of his Una,—his "first-born," and as the babe opened his eyes upon him, a father's love gushed into his heart, but no blessing came from his lips; how could Uric bless his "first-born!"

Dark are the pines that stretch over the head of Uric,—but darker is his soul: he wanders into the depths of the forest,—and his companions are his tears: he sees the happy living things that sport on the green amphitheatres,—and the nimble creatures that play among the lofty pines—and faster fall his tears.

Now four times have the sunbeams lingered through the midnight hours upon the summit of the Sogne Field. Four times have the herds been led out to feed on the green and yellow-tinted mountains; * and the glow of

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* The mountains of Norway are thickly covered with a yellow flower during the summer months.

four summers rests on the cheek of the infant Uric: his hair is golden as his mother's; and, as the child of Una, he is the adopted child of the valley.

Una sitteth not now in her summer bower, listening to the distant waterfall or the tinkling bells. She sitteth among her maidens, — listening to the prattle of her boy, while he plays with the tender and sweet-scented shoots of the fir-trees that are strown around: and still is she Una the beloved. And the darkness has departed from the heart of Uric. Why should he remember the dim ruin,—and the white moonshine,—and the tall shadow,—and the voiceless words,—and his unholy promise? Four years have passed away,—and it is as but a dream; and six years yet must pass ere the price be due. For Uric had heard these words, "Ten years may the price be unpaid,—but then, and at this hour, I will expect thee and it."

It is the season when the moon and the stars rule over the midnight hour,—and when twilight fades away upon the mountains of Gulbrandsdalen.* The time of flowers is past,—and the sloping hills are crimson and yellow with the changing cloudberry †; and Una wanders through the fields with the youthful Uric, gathering the mellow fruit; but Uric wanders alone,—for his first-born hath numbered nine summers — and the summer is past.

And Una saw the shade that rested upon the brow of Uric — and she said, "Why, Uric, doth a shadow cross thy brow like an unwelcome guest? Hast thou not Una, thy beloved;—dwellest thou not where thy fathers have ever dwelt;—knowest thou not thine own mountains; —is not thy home a home of peace, and the smile of Una the same that used to gladden thee; —and oh! hast thou not a treasure greater than these, even our first-born?—"

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* Alluding to summer being past.

† The cloudberry is crimson until quite ripe,--it then takes a yellow tint.

Darker and yet darker grew the shade upon the brow of Uric;—for as Una spoke, she kissed her blue-eyed boy, and "Go, my child," she said, "to thy father,—and caress him,—and tell him to smile upon thee, for if God spareth thee this night, ten years thou shalt have blessed us."

Long hath the moon risen,—and who are they that walk in her light?

"Come, my boy," said Uric, "it is thy father's hand that holdeth thine; 'tis sweet to walk in the moonshine, and to see how white and calm it lies between the shadows of the pines."

"Father," said the blue-eyed boy, "I love not the moonshine,—and I am weary; take me from these tall shadows—lead me to my mother."

"Yet a little farther," said Uric: and now they toil up the rugged mound,—and the dark walls rise above them; and, here and there around them, stand in the moonlight the dwarfish and crooked trees. "Father," said the child, "these stunted trees look like decrepid old men: take me from this place —lead me to my mother!" And Uric sat down upon the rugged mound,—and there, in the bright moonshine, sat the father and the child.

Fast fall the tears of Uric,—and sad is his punishment,—for he loveth his child; yet well he knoweth, that if that midnight moon be not the witness of the offering the compact is broken—and he doth himself become the forfeit.

Midnight waits within the silent court of the ruin: white are the matted grass and the tall weeds,—but no one standeth within the shadow of the wall. Midnight is come and passed—and the unholy promise is broken.

Long were the evening hours in the home of Una; the sun sunk in the forest,—and the mountains grew dim,—and the moon arose and bathed them in light; but Uric came not,—neither came her blue-eyed boy. And Una fell upon her knees and prayed; and even as the accents of prayer murmured upon her lips, her uplifted eyes closed,—and her head gently dropped upon her clasped hands. And Una knew in a vision the charm that for ten years had bound her to Uric, and the unholy promise. And Una awoke—and midnight was passed; and a mother's love was deep in her heart,—but the love she had borne to Uric was no more.

Fly, Una!—speed to thy blue-eyed boy: yonder is the rugged mound—see! beneath the fair moonbeams lieth thy child unhurt; take him to thy bosom, for he is chill,—and the chill of fear is at his heart.

"Mother," said the blue-eyed boy,—"whose was the tall shadow that glided by my father's side as he left me?—"

And Una shuddered; and closer she clasped her child to her bosom.

A TALE OF A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

I SAT in a village church-yard,
  One day when work was done;
And many a green and lowly grave
  Looked bright in the setting sun;
And distant cottages peeped through
The branches of the church-yard yew.

I sat among the sleepers,
  (Sleep any like the dead?)
Thinking how soon I might be called
  To rest in such a bed;
With wild flowers o'er me growing gay,
And children laughing at their play.

'Twas thus that I sat musing
  In the quiet eventide,
When a sudden sound of chariot wheels
  Came from the hamlet side;
I paused — but had not long to wait,
They stopped close by the church-yard gate.

And forth stepped from the chariot
  A man in middle life,
With something in his air that told
  Of travel, toil, and strife;
And a gleam of passion in his eye
That spoke him not yet fit to die.

And there came with the stranger
  The sexton old and bowed,
A meek old man whose locks were white
  As is a summer cloud;
They were a crown of light to him
And sanctified his visage dim.

To a grave bound o'er with osier
  And unmarked by a stone,
He led the traveller, like a child
  That fears to walk alone:
"The grave your honour wished to see
Is lying at your feet"—said he.

"God rest thy soul, poor Ellen!"
And with a faltering hand
The old man plucked a weed that grew
From out the osier-band;
And he who in the chariot came
Fell on his knees and did the same.

"Poor Ellen!" said the sexton,
"The parish laid her here,
We little thought that one like you
Would give her grave a tear.
It may be that some time or other
She was your servant?"—"No — MY MOTHER!"

"My Mother!"—and the stranger
With these words bowed his head,
And wept aloud upon the turf,
And called upon the dead:
The Sexton quietly withdrew.
But I was hidden by the yew,
And heard the words I'll tell ye true.

"Would thou wert back, my Mother!
For I never knew thy worth,
Till I had wandered far and long
Upon this weary earth—
Till I had lived full half my span,
And grown a melancholy man!

"I thought thee harsh and wayward,
Too often when a boy;
Alas, I never knew how small
Thy share of earthly joy!
The pangs and fears that wrung thy breast,
When I was safely laid to rest.

"Our fare was hard and scanty,
And I with murmurs ate,
Whilst thou, though born to riches vast,
In hunger silent sate;—
It was thy hand that earned our crust,
And now—that blessed hand is dust!

"I am grown rich, my Mother,
I have done deeds of fame,
And thought to make thee now forget
My boyhood's blight and shame:
I come—and spoils of land and sea
Can only deck a GRAVE for thee!

"Yes—I will build with marble,
And gild with gold thy tomb;
But wert thou in that lowly cot
Amongst the wall-flowers' blooom,—
The very cot I once disdained—
How much of heaven on earth were gained!

"I thought thee cold, my mother,
Till other love I won,
And then I found that all, to thine,
Was starlight to the sun!
If o'er it passed a cloud of blame,
Its inner glory beamed the same.

"I have been at the revel
In lordly halls at night,
And lovely eyes have on me shone
With youthful, flashing light;
But unto memory more divine
Those pale, meek, weeping ones of thine!

"Would thou wert back, my Mother!
My youth was vain and wild,
But I would kneel before thee now,
A greyhaired, lowly child,
That from its spirit shakes the dust,
And only longs to love and trust!"

And far more said the weeper,
And beat his breast the while,
Confessing to the ear of heaven
His early course of guile;
Until I deemed it wrong to stay,
And from the church-yard took my way.

O thou! that mayst be reading
This mournful tale of mine,
If yet thou hast a mother's heart
To be a guide to thine,—
Cherish her—lest, too late to save,
Thou weep in madness o'er her grave!

SUNSET SCENE.

Lo! what a glorious spectacle the sky
Presents this evening!—Battlements and towers,
Streams winding leisurely through forest bowers,—
And pensive fanes where cloistered piety
Breathes the deep prayer, uplifts the patient eye!—
There, too, above that cottage-home of ours,
Blushes a visionary clime, with flowers
Bedeckt, and spicy shrubs that seem to sigh
Their odorous incense to the gales around!—
Southward, and wearing for his crest yon star,
A warrior shakes his glittering scymetar
In threatening guise;—there shadowy gulfs profound
Enclose dim lakes; and there in pearly car
A dazzling spirit rises from the ground!—

R. F. HOUSMAN.

THE ACCEPTED.*

(English Song.)

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I.

I THANK you for that downcast look,
  And for that blushing cheek;
I would not have you raise your eyes,
  I would not have you speak:
Though mute, I deem you eloquent,
  I ask no other sign,
While thus your little hand remains
  Confidingly in mine.

II.

I know you fain would hide from me
  The tell-tale tears that steal
Unbidden forth, and half betray
  The anxious fears you feel:
From friends long-tried and dearly loved
  The plighted bride must part;
Then freely weep—I could not love
  A cold unfeeling heart.

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* See page 135.

III.

I know you love your cottage home,
  Where, in the summer time,
Your hand has taught the clematis
  Around the porch to climb:
Yon casement with the wild rose screen,
  Yon little garden too,
How many fond remembrances
  Endear them all to you!

IV.

You sigh to leave your mother's roof,
  Though on my suit she smiled,
And, spurning ev'ry selfish thought,
  Gave up her darling child:
Sigh not for *her*, she now may claim
  Kind deeds from more than *one*;
She'll gaze upon her DAUGHTER's smiles,
  Supported by her SON!

V.

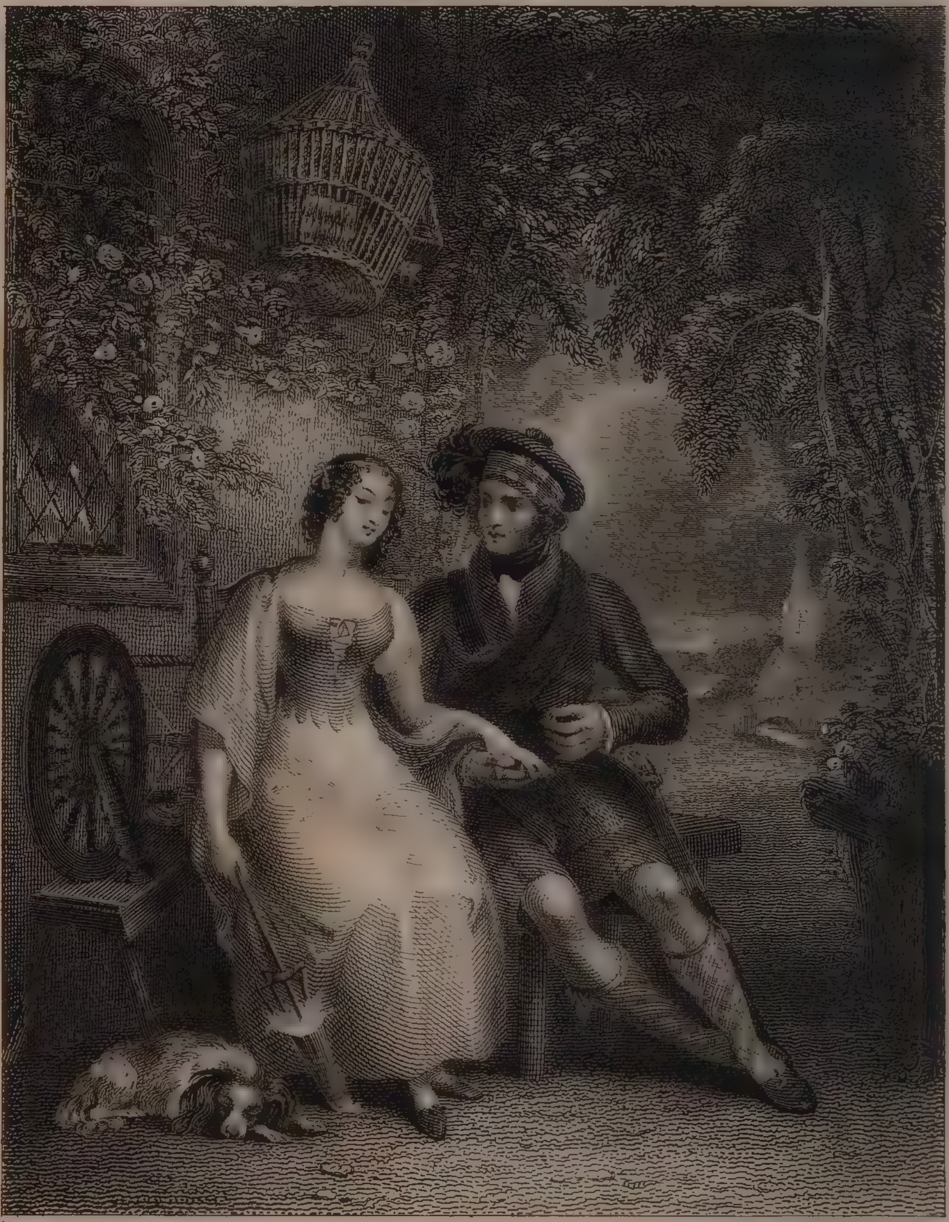
I thank you for that look—it speaks
  Reliance on my truth;
And never shall unkindness wound
  Your unsuspecting youth:
If fate should frown, and anxious thoughts
  Oppress your husband's mind,
Oh! never fear to cling to me,—
  I could not be unkind.

VI.

Come, look upon this golden ring —
  You have no cause to shrink,
Though oft 'tis galling as the slave's
  Indissoluble link!
And look upon yon church, the place
  Of blessing and of prayer;
Before the altar hear my vows —
  Who *could* dissemble *there!*

VII.

Come to my home; your bird shall have
  As tranquil a retreat;
Your dog shall find a resting-place,
  And slumber at your feet:
And while you turn your spinning wheel,
  Oh! let me hear you sing,
Or I shall think you cease to love
  Your little golden ring.



Painted by M. Sharp

Engraved by Chas. Rolls

THE [illegible]

Published by Smith, Elder & Co. Cornhill

THE ACCEPTED.

(Scotch Song.)

Air.—"Haud awa frae me, Donald."

I.

Come awa, come awa,
An' o'er the march wi' me, lassie;
Leave your Southron wooers a',
My winsome bride to be, lassie.
Lands nor gear I proffer you,
Nor gauds to busk ye fine, lassie,
But I've a heart that's leal an' true,
And a' that heart is thine, lassie.

II.

Come awa, come awa,
An' see the kindly North, lassie,
Out o'er the peaks o' Lammerlaw,
An' by the links o' Forth, lassie:
And when we tread the heather bell
Aboon Demayat lea, lassie,
You 'll view the land o' flood and fell—
The noble North Countrie, lassie!

III.

Come awa, come awa,
An' leave your Southland hame, lassie ;
The kirk is near, the ring is here —
An' I' m your Donald Græme, lassie,
Rock and reel and spinning wheel,
And English cottage trig, lassie,
Haste, leave them a', wi' me to speel
The braes 'yont Stirling brig, lassie.

IV.

Come awa, come awa,
I ken your heart is mine, lassie,
And true luve sall make up for a'
For whilk ye might repine, lassie.
Your father — he has gien consent,
Your step-dame looks not kind, lassie —
Oh, that our foot were on the bent,
An' the Lowlands far behind, lassie !

V.

Come awa, come awa !
Ye 'll ne'er hae cause to rue, lassie ;
My cot blinks blithe beneath the shaw,
By bonny Avondhu, lassie :
There's birk and slae on ilka brae,
And brakens waving fair, lassie ;
And gleaming lochs and mountains grey —
Can aught wi' them compare, lassie !
Come awa, come awa, &c.

AGAY THE SALT CARRIER.

An African Tale of Real Life.

BY MRS. LEE (FORMERLY MRS. BOWDICH).

The wide and rapid river of Africa called the Adirri abounds with beautiful and fertile islands; and on one of these stood a small circular dwelling, formed of earth and stakes, and thatched with palm leaves. Two small canoes were moored near it; fishing nets and lines were hung on the trees to dry; the small space of ground which encircled it was well cultivated with yams, sweet potatoes, okroes, &c.; and large bamboos waved over the humble structure. The interior was divided into two apartments, separated by a bamboo screen, the smallest of which contained two comfortable beds of reeds and matting, hung round with bamboo curtains, one or two stools, and clumsy looking chests, and a Portuguese musket and powder flask. The principal room was better furnished; the sides were decorated with carved and plain calabashes, light but well made baskets, formed of the nerves of palm leaves, fans of grass or splendidly coloured feathers; and a beautiful bow of ebony, tipped with ivory, encircled by quivers of various shapes, curiously worked in coloured leather, containing poisoned as well as other arrows, hung in front of the door. On the floor were earthen vessels, either for cooking or keeping provisions; their shape was of the purest Etruscan, and some of them bore the most brilliant polish. The other household utensils, and the prapras (brushes of grass) were confined to one corner; several stools finely carved from the Sessa wood, and some cushions of coloured leather, were distributed round the room; and a large roll of matting, worked in the most elaborate patterns, shewed, that this also was a sleeping apartment during the night. The inhabitants were old Cudjo Cooma, his wife Yahndi, and their son Agay. They lived by fishing, and collecting the salt which forms the principal commerce of this river, and which Agay, with many others, carried to Odentee, where the merchants of the interior, purchase it for the inland markets. A tall tame pelican was their sole companion in this secluded spot, who went out in the canoe with Cudjo, and when he had satisfied his own appetite, willingly helped his master; and many a hardross (a fish resembling a salmon) had been seized by his beak, and after being well dried by Yahndi on the roof of the hut, and smoked over the fire, had been carried to the luxurious tables of the kings of Inta.

Cudjo, though old and grey-headed, was still capable of active employment; and his wife, though her principal avocations were to dry fish, pack salt, preserve vegetables for their sustenance during the rainy season, and cook the daily food, occasionally helped both in the canoe and in the plantations. They had lived there all their lives, and though poor, were much respected. All the superior comforts of their dwelling, however, they owed to their son Agay, who was of a sedate and thoughtful disposition, and who, although he was cheerful with, and obliging to his companions, yet preferred coming home to his little island, and weaving, carving, cultivating the scanty domain around them, or making baskets, to the loud and noisy festivals of his comrade salt carriers, which almost always ended in intoxication. The quiet happiness of this family, the sufficiency which surrounded them, though unaccompanied by luxury, might perhaps have excited the ill-will of their neighbours, for no people are more jealous than the western negroes, of those who differ in manner from themselves : but Cudjo was a wise old man, and knew how to keep the fetish men in good humour, and thereby secure their protection. A curious tree had sprung up on his island, the branches of which, as thick as a pipe, were every morning covered with liquid salt, which was soon converted by the sun into large transparent crystals. These crystals were carefully collected by Yahndi, and at the end of each week presented at the principal fetish temple. Their flavour was remarkably fine, and as on great feasts the offering was accompanied by dried fish, or any other delicacy which might pamper the appetites of the all powerful priests, the protection of Cudjo and his family was cheerfully accorded. The possession of this tree, however, was a secret, and the superiority of Cudjo's salt was imputed to some peculiar method of preparing it, and which of course he was never expected to betray. Had it been divulged, the tree would probably have been rooted from the ground while the owners slept, and Cudjo deprived of his talisman.

Agay was young, resolute, and brave ; and having occasionally received something like education from the fetish men, who hoped one day to attach him to their mysterious brotherhood, he was very superior to the other young men on the banks of the Adirri. During his intercourse with the inland merchants, his curiosity had been strongly awakened by their descriptions of the magnificence of their chieftains, and occasional sparks of ambition burst forth, which made the burthen of salt upon his head somewhat irksome. During those periods of the year when the sun is generally obscured by the heavy tropical rains, or the thick fogs which succeed them, all labour being impossible, Agay would take advantage of the fine intervals which even in that season burst through the gloom, to roam through the forests with his bow and arrows, and rarely returned home without being laden with spoil. While pursuing his route through the mighty forests which cover so large a portion of this part of Africa, he one day perceived a hunting party at a distance. Wishing to avoid them he gained the outskirts of the forest, but was arrested in his progress by the bellowings of a huge buffalo. He turned round and saw one of the huntsmen separated from the rest, who having irritated this beast, was pursued by it, and had taken refuge behind the enormous trunk of a baobab (adansonia). Escape, however, seemed hopeless; the animal kept so close to its enemy, that no sooner did he attempt to run from the tree, than it instantly pushed at him, and as it paced round the tree, the poor fugitive had no alternative but to change sides with the buffalo. He had lost his arrows in his flight, his large knife had fallen from his belt, his comrades were too distant to hear the shrill whistle by which he attempted to call them to his assistance, and already was he fainting from fatigue; the big drops poured from every part of his body, his knees tottered under him, and he staggered against the tree for support. The animal darted round upon him, when a poisoned arrow from the bow of Agay pierced its broad chest. The sudden blow startled it, and it did not recover from its surprize till the poison had begun to circulate through its veins; a mist came over its eyes; it reeled and fell at the feet of its helpless victim, who viewed the sudden change with astonishment. Agay ran to render him further succour, and on seeing by his dress that he was a chieftain of some rank, lowered his cloth from his left shoulder, and modestly inquired if he could be of any service. The chieftain eagerly asked if he had been the marksman who shot the buffalo, and on being answered in the affirmative, followed up his question by demanding his name, and requesting him to go with him to find his people. Returning together, Agay led him to that part of the forest where he had observed the others, and on his requesting leave to go home, the chief took from his knee a band of silk, which contained a portion of gold dust, and told Agay he should again hear from him on the morrow. Agay, however, respectfully bending to the ground, said he did not want gold, and begged it might be distributed among the followers of the chief, to make a custom (feast) because their master had been saved. This unusual method of proceeding only served to increase the favorable impression already made upon the great man by the conduct of Agay; and, yielding to his intreaties, he snapped his fingers within those of his preserver as a token of the greatest friendship, and suffered him to depart.

Agay returned to his parents, and after relating to them what had happened, pursued his usual occupations. The evening was stormy, and the breakers which dashed over the rocks in the bed of the river, beat heavily on their ears. The pelican, which had taken roost in one of the trees close by, was disturbed, and demanded admittance, by tapping his large beak at the door. Agay rose to let him in, and Tando, the principal fetish man, stood before him. Astonishment at the presence of such a visitor did not prevent the inhabitants of the island from offering the warmest welcome, but poor Yahndi felt an indescribable sensation of fear when she beheld so unusual and so respected a guest. A cushion stuffed with silk-cotton was put on a stool for him by Agay, the little stores of snuff and tobacco were produced, and a jar of pitto (liquor made from dried Indian corn) was presented by way of refreshment. As Tando seated himself, he began as follows: "I am come to talk to you, my people, and tell you, that the person saved to-day by your brave son, is one of the greatest of the Ashantee caboceers, and is desirous of taking his preserver to live with him. He sent for me to question me about him, and to make the proposal to you. I replied, that I feared you could not spare Agay, but he desired me to present you with this gold, and to tell you that not only shall your child be one of his own personal attendants, but he will do all the good he can for him." Cudjo shook his head—but Tando resumed, "Let me advise you to consent to this; if Agay pleases Appia he will doubtless make him one of his captains. I used to hope that Yancoompun would send the fetish upon him (inspire him with the wish to become a priest) one day, because he has such a good head; but to be a follower of Appia's would be much better for him." These last words were almost equal to a command; but the father was still silent. Fearful of offending the fetishman, Agay took up the conversation, and begged that the decision might be deferred till the next morning; and Tando rose to take his leave. The storm, however, had increased, and he was afraid of crossing the swollen and angry river in his fragile canoe; he therefore slept part of the night on the mats of Agay; but the greater portion of the time was so well spent in convincing the parents of all the advantages of the new career proposed to Agay, that the next morning the latter left the island with him, and proceeded to the residence of Appia. Agay, however, it must be confessed, notwithstanding his grief at leaving the parents he loved so dearly, was the least averse of the whole party to the change, for it awakened that dormant ambition which had occasionally suggested to him that he was fit for something better than a salt carrier.

The proper arrangements were soon made: Agay was supplied with clothing, and lodged in the chieftain's own division of the house; a regular pay was assigned him as superintendant of some of the younger soldiers; and he was ordered to attend the person of the chief with his youthful guard. His excellent deportment, his unusual temperance, his quiet manner, and the amicable footing on which he lived with all those around him, not only increased the favour and attachment of his patron, but Appia's favourite daughter honored him with particular notice. She often solicited his attendance when she went out in her crimson silk palanquin; and it began to be whispered that Adiasa loved the handsome young favourite, poor and dependent as he was, better than the rich old Danqua, to whom she had been consawed (betrothed, when a sum of money is paid) during her infancy, and who already had two or three hundred wives.

During his prosperity, Agay never forgot his parents, but visited them frequently, assisted them in their toils, and often bestowed on them some additional comfort. His young mistress also benefited by his visits to the island, for he would occasionally bring back with him a basket of the famous salt, a fan of his own weaving, a pair of love birds (a species of perroquet), or a nightingale, and lay them at the feet of Adiasa. One day, however, he fell sick, and it was ascertained, that not only did the grateful mistress supply the invalid with delicacies cooked by her own hands, but that she had visited him, and soothed his sufferings by the tenderest inquiries. These circumstances were conveyed to Appia; and when Agay arose from his sick bed, he found he had been superseded in his command by a much older man, who now formed the escort of his young chieftainess; that Appia no longer noticed him; that most of the followers treated him with neglect or contempt; that the sneers of the envious already held him up to scorn—and in short, that he was a disgraced man. Enfeebled by illness, he had not yet the power of demanding his dismissal, and returning to his father's; and the pleasure, which he scarcely owned to himself, of an occasional glance at Adiasa, still retained him in the dwelling of Appia.

As he recovered strength, he frequently wandered into the forest to invigorate himself by the cool night breeze; and during his solitary rambles his thoughts chiefly dwelt on the cause of his disgrace, and the means of being restored to favour. One clear night, when the moon sailed in full glory through the deep blue of a tropical sky, and made even the minutest objects visible, as with folded arms and cloth wrapped tightly round him, he pondered on his fate, he involuntarily exclaimed, "And what can be the cause of this change in Appia?" A deep hollow voice, which seemed to proceed from no earthly form, suddenly answered, "Adiasa!" The truth flashed upon Agay; but where was the speaker? "Who are you?" "Whence come you?" asked the young man, as he vainly searched the underwood around him. "Seek not to know," resumed the voice; "but quietly submit to your fate till your duty summons you from this place." Such warnings were often received on the eve of great changes, and Agay knew too well the mystery of his religion to presume to search further for the speaker; therefore hiding his adventure from every one, and quietly awaiting some change in his condition, he regained health and strength.

One morning, at day-break, he heard the noise of footsteps as he lay on his mat, and looking out, he saw the slaves of Appia conducting two men, bearing each a silver-headed cane in his hand, to the private chamber of Appia. In this they were concealed for two or three days, and then left the house with the same secresy. All was gloom and silence; the slaves and attendants moved about with as little noise as possible; the children were punished if they attempted to play; the captains of Appia held conferences with him; the women assembled in parties, and chattered in low whispers. Agay was too prudent to inquire, but was neither surprized nor sorry when he received orders to attend his chief on a long journey. All was now bustle and preparation till they started. A small party preceded to clear the way; and when they came to a croom, formed themselves into a little phalanx, struck up their gong-gongs, rushed into the principal square, and demanded lodging and provision for their chief. Their dress consisted of black pointed caps, fringed all round, very short blue and white cloths encircling their loins, and black belts, which, as well as their other accoutrements, were decorated with large red shells. Appia came next, sometimes seated in a sort of hammock, made of a pole and a large cloth, but more frequently walking; he bound a broad fillet round his head, he muffled himself up in his cloth, and rarely entered into conversation. He was surrounded by his captains, who wore plumes of eagles' feathers, and carried blunderbusses in their hands; but whose more costly uniform of large boots, decorated vests, &c. was laid aside during the journey. A multitude of baggage-carriers, boys, women, and attendants, closed the suite; and as Agay had received no particular employment, he humbly took his station among these, though secretly resolving to emancipate himself at the first opportunity, from a condition nearly as bad as that of slavery. As he crossed the almost impenetrable forests, or traversed the open savannahs of this fertile country, one other thought tormented his mind—and this was Adiasa forced to become the wife of the odious Danqua; for he had learned from his companions that she had been secretly sent to him, the day previous to the general departure.

After several days travelling, the party found the villages crowding fast upon them, and the plantations beginning, which announced their vicinity to Coomassie, where Appia placed himself and retinue in the empty dwelling of one of his friends. On the second night after their arrival, Agay, as he lay alone in a small outhouse, was accosted by his mysterious friend, who, wrapped in a dark blue cloth, glided close up to him before he was aware of his presence. Seating himself close to Agay, the visitor then in low tones explained the cause of the removal to Coomassie. Appia had been accused of embezzling the public money during his government, and having many enemies at the court jealous of his favour with the king, the accusers had been highly bribed to perjure themselves, and prove him guilty. "But," continued Agay's informer, "I know the whole to be false;" and then, explaining to him all the intricacies of the affair, he concluded by saying, "you are now aware of the whole truth, and fear not, Agay, to vindicate the slandered."

The next morning the male part of the retinue accompanied Appia to the palace, where he was to take his trial. They passed through a number of square or oblong courts, surrounded by arcades of bamboo, and having the cornices and buildings above richly decorated with the most beautiful patterns in high relief. The latticed windows were plated with gold and silver, and the lower apartments were concealed by curtains of bamboo cloth. When these were drawn up, silk beds, golden stools, and other articles of state and luxury were to be seen. The apartments of the guards were distinguished by arms, such as muskets, blunderbusses, immense swords &c., and the great drum, which sounds on all important occasions, and is ornamented with three human skulls, was placed in a conspicuous situation. The apartments of the women were highly decorated on the outside, and carefully closed from the gaze of the stranger. After passing several doors, which were unlocked for their admittance, the accused and his party were ushered into the presence of the king. He was a benevolent-looking man, and had left his ebony and gold chair to seat himself on a stool, an act of humility peculiar to himself, which he practised every fetish day. Odumata, one of the four great captains of the kingdom, was lying on cushions, and one of the ornamented sheep, presented by the king to those who please him in council, was couched beside him. The king's sister (the only woman ever admitted into the council), and the queen of a powerful country, stood behind her brother. Apokoo, the treasurer, was ready with his gold weights and scales, the insignia of his office. The deformed criers, with their monkey skin caps on their heads, continually enjoined silence. The three linguists (or interpreters), the principal officers of the state, stood on the right hand of his majesty; the Moorish secretaries were there to take notes of the transactions of the day; and captains and caboceers were constantly arriving with their stools and retinues, and saluting the king with their left hand as they passed. The most splendid and varied umbrellas shaded the chiefs from the sun; boys with elephants' tails spangled with gold, whisked away the insects; large fans were continually waving about to cool the air; and all was glitter, splendour, and bustle. At length silence was obtained, the accused was led into the middle of the circle, and his accusers, whom he did not know till they appeared, rushed suddenly before him. After they had been heard, Appia was desired to make his defence. Overwhelmed and astonished, his words were feeble and unimpressive; and judgment against him was loudly called for. Sentence was about to be pronounced, when a tall youth, in mean attire, pushed from the crowd behind, and, standing before the royal presence, exclaimed—"King! you have people to wash you, to feed you, to serve you; but you have no people to speak the truth to you, and to tell you when God does not like your palaver."—"Take him away! off with his head!" was the outcry; and violent hands were already laid upon Agay, when the king stopped them, and, struck by the novelty of the circumstance, desired he might be heard.

For three hours did the almost inspired Agay harangue the assembly, with a force, clearness, and rapidity, which commanded attention. Put in possession of even the most secret parts of the intrigue by his visitor of the preceding night, he completely justified his master, and carried such conviction to the unbiassed part of his audience, that not only was Appia reinstated in his government, but received a dash (present) of gold and cloths, and drank palm wine with the king. The accusers were heavily ironed and sentenced either to pay an enormous fine, or to lose their heads. "That boy," said the king, "who speaks so well, must stay with me,"—and immediately gave orders for his reception in the palace.

Appia made ample amends for his neglect of Agay, by the gratitude he evinced, and the presents he made him before he left Coomassie. He was as sorry to leave him behind as he had been anxious to get rid of him; but Agay's prospects were now better than any that Appia could offer. He remained, however, for some time in ignorance of what his functions were to be; and although he was supplied with clothing, food and gold, from the royal bounty, and lodged in the palace, he was comparatively neglected: he attended every general assembly, or public procession, but remained unnoticed among the crowd. All this was irksome, but being of a patient enduring temper, he suffered no sign of dissatisfaction to appear in his conduct. At length, as he was sitting at a solitary mess of yams and ground nuts, an Ocrah (a confidential servant) of the king summoned him to follow in silence to his majesty. Obeying the order, Agay passed through a low painted door, in a screen of carved wood which concealed the apartments of the women. After winding through several dark passages, he suddenly reached a court, at the end of which was a room with small circular doors, and, as far as the light of the feeble torch permitted him to see, highly decorated both with architecture and gilding, and with charms. The Ocrah opened one of these doors, and desiring Agay to enter, shut it, and left him in the royal presence. The king was reclining on large cushions of leather and pillows of silk, with his short pipe fastened to a long reed resting on the floor; but, laying it aside at the approach of Agay, he desired him to seat himself on a mat close by, and then explained the cause of his summons. A palaver having arisen between two caboceers in Coomassie, and the linguists being desirous of settling it contrary to the wishes of his majesty, the latter desired Agay to go secretly to the houses of each party, question them separately, and then come back and make his report.

Agay took his leave, and the Ocrah, who was waiting without, accompanied him, perhaps as a spy to see that he took no bribes. Agay listened attentively to the opposite statements and questioned each individual to the best of his ability. He returned to the king, and when he ended his statement by his own opinion of the affair, his majesty exclaimed with much earnestness, "Now I am sure you have a good head, for the man you favour I know to be in the right. I have watched over you a long time, Agay; but this tells me more than any thing that I may trust you." He then rose, and drawing back a curtain, led a young girl from the inner room and said: "I bring you an old friend, to shew you that I mean to do you good." Agay raised his eyes—and the presence of the king was scarcely sufficient to restrain him from rushing to the arms of Adiasa. But there was yet another welcome face, and Tando the fetish man was by his side. "Now go home," said the king, "and talk with your friends, and to-morrow I will see what is to be done for you." The trio took their way to the apartments of Agay, where a long explanation followed. Adiasa informed him that on her way to her betrothed lord, she had been met by messengers, who were coming to say, that Danqua would rather pay the fine for refusing her, and lose his consaw money, than marry a girl whose father had a palaver with the king. This offer was joyfully accepted, and she had remained at home till Tando had, by the king's orders, conducted her to Coomassie. When Tando became the narrator, he avowed himself as the mysterious visitor of Agay, and the secret reporter to the king, of the talents and history of his protégé, which had doubtless contributed to confirm the favourable impression already excited. The next morning, Agay received a house, slaves, and gold from his royal master, and was appointed fourth linguist; and Tando, having been empowered by the father, gave Adiasa to her lover, with all the ceremonies of the fetish.

Cudjo and Yahndi, who were now grown too old to work, were sent for to Coomassie, where they shared the good fortune of their son; and a fetish temple was built on the site of their former dwelling, where the old pelican long continued to hover about, and was considered as a sacred bird. Agay continued to advance by his splendid talents, and his firmness in the cause of truth, till he was raised to be the linguist for all foreign palavers, the highest office he could hold which was not hereditary.

STANZAS, BY AN EXILE.

Old England!—Many a mile doth rise
'Tween thee and me in hot Bahar;
Yet still upon my dreaming eyes
Thou shinest, like a saving star!

Dear land! though we, thy sons, depart,
And o'er far wastes of water steer,
Yet still unto the exile's heart
Are thou and all thy white cliffs dear.

More rich are Indian mountains blue,
More broad and bright her rivers roll;
Yet see I nought like England true,
And nought like England's strength of soul.

Arabian domes here meet the morn;
The winds are sweet, and clear the skies;
But where's the house where I was born?
My father's voice?—my mother's eyes?—

Oh, let me quit this fiery plain,
And once more tread old England's shore,
And ne'er will I repine again,
And never, never wander more!

T. H. S.

TO W. BROCKEDON, ESQ.

ON READING HIS 'PASSES OF THE ALPS.'

Artist, and Author, and undaunted Spirit,
How in these level regions dost thou fare,—
Thou who dost seem, in truth, *born* to inherit
The freedom which belongs to mountain air?
Thou — who hast made the eternal Alps thy care,
Each peak and precipice, pass and ravine,
And every frowning rock and sylvan scene,
Come,— shew us all these regions, bright and bare!

Look!—it is done. How well the painter dips
His pencil in the sunshine and the cloud!
Look, how the torrent runs, and how Heaven clips
The earth in azure!— Yet, be not too proud!
For, rather should this world of wood and plain—
These mountains in their shrouds of mist and rain,
Force out stern wonder from a giant's lips,
And waken Adoration deep and loud!

C.

THE FLOWERS OF TEVIOTDALE.

A Song.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

Air — "*Jock o'Hazeldean.*"

Her light touch wakes the tuneful keys,*
She sings some simple lay,
That tells of scenes beyond the seas,
In Scotland far away, —
By "Ettrick Banks," or "Cowden knowes,"
Or "The briery braes o' Cayle,"
Or "Maxwell's bonny haughs and howes,"
In pleasant Teviotdale.

I.

O GENTLE wind ('tis thus she sings)
That blowest to the west,
Oh could'st thou waft me on thy wings
To the land that I love best,
How swiftly o'er the ocean foam
Like a sea-bird I would sail,
And lead my loved one blithely home
To pleasant Teviotdale!

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* See Frontispiece.

II.

From spicy groves of Malabar
Thou greet'st me, fragrant breeze,
What time the bright-eyed evening star
Gleams o'er the orange trees ;
Thou com'st to whisper of the rose
And love-sick nightingale —
But my heart is where the hawthorn grows,
In pleasant Teviotdale.

III.

O that I were by Teviot side,
As when in Springwood bowers
I bounded, in my virgin pride,
Like fawn among the flowers ;
When the beauty of the budding trees,
And the cuckoo's vernal tale,
Awoke the young heart's ecstasies,
In pleasant Teviotdale.

IV.

O that I were where blue-bells grow
On Roseburgh's ferny lea,
Where gowans glent and crow-flowers blow
Beneath the Trysting Tree ;
Where blooms the birk upon the hill,
And the wild-rose down the vale,
And the primrose peeps by every rill,
In pleasant Teviotdale.

V.

O that I were where Cheviot-fells
Rise o'er the uplands grey,
Where moors are bright with heather-bells,
And broom waves o'er each brae;
Where larks are singing in the sky,
And milkmaids o'er the pail,
And shepherd swains pipe merrily,
In pleasant Teviotdale.

VI.

O listen to my lay, kind love—
Say, when shall we return
Again to rove by Maxwell grove,
And the links of Wooden-burn?
Nay, plight thy vow unto me now,
Or my sinking heart will fail—
When I gaze upon thy pallid brow,
Far, far from Teviotdale!

VII.

Oh haste aboard! the favouring wind
Blows briskly from the shore.
Leave India's dear-bought dross behind
To such as prize it more:
Ah! what can India's lacs of gold
To withered hearts avail?
Then haste thee, love, ere hope wax cold,
And hie to Teviotdale!

THE CASTLE OF ST. MICHAEL.

A Tale.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

I.

My family, by the paternal side, was originally of Berne, in Switzerland, whence a branch of it removed to the Milanese, to improve its fortunes. The name of Reding—well known in the Cantons—was sustained with credit by my father. He inherited a thriving mill and farm, about a quarter of a league from the straggling village and venerable castle of St. Michael, within sight of the Tyrolese Alps. Travelling to Zurich, where he had distant connexions, he returned with a companion who weaned him from the desire of wandering any more. She was the daughter of a pious pastor on the borders of the lake. From him she derived a dower of upright principles and solid acquirements, which it was her dearest wish to transmit with interest to her children, all of whom died early, except my sister and myself.

The Castle of St. Michael, with the estate on which our little property was situated, belonged to an Austrian noble, who managed it by deputy, and lived in courtly splendour at Vienna. Count Mansfeldt was equitably represented by his steward, Engel; and under him, our house enjoyed prosperity from the days of my grandsire.

We were the only persons in the place who professed the Protestant faith. My father's temperate conduct gained him the unrestrained indulgence of his opinions. The dread of proselytism did not preclude my entrance into a Catholic school. The teacher, a liberal Piedmontoise, was a lover of learning, and separated austerity from instruction. He observed, and gratified, my partiality for history and the classics, and thus unconsciously assisted in the formation of my future character.

My mother was the sole superintendent of my sister's education; she thought the feminine mind, so susceptible of impressions, should never be spontaneously consigned to foreign culture. Katherine was worthy of her preceptress. It is not for me to dilate upon her excellence—a portrait by my hand might be deemed the glowing creation of a brother's fondness. It is enough to mention the strength of our attachment. I was two years her senior; and when her age qualified her for sharing in childish pastimes, she was the welcome partner of all my amusements. I showered into her lap the first flowers of spring, and brought her the wild strawberry from heights where few would venture. In her friendship I reposed the confidence of ripening boyhood—frequently were the overflowings of a sanguine temperament repressed by her mildness.

With innocent wiles she endeavoured to veil my errors from parental eyes: when I did incur displeasure, her accustomed gaiety was gone, and the voice that recalled her truant smile was ever that which pardoned the offender.

A cheerful home is the paradise of the young: our's was illuminated by mutual love. The lightsome moments spent by the domestic hearth, form the only period of my life that I would willingly live over again. The music of the camp and of the theatre, heard in after years, failed to awaken the emotions I experienced long ago, when my mother sang the plaintive melodies of her mountain land. I have seen the most renowned generals of an age memorable for strife—among them, one to whom an astonished world did reverence—but no warrior have I beheld to rival my conceptions of William Tell. The peasant of Uri was the hero of our fireside. When the casement shivered to the gusts of winter, and the headlong flood thundered down the ravine, we called to mind the intrepid hand that steered the bark of Gesler over the stormy waters. Altorf and the Austrians were to us exhaustless themes; and I prayed that I might yet have the opportunity of imitating the courage of my namesake, Albert, the Patriot's unshrinking son.

II.

I was entering my twentieth year, when our situation underwent an important change. Our landlord was gathered to his ancestors, having bequeathed his Lombardy estate to his second son, Count Rainer. Engel, the good old steward, was soon after dismissed from office, and retired, with the fruits of faithful service, to his native town in Carniola.

Count Rainer was a captain in the imperial army. He was with his regiment at Pavia when informed of his father's death. Devolving his authority on an emancipated sergeant of hussars, the purveyor of his libertine pleasures, he dispatched him to St. Michael to wring money from the tenantry, and prepare for his reception.

Ludolf was a swaggering bravo, emulous, at middle age, of the vices of profligate youth. On his arrival, he circulated a pompous intimation that he came vested with full powers to treat with the vassals of the Count, and renew their engagements.

My sister had gone to the village to make purchases, and I left the mill at vesper chime with the intention of meeting her. The path was abrupt, and little frequented. I was cherishing discontent at the husbandman's unvaried existence, when I was roused by the distant accents of a female in distress. They were clearly distinguishable, and I rushed to the quarter whence they proceeded. In a corner of an open spot, backed by a deep ditch, fenced with luxuriant underwood, Katherine was keeping a man, unknown to me, at bay: he was above the middle size, and in his beard and costume affected the fashion of the military. He faced me as I approached, and my sister, with disordered dress and agitated frame, flew to my side.

Defenceless as I was, my first impulse was to chastise the ruffian, though he wore a sabre; but consideration for the terrified girl, who clung to me imploringly, induced me to forego my purpose. We had not receded many paces, when Katherine relinquished her hold, and uttered a warning cry:—the hand of violence was already at my throat; and a harsh voice, unsteady from rage or intemperance, demanded why a contemptible slave dared to interfere with the representative of Count Rainer.

Unequal to my opponent in bulk and inert force, I was far above him in activity and the resources of a vigorous constitution. A sudden jerk freed me from his hold, and a well-applied push sent him reeling to the verge of the ditch. He drew his weapon with a rapidity on which I had not calculated: Katherine's coolness saved my life: she arrested his arm in its sweep. Ere he could disengage himself, I collected all my energy for one buffet, and laid him supine in the reservoir of mud.

III.

Count Rainer was greeted at St. Michael with the show of rustic rejoicing usual on the appearance of a new master. He was accompanied by a train of riotous associates. The roar of bacchanalian merriment shook the dusky halls of his patrimonial fabric, which, in the blaze of unwonted festivity, seemed to have renewed its youth. Nought, from the evening of the rencounter, had we heard or seen of Ludolf. His rudeness might have originated in the coarse jocularity of a soldier, stimulated by too fervid an application to the bottle. Prudence required that I should abstain from needlessly irritating a man whose enmity might mar my father's arrangements with his lord: I therefore avoided the chance of collision.

I was strolling about the fields with my gun on my shoulder, when a pet pigeon of Katherine's whirred past me, pursued by a hawk. I fired at the bird of prey, which dropped in an adjoining meadow. Springing across the intervening hedge, I found myself in the presence of a group of mounted sportsmen and their attendants. One of the horsemen was examining the dead hawk; his attention was directed towards me by a retainer, in whose brawny proportions, husky voice, and ferocious moustachios, I recognised my adversary, Ludolf.

My gun was demanded, in the name of Count Rainer: I refused to surrender it. The party formed a circle around, pinioned me, and wrested it from me, ere I could attempt resistance. "Mr. Steward," said the Count, "you may now acquaint your friend with the consequences of destroying a nobleman's falcon."

The ready villain and his servile followers dragged me to the earth; they profaned my person by stripes. When they left me in my abasement, the air felt pestilent with their brutal laughter.

I lay with my face to the greensward long after their departure. My brain was eddying in a hell-whirl. I could have welcomed the return of chaos, that the circumstance of my shame might be obliterated in the clash of contending elements. Had the sun been blotted from the heavens, and the summer earth turned to blackness and desolation, I should have thought them fit and natural occurrences. I raised my burning brow; but the orb of day was riding high in his glory, and the meadow grass and wild flowers were fresh and fragrant as if they had not witnessed the act of degradation. I discovered that a stranger had been regarding me with a vigilant eye. I confronted him, and darted at him a devouring glance; his firm, contemplative look remained unaltered. Placing a hand on my shoulder, he said, "Albert Reding, consider me your friend."

"I know you not," I answered, "nor care to know you." He smiled benevolently: "Young man, I am no Austrian. I shall be with you to-morrow."

IV.

The stranger kept his word—on the ensuing day he came to our dwelling. Making, he said, a tour through the North of Italy, the picturesque scenery tempted him to prolong his sojourn at St. Michael. In his excursions, he had chanced to hold random converse with my father, whom he professed to value as the worthy descendant of an independent and intelligent people.

I had forborne to grieve my family by the story of my disgrace, nor had it yet been detailed to them by the officious communicativeness of pretended friends. Our visitor made no allusion to it, but expatiated very agreeably on topics of general interest. He described the passes of the Alps with the accuracy of a mountaineer, and displayed an intimacy with the localities of the Cantons that filled my parents with pleasure and surprise. In pursuit of knowledge, he had traversed the most remarkable sections of the globe; and his observations, affluent in instruction, proved that his wanderings had been of a different order from the capricious migrations of sight-seeking wealth.

The warmth with which I seconded some of his sentiments appeared to please him. He complimented my father on my education; adding, that the judgment with which I developed its resources designated me for a wider sphere of action than belonged to a tiller of the soil of Lombardy. I had been vain enough to entertain the same opinion; and its confirmation, by a competent authority, was balm to my spirit. Gladly I acceded to his request, of guiding him to the Baron's Font, a romantic cascade, where, to use his own language, he sighed to offer allegiance to Nature.

The Baron's Font was distant about three leagues, among the hills. Rustic tradition ascribed the origin of its name to the cruelty and profanity of a feudal noble, who, in mockery of the Christian's initiatory rite, precipitated the objects of his ferocity from an impending cliff into the basin of the waterfall. My companion noted the peculiarities of the route, and committed to writing the information I furnished respecting the district. We rested on the summit of a steep, skirted by the foaming stream of the cascade, beyond which rose wooded grounds in bold acclivity, mellowing, with their dusky greenness, the gloomy grandeur of a mouldering tower.

The stranger abruptly adverted to the hateful humiliation of the preceding day. He descanted on the contumely I had suffered, with a vehement bitterness that chafed my young blood to flame. I denounced endless hostility against the Count and his minions. He calmly commented on the futility of the threat. In the frenzy of exasperation, I insinuated the possibility of resorting to the darkest means of accomplishing revenge. He replied, that in cooler moments I would spurn the idea of Italian vengeance. Requiring a pledge of secresy, he proceeded to point out an honourable mode of lowering the crest of the oppressor.

"My name," he said, "is Philippon—my profession, a military engineer, in the service of the French Republic. The armies of Liberty only await the capture of Toulon to sever the chains of Italy. I am terminating a secret journey of observation through Piedmont and the Milanese. Come with me to Paris, and join the standard of Freedom. In France, no parchment barrier excludes untitled youth from fame and fortune; draw a blade in her cause, and relieve the place of your nativity from the thraldom of its petty tyrant. These brutal and stolid Austrians must be driven to their land of hereditary bondage—justice demands it. The time has gone by for insulted and injured Humanity to shed tears in secret. Five dreary years I pined in the dismal solitudes of the Bastille—I saw it fall, amidst the curses of my countrymen; and never shall the spirit of a liberated nation taste repose, until every stronghold of remorseless power is patent to the winds of heaven as yon grim old fortress, where the Count Rainers of the past outraged with impunity the natural equality of man!"

The majesty of generous indignation irradiated his brow: the eloquent thunders of the Roman forum seemed to roll around me.—I agreed to attend him to the capital of the young Republic.

V.

Bent on entering the field of martial adventure, I anticipated much difficulty in obtaining the concurrence of my father. A lover of tranquillity, he had sickened at the sanguinary measures that crimsoned the cradle of the French Revolution. Yielding also to age and infirmity, he had been accustomed to the prospect of resigning to me the chief management of our affairs. The narrative of my shame, however, which led him to tremble for the consequences, determined him against opposing my departure. Of my military project, and the pursuits of my patron, I made no disclosure—I barely stated the fact, that he had promised to provide for me at Paris, and proposed, in the mean time, giving me employment as an amanuensis.

Sorrow and Joy are twin daughters of Affection. Notwithstanding the excitement of curiosity and ambition, reluctantly and despondingly I crossed our humble threshold. I went away at night, and this added to the melancholy character of the separation.

My mother was unwell, and at her bedside I received her blessing. The features of my gentle-natured sister gave dim and pallid testimony to the fullness of her affliction. When I had parted with my parents, she escorted me to the extremity of the orchard. "Oh, Albert!" were the only words she had power to utter; and her face looked so mournful—so heart-appealing, in the moonlight—that to desert her smote me as a sin. One embrace, and I bounded off like a chamois—then paused, till weeping relieved my soul—Katherine! Katherine!

Through provinces where every man appeared fearful of his fellow, we journeyed to the metropolis of France. That city, the great political heart of the empire, more than participated in the feverishness of its members. Armed artizans patrolled the streets; the shrine of St. Guillotine had left the Romish Kalendar destitute of homage, and ecclesiastical processions were rendered obsolete by the morning march to the scaffold. Terror stalked gigantic in the citadel of Freedom: the dead were thrown into unhonoured graves, and the living cowered timorously in corners to lament them. I entered the Assembly, whose decrees had struck down the proud and elevated the lowly. Here, thought I, are sages congregated worthy of creation's golden æra! The Chiefs of the Convention pronounced their orations:—Proscription! Proscription! was the cry; and, as the elements of discord raged, the scene resembled a hideous melée of savage beasts in an ancient amphitheatre.

I could not conceal from Philippon the extent of my disappointment: "You talk of regenerating the world," I exclaimed, "and you have revived the horrors of the Triumvirate!"

"Your's," he replied, "is the decision of inexperience, that condemns the fruit ere it has had time to ripen. The healthful wind, which ministers to the drooping frame of Nature, at the same moment dissipates contagion and whelms the mariner in the deep. Neither political nor physical good is gratuitously granted; rather let our fields be irrigated with blood than that their harvests should be gathered by the hands of bondmen! What is the doubtful lease of life—this brief and irksome tenure—to the happiness of posterity? Were I to linger here for centuries, would not my native land still survive me with its millions of kindred beings, to whom social law must prove the mighty instrument of evil or of good?"

VI.

I remained about a year at Paris in the house of my patron. Toulon had fallen, and the army of Italy had commenced operations by a successful movement on the Sardinian frontier. Profiting by the opportunity I possessed of studying the theory of the military art, I was rewarded with a commission in a regiment of the line—one of those destined for the invasion of the Milanese. I received, with alacrity, the order to proceed to Nice. I was shocked and disgusted by the dreary spectacle of civil broil, and I thirsted for distinction.

The memory of wrong also rankled in my bosom, and in my dreams I planted the revolutionary banner on the battlements of St. Michael, and heard myself hailed in the halls of the insolent Austrian with the acclamations due to a hero.

I joined my regiment and learned, not many months after, that my protector, Philippon, had fled to England, to escape the fate which, as a philosophic patriot, he affected to disregard. His exile grieved me. I had shared largely in his favours; and he had never neutralized their influence by the slightest alloy of unkindness.

A government weakened by vacillations in its form, and dissensions in the capital, permitted the army, with which my hopes were associated, to languish ill-appointed and inactive. Instead of running a career of glory, it was forced to contend with the most depressing privations. In my despondency, a long-delayed letter arrived from my father. Its contents were almost limited to the earnest request, that I would immediately hasten home.

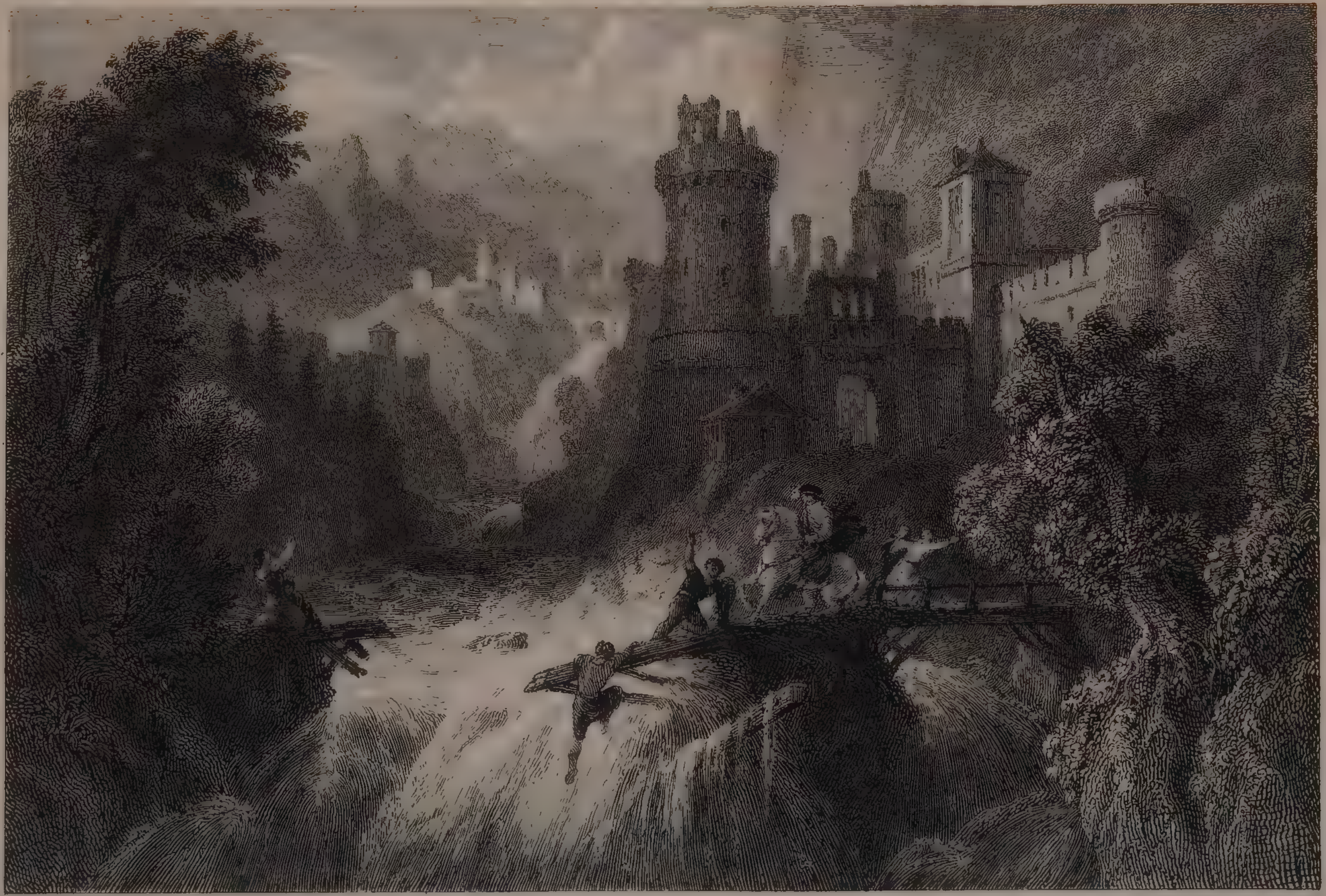
Its emphatic urgency, unaccompanied by explanation assured me that all went not well. I would fain have obeyed the summons, but it was impracticable. The Directory, established in authority, ordered the army of Italy to the field. General Bonaparte, an officer in his twenty-sixth year, marshalled the way to the Alps.

VII.

Napoleon's campaigns in 1796 are familiar to all Europe. It was my fortune to be present in the most remarkable engagements, and to escape without a wound. When Wurmser, after repeated defeats, succeeded in recruiting his forces in the Tyrol, a strong body of our troops, headed by the Commander-in-chief, advanced against a division of 20,000 Austrians stationed at Roveredo. Our line of march lay through the district of my birth. A few hours before we were in motion I was summoned to the quarters of the General. It was the well-known characteristic of this extraordinary man scrupulously to ascertain the extent of his resources, even to the qualifications of an individual soldier.

Aware of my knowledge of the country he was about to penetrate, he wished to make it subservient to his purpose. He questioned me as to the correctness of some local information, which I perceived had been derived from the documents of Philippon. Satisfied on these points, he sportively enquired, if I had any dislike to act as his herald to my old neighbours. I related my obligations to our German superior, and he promised me ample powers for discharging them in full.

We were evidently unexpected. No artificial obstacle opposed our progress, and we proceeded with unexampled celerity. Our advanced posts were only separated from St. Michael by a few miles of broken ground, when I was despatched with a detachment to surprize it. The troops halted in a chesnut grove, about half a league from the mill, while I, grappling a fowling-piece, assuming a light hunting-cap, and covering my uniform with an ordinary cloak, went forth to reconnoitre the place, and to provide for the safety of my relatives.



Painted by W. Purser. Engraved by J. Goodall

THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT.

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I skirted round the village and castle, which I found were occupied by a company of Hungarian infantry under Count Rainer. Not anticipating the irruption of an enemy into their secluded fastness, camp indulgences had relaxed order. My informer, a poor peasant, seemed afraid of confiding to a stranger his opinion of the Count and his followers. I asked concerning my family, but with the name of Reding he was unacquainted.

It was the beginning of September. There had been a continuance of unusually sultry weather, and the melting of the mountain snows had swelled the stream at St. Michael, to an impetuous torrent. Twilight was approaching when I reached a sheltered position on the bank opposite the castle. The waters dashed furiously against the base of the building, and the crazy supports the antiquated bridge quivered like a harpstring.

I resolved on a nocturnal attack, and was about to seek a passing interview with the dear domestic circle, when, looking towards the castle, I saw what stayed my step. A female ran wildly to the stream, pursued by some menials, in the rear of whom, on horseback, came the Count their master. The fugitive cleared the bridge just as her pursuers gained it. At that moment the centre of the infirm structure gave way to the torrent. Concealed among the trees, I perceived the female on bended knees, distractedly blessing God for her deliverance ; and I knew that it was Katherine, my only — my beloved sister!

I fired a shot at him who had been foremost in the chace — the infamous Ludolf — as he clambered up a remnant of the shattered bridge. He stood unhurt amidst the group that surveyed me, while I sheltered the dove of my boyhood in my bosom. In the confusion I exposed my uniform; the alarm was given, and every instant became precious. I supported Katherine until out of sight of the foe. "Fly!" I cried, "fly to our parents, dear sister! tell them I shall bring glad tidings in the morning!"

I counselled in vain. The sense of injury had unsettled her mind — she hung helplessly upon me — her lips moved but I could distinguish nothing of what she spoke, save the repetition of the words "Home! I have no home!" — Oh God! she was sadly altered!

A bugle echoed among the cliffs. I bore her to a cavern, the discovery of my youth, and wrapt her in my cloak. Hurrying, by familiar paths, with a speed I had never before exerted, I rejoined my associates.

VIII.

An intricate and circuitous track brought us at midnight to the isolated church of St. Michael, commanding the village and the narrow road to the castle. We crouched in the churchyard, until every sound ceased, and the lights that had blazed in different directions were no longer visible. Leaving part of my force to intercept the communication with the village, I led the remainder to a point of the fortress which I had scaled in my youthful rambles.

The pacing of the sentinels, and the noisy vigils of the Count and his guests, were clearly audible as I descended the ivied wall. My party followed, one by one, and our success would have been signally complete, but for the accidental discharge of a musket. This was answered by a volley from the guard, the din of arms, and the hasty gathering of a tumultuous body of defenders. Ordering my men to keep close and follow me, we pressed forward to a private door that opened into the body of the pile.

This barrier was quickly shattered by a shower of balls, and in a second the great hall resounded with the groans of the dying and the shouts of the triumphant. In that arena of slaughter I was collected as I am now. Once had Rainer's bloated visage confronted me in the fray, but the baleful meteor vanished, and bootless to me was the issue of the conflict, until blade or bullet did its work on him and his subordinate.

The hall gave indications of a carousal. The red wine streaming from flaggons overturned in the struggle, mingled with the life-drops of the wassailers. Death derived a more appalling aspect from the relics of recent revelry. Some intoxicated wretches had been bayonetted with the goblets in their hands. One had fallen backwards on the hearth above the burning embers; he was mortally wounded, and the blood gushed freely in the flames. I stooped to raise him from his bed of torture. The streaks of gore did not disguise the lineaments of Ludolf. The reprobate had closed his reckoning with mortality.

Victory was ours, but discipline was at an end; I could with difficulty muster sentinels for the night; the cellars were ransacked, and weariness and intemperance soon produced their effects. Sending confidential messengers to attend to my sister's safety and convey intelligence to my father, I prepared to await the dawn of morning.

Feverish from anxiety, I felt no inclination to grant my wearied limbs repose. My brain was racked with the thought of Katherine, and apprehension for my parents. I had seen enough to convince me that Rainer had done his worst.—What confederate demon had enabled him to escape me?

I paced from post to post, execrating the sluggish march of time. Leaning over an eminence near the broken bridge, I listened to the turbulent music of the waters. A subterraneous opening cut in the rocky soil below communicated with the vaults of the castle. Hearing the echo of a foot-fall, I bent cautiously over the outlet. A lamp glimmered beneath. A muffled figure raised it aloft to guide its egress, then extinguished it hastily. The light fell on the face of the Count.

I grasped his cloak as he emerged, but, slipping it from his shoulders, he retreated towards a shelving wood-walk on the margin of the stream. Had he gained it, the darkness must have saved him. Both my pistols missed fire. I outstripped him in the race, and bore him back to the very edge of the ravine. He made a thrust at me with his sword. I neither paused for a trial of skill, nor attempted to ward off the weapon; the butt end of a pistol found its way to his forehead; not a sound passed his lips; down he went —down—down—passively bounding over the jagged declivity, till a heavy plash told that he was whirling with the torrent.

Vengeance was satisfied: I recoiled involuntarily from the scene of the encounter. Suddenly arose an explosion, as if a volcano had torn up the foundation of the castle: I was felled to the earth ere I could speculate upon the cause.

IX.

My campaigns were over. Rainer had laid a train, and fired the powder magazine of his captured hold. The bravest of my men perished; and I, crushed beneath a fragment of the toppling towers, lived to curse the art that returned me, mutilated and miserable, to a world in which I was henceforth to have no portion.

I left the hospital a phantom, and set forth on a pilgrimage, the performance of which was the only business that remained to me in life. The tide of battle had ebbed from St. Michael, when I crawled up its steep—the church and castle were blackened ruins—the habitations of the villagers roofless and deserted—the mill a shapeless mass of timber and stones. Our orchard was unfolding the buds of spring—I fancied that the hoary apple-trees wore the aspect of friends—the voice of singing floated on my ear, as I neared the dwelling of my infancy, and the fountain of my heart re-opened.

Close to the spot where our pretty porch once stood, a matron, in the garb of extreme penury, was bending over the trampled remains of a plot of flowers. Her features were only partially revealed, but the mountain melody she sang could not be mistaken—I fell at my mother's feet! Shading back the hair from my scarred temples, she asked me if I had come from her children!

Mercy was vouchsafed to her and to me. She soon slumbered with the clods of the valley. My father had died, ere my departure from France; and the story of our injuries from the Austrian lightened the burden of remorse for the shedding of blood. I have discovered no trace of Katherine since I quitted her at the cave.

X.

My day has been without a meridian—divided between eventide and morn: heavy were the clouds that eclipsed its sunshine, but they are fleeting away; and, now that night is waxing apace, my up-turned soul beholds its moon rising resplendent with hope.

If I have not experienced felicity in the friendly shades of the Lake of Zurich, I have at least cast off the poisoned garment of reflection. Ever be they blessed, the kind ones who smoothed the pillow of the spirit-broken!

War has been over the globe. The arch-destroyer and a myriad of the unnoted slain are wrapt alike in the undiscerning dust, yet man is still unredeemed from bondage. When shall Peace go forth as a conqueror, arrayed in the panoply of Wisdom?

FOR SPAIN!

BY JOHN BANIM.

I.

For Spain! that crushed the Infidel beneath her mountain war,
And bade his crescent wane in blood, and broke his scymetar,
And in her naked strength stood up on Zaragossa's walls,
The hour that shall be kept for aye in Freedom's festivals.

II.

The sword! the sword again! and cast the scabbard far away!
And naked bear the blade in hand—as naked as the day—
Naked as the right it guards, or as the wrong it braves—
As the hearts of true freemen, or as the heads of slaves!

III.

Stand out! stand out! and fear them not! remember where you stand —
Upon the bulwark of your cause—upon your native land:
Remember what you stand for there—that she may yet be free —
For all she is—for all she was—for all she yet must be!

IV.

For all she clothes in bliss and bloom unto your hearts and eyes —
The smiles and tears, the hopes and fears, she shades and sanctifies —
For home and hearth, and children's love—for renovated mind —
For Freedom — Spain — Humanity! — for Spain and for Mankind!

REMORSE.

BY JOHN MALCOLM.

"A wounded spirit who can bear."

The silence of this sleepless night
  Is fearful and profound,
Without a voice to tell its flight
  And break the stillness round—
Save when yon bell's funereal tone
Proclaims another hour is gone.

No moonbeams, wandering o'er the sky,
  The realm of clouds illume ;
And but the cold pale stars on high
  Are glimmering through the gloom—
Deep solitude reigns all abroad,
And none is present now but God.

With dark and heavy thoughts opprest,
(Like phantoms of the dead,)
The haunting horrors of unrest
Come trooping round my bed,
And to my wounded mind impart
The midnight madness of the heart.

They speak of better days misspent,
Health's premature decay,
Of powers for nobler purpose lent,
Life's treasures cast away;
And shew the fearful change between
The thing I am and might have been.

I might have passed my golden youth
In bliss to guilt unknown,
Possessed of beauty and of truth —
Her heart was all my own —
To me, alas! how vainly given —
I spurned the sweetest gift of heaven.

And deep in the delirious bowl
I drowned the sense of sin,
And with oblivion drugged my soul,
To hush the voice within,
That wakes in solitude to scare
My ruined spirit with despair.

It calls upon me in the night,
  In a wild and warning tone,
Till starting up in pale affright,
  I waken all alone —
To prove the heart-appalling power
Of silence at the mystic hour.

I feel my low and lost estate,
  Yet still am passion's slave ;
And now repentance comes too late,
  To torture, not to save :
I loathe myself — but cannot free
My soul from sin's captivity.

And oft I would that I were dead,
  But some inherent fear
Still hovers o'er the dying bed,
  And charms my spirit here;
For conscience hints beyond the tomb
The horrors of a darker doom.

THE CAPTIVE.

BY MISS SUSANNA STRICKLAND.

I.

The starry diadem of night is gleaming
  High over Cracow's ancient towers and walls;
And, like a spirit's silvery garment streaming,
  From April's billowy cloud the radiance falls
Of the young moon,—through painted oriel beaming
  On pictured galleries and pillared halls,
On helm and shield, and all the proud array
That fires the warrior for the battle fray.

II.

But there is one within that high saloon,
  O'er whose crushed spirit Sorrow folds her wings;
Her downcast eyes heed not yon cloudless moon,
  Her voiceless lip no joyous anthem sings;
Yet might her loveliness to rapture tune
  The dullest spirit in the halls of kings:
Young, beautiful, and rich in artless grace—
What eye unmoved could gaze upon that face!

III.

On a low couch of India's splendid dyes,
  In pensive attitude reclines the maid,
In motionless repose; one white hand lies
  On the small lute o'er which it lately strayed;
The other shrouds her face and streaming eyes,
  And half uplifts the long fair locks that shade
The snowy beauty of that heaving breast,
Where Grief's wild billows swell and find no rest.

IV.

Again that graceful head is bent full low,
  And all those glittering tresses downward sweep;
The starting tears in quick succession flow—
  Oh! 'tis a luxury unrestrained to weep;
She feels a joy in that wild waste of woe,
  Till o'er her wounded spirit balmy sleep
Gently descends, and veils that azure eye
Ere the bright tear-drop on its lash is dry.

V.

She sleeps;—and soon in fancy wanders far
  Back to the much-loved land which gave her birth,
Forgetful of the cruel chance of war
  That tore her rudely from her kindred's hearth:
Again, rejoicing 'neath eve's dewy star,
  She leads the dance, and joins the voice of mirth,
And hears once more her native valleys ring
To sounds that make her light foot lighter spring.

VI.

And eyes are gazing on her—that have slept
  Their last long sleep upon the battle plain—
Eyes that to welcome her with joy had wept—
  Friends that had shared her rapture and her pain,
Brave hearts, that to defend her proudly leapt—
  But found a grave among their people slain,
And left that lovely one in captive bands,
To pine away her life in foreign lands.

VII.

She meets her mother's mild and melting glance;
  She hears her father, with a warrior's pride,
Bid the young beauty mingle in the dance;
  Her sterner brother half in earnest chide,
As, bashful lingering, she would fain advance,—
  Yet stops,—her conscious blushing cheek to hide;
While her delighted lover, pressing near,
Pours his impassioned suit upon her ear.

VIII.

She starts—she trembles!—and that heavy sigh
  Already tells the gentle vision fled:
And, hark!—a martial step is echoing nigh—
  A kingly figure bows him o'er her head.
Her slumbers vanish. With a fearful cry,
  Her thoughts return to dwell upon the dead;
And she awakes to hopeless grief—to share
The victor's smiles—and hide her heart's despair!

A TALE OF VENICE.

BY CHARLES MAC FARLANE.

The sun was sinking behind the dark blue hills of Priuli, and lengthening the shadows of Venice across the rippling waves of the Adriatic, when two Senators, who were taking their evening promenade on one of the murazzi or outer terraces which the industry of man had gained and secured from a formidable element, perceived a trim galley on the purple line of the horizon, pressing forward towards the city.

"That should be a vessel of the state," said one of the Signors; "from whence may she be?"

"Why not from Constantinople?" replied his companion; "it is time that some of that conquering expedition should be returned to the 'Winged Lion.'"

"Saint Mark grant that it prove as you say!—But she keeps a gallant course, and will soon be here to speak for herself."

The two Senators, who though both advanced in years still glowed with that patriotic spirit which was destined to raise the low-sunk islets of Venice to such unprecedented glory, leaned against a parapet wall that ran along the edge of the murazzo, fixing their earnest gaze upon the vessel, which, rapidly advancing, grew in magnitude to their eyes at every minute. She had been labouring on with all her long oars; but now the sun had set, and an evening breeze, a *vento di terra,* from the lofty mountains of Dalmatia roughened the gulf. The sails, already set, were properly bent to catch the favouring wind, and another and another sail was hoisted, untill the hulk seemed to bear the proportion to them that the body of the sea-fowl does to its widely spreading and pure white wings. Nor could the flight of the gull or the albatross be well more rapid or direct than the sailing of the Venetian galley. She rushed like "a thing of life" over the darkening waves, and presently the white foam was seen curling and the phosphoric light flashing before her impetuous bow. As she neared, the last gleams of day shewed the proud banner of the republic floating on her lofty stern.

"My Tebaldo—my son, my only one—fell a victim to the liquid and unextinguishable fire of the Greeks at the first siege of their heretical capital—but there are other fathers than me in Venice, and mothers who love their offspring, and wives who adore their absent husbands, and of a certainty for some of these there is great joy. The galley is the 'Corriere' of the great Dandolo, the swiftest vessel of our fleets, and she comes the harbinger of happiness to thousands. The rest will not be far behind."

The Senator who pronounced these words began in a subdued and melancholy tone; but his voice strengthened and his eye flashed as he continued, losing in the bliss of others, and in the contemplation of the glory of his country, the sense of his private and irremediable misfortune.

"Viva San Marco! Viva la Santa Chiesa!—and the republic of Venice that has placed the keys of Saint Peter within the boasted gates of Constantinople!" exclaimed the other Senator.

"Viva San Marco and the Republic!" rejoined the childless man.

Their aged voices had scarcely ceased to vibrate, when a loud, continuous shout—a shout of transporting joy and triumph, rose from the deck and the rigging of the galley, and made itself heard, despite of distance and the lash and roar of the waves that broke in foam at the feet of the two Senators. The next instant that soul-stirring acclamation was answered by another shout that absolutely smothered, while it lasted, the sounds of wind and wave; and turning round, the Senators saw, on the edges of other terraces, and on the scattered islets that afforded the best points of observation, the mass of the population of Venice, gazing like themselves on the returning galley. In an instant numerous barks were seen to glide from the *canali*, and, dancing in fantastic groups over the heaving sea, to pull with strenuous oars towards the ship; the patriotism or the more private affections of many, not brooking the delay of a few minutes which would see her at anchor within Venice.

As she came on, with the breeze that still freshened singing through her shrouds, a simultaneous display of countless blue lights was launched from her deck high into the heavens, where the crescent moon with "a single star at her side" seemed to smile at these testimonials of joy, and to welcome the wanderers back again. The mimics of heaven's thunders, the pealing cannons, were not yet known; but the roar of voices that again rose from the murazzi, and the ship, and the boats mid-way between them, might almost equal the *rimbombo* of artillery, than which it was infinitely more replete with meaning, for the united voices of thousands distinctly syllabled the patriotic cry, which was still "Viva San Marco e la citta di Venezia!"

There was silence for a while. The galley, now surrounded by the barks from the shore, glided round one of the islets which had intercepted the prospect, and presently the crew saw all the low houses of the town, with the clear domestic lights gleaming from their lattices, full before them. The transport that then bounded in the hearts of the wanderers, the shout that then rose from the galley deck, must have been intense—

> "For what can consecrate the joys of home,
> Like one glad glance from ocean's troubled foam."

The two senators quitted the parapet, and repaired with hasty steps to the galley-quay, where they found many of their order, with most of the leading citizens, already assembled, and anxiously awaiting to speak with the gallant commander of the "Corriere." Soon the welcome vessel stood with her prow a few spans' length from the shore; and anon, with rapid manœuvre, she swung round, and lay with her broad-side against the edge of the quay. Another shout and cry of triumph, and the captain leaped on shore, and bowed before the senators and citizens of Venice.

"Thou art welcome, Sanuti," said the foremost of the company; "thou art welcome as the confirmer of good tidings, but doubly welcome as a hero who has honoured his Venetian blood by his deeds before the walls of Constantinople!"

The Captain bowed more lowly than before. "The *Scampa-via* of Zani has then brought in safety our lord the Doge's despatches to the senate of Venice?" enquired he modestly.

"It has even done so much," replied the Senator; "and we have long since learned that the winged lion is flying for the second time over the walls of the capital of the East!"

"And long may it there fly," cried Sanuti, "and may the sons of Venice 'plant the lion'—the standard of San Marco and the Republic, over many a conquest as fair as this!"

The assembled multitude echoed the words of the captain, and the air was rent by shouts of "*Pianta leone!*" the popular war cry, which was indeed destined to be heard on many a foreign shore.

"But Sanuti," resumed the Senator who had already spoken, "what of the fleet?—A portion certainly should be at Venice ere this, were it but to lay the trophies in the temple of our Saint, under whom our arms have so prospered."

"I left the fleet to day at noon—they had gained the height of Cape Torrella, and only let this fair breeze blow till midnight, and we shall see them at the rising of to-morrow's sun."

This news spread with the swiftness of lightning through the multitude, and thence through the whole city; and the childless Senator had predicted aright when he said "that for some there would be great joy in Venice on this night." There was indeed too much joy—and alas! in many instances too much assured sorrow, or harrowing apprehension, to permit of sleep. The affectionate wife with tears in her eyes kissed the little slumberer in its cradle, or assured the half forgetful prattler on her knee that to-morrow he should see his father, or with provident care she turned over the humble treasures of her coffers, to select fitting raiment for her long absent spouse, or with diligent hands she prepared the restoring condiments, so welcome after the privations of a tedious sea-voyage, or she sought the draughts for the wine-cup which "maketh glad the heart of man." The fond mother, whose son had gone to the East, with the red-cross on his breast, rested not on her pillow, but gazing on the flickering lamp, asked a thousand times, "Oh! will the light of to-morrow's sun shew me my boy in his strength and his beauty—or assure me that the light of life has for ever quitted his eyes?" The betrothed maiden, or she who had cherished a fond passion, paced her chamber floor with hurried steps, or, gazing out of her casement on the sea-waves, sighed to the strong winds that agitated them as love her young bosom—"And will he *come* with the morrow?—and will he love me, as when he *went*?"

That short summer night seemed of interminable length at Venice; but the morrow came at last, and in the grey horizon, at the very point where the "Corriere" had first appeared on the preceding evening, a broad white sail was seen. A sail, and another, and another, rose to the eye from that sober but brightening line, until the whole fleet was in view, and advanced, the orb of day rising in their rear, like a vast flock of wild swans, glancing their long white necks and buoyant white wings in the golden beams of morning. In the city the matin summons to prayer sounded cheerfully on the ear, and in each Christian temple a song of thanksgiving succeeded the words of supplication. Our story is laid in very remote times; but it was not until these religious duties were performed, that the people of Venice, began their preparations for the triumphal reception of their home-wending heroes, or hastened to meet the objects of their hearts' warm affections. But when, in their weakness and insufficiency, they had paid their due to heaven, they entered on the business of life with zeal, and the city was agitated from one end to the other. Carpenters and other artizans were employed in laying stages for the warriors to tread upon, in their descent from the victorious galleys, or in erect-ing platforms whence the Venetian fair might wave their kerchiefs to the brave, or galleries whence the musicians might hail the return of those who had prevailed in the good fight, with the Lion and Saint Mark for their aid! Women and children ran to gather the scanty supply of verdure and of flowers that the sea-girt city afforded; but others were dispatched to the main land, to draw the laurel and the rose from the banks of the Brenta.

Inanimate nature seemed to partake in the joy and triumph of man, and a bright exhilarating sun, a gay blue sky, a sea serene, and a breeze as gentle as the sigh of happy love, were propitious to Venice and her day of rejoicing.

Meanwhile the fleet came on, spread out into the figure of a crescent. Every ship was distinctly visible through that fine transparent atmosphere; and as they glided over the placid waters towards their place of rest, the appropriate banner of each was clearly seen, and the impatient citizens on shore could tell the particular galley in which had sailed a son, a brother or a friend. How many hearts beat at this recognition. "There is the *Stella!*" cried an old man, "my own brave boy commands there!" "And there the *Speranza!*" cried another, "and, God be praised! my Francesco's flag still floats on her mast head!" Exclamations like these, and the eloquent outpourings of natural affection, were heard every moment to proceed from the congregated thousands, whilst the speaking faces, the expressive Italian countenances there collected, offered to the eye a picture on which the artist might have dwelt with admiration and delight.

The fleet was now so near, that the sounds of their warlike music were heard, and every detail, to use the language of the painter, was distinctly made out. The bright and painted shields of the returning knights and squires, were arranged on either side of the galleys; the warriors stood on the deck in their armour of mail, with the silver-inlaid morion on their heads, and the burnished arms in their hands—the broad lance, the battle-axe, and the steel-tipped mace, threw back the rays of the sun with dazzling brightness; the "winged lion," the standard of the republic, flew over their heads; the bannerets of the patrician families of Venice floated on the elevated stern-quarter of the war-ships; whilst the principal galley, which had borne the "blind old Dandolo" to the scene of his glory, was distinguished by a vast white banner on which was inscribed in letters of gold, the new, the proud, "the singular but accurate title"* "of lord of three-eighths of the Roman Empire," assumed by the conquering Doge, and afterwards retained by the Venetian republic.†

The instruments of the musicians, of which only the more clangous, as the cymbal or the trumpet, had at first been heard, now were all mingled and audible; with each passing moment they waxed louder and louder, until they burst on the ear with an overpowering peal — an air of war and triumph, to which the voices of the warriors and mariners formed an accompaniment. Then there rose to heaven a shout from those on shore that made Venice to ring through her hundred islets, and the cymbal and the harp, " the shrill trump, the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife," gave back a response to the galleys that, " gilded by the sun, and reflected by the waters," now fast approached land.

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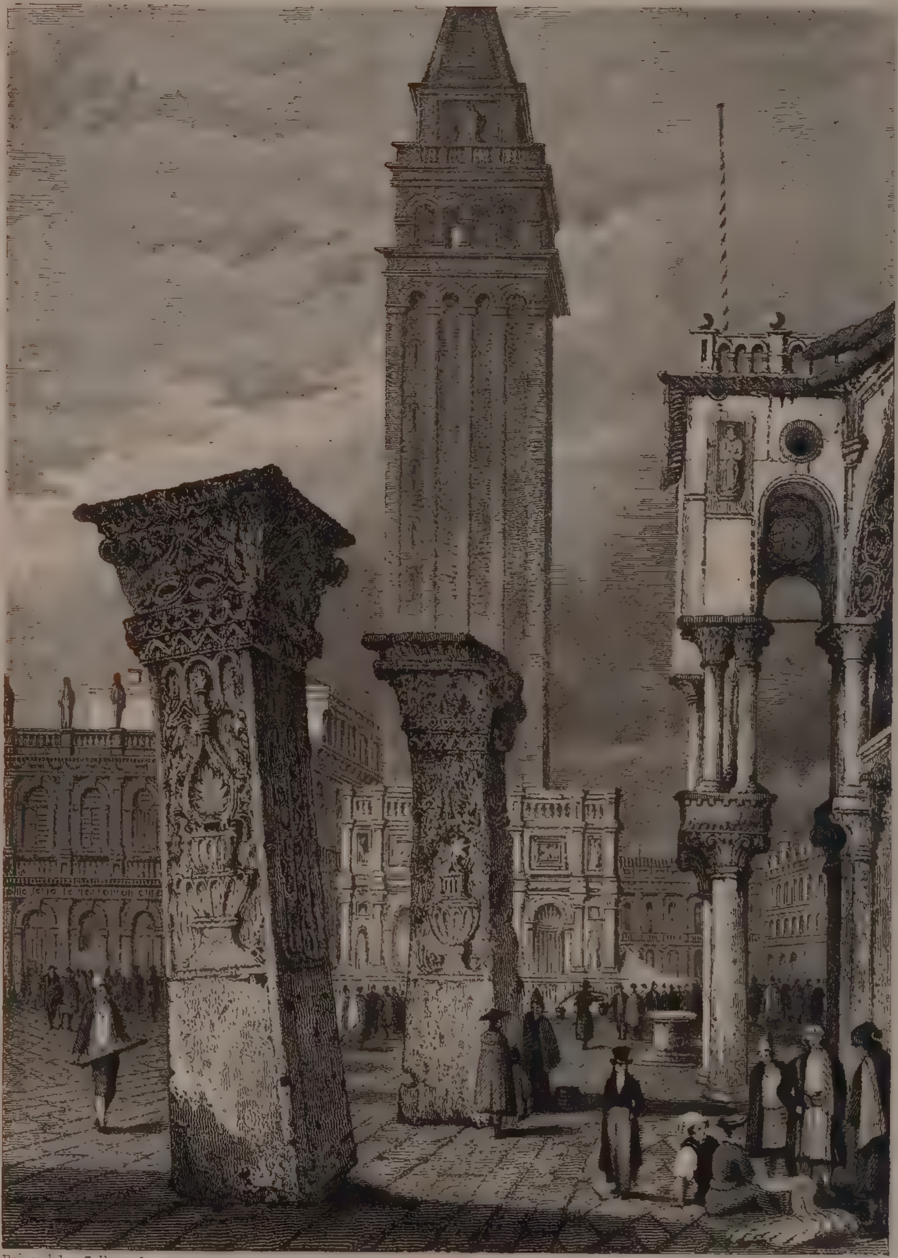
* See Hallam's History of the Middle Ages, vol. i. chap. 3. part ii.

† The style of the Doges of Venice afterwards was, "Dominus quartæ partis et dimidiæ imperii Romani." And this remained unchanged till Giovanni Delfino, who was elected in 1356.

On shore, as on the sea, the spectacle was imposing. Venice, indeed, was not yet the splendid city that claimed the world's admiration ; she could not yet boast that accumulation of ancient and modern art, which was afterwards to attract the stranger from many a distant land ; but so early as this, or at the commencement of the thirteenth century, Venice was a city of importance — as remarkable as she ever could be, from her peculiar situation — even beautiful and stately if compared with the cities, her cotemporaries, in any other part of the world than Italy. The *Campanile,* or lofty tower of St. Mark, did not yet pierce the clouds, nor did the temple then offer to the observer's eye that striking mixture of Greek and Saracenic architecture, those long-extending rows of arches, that forest of columns, all of precious marble, those beautiful mosaics, and that general richness and vastness, which resulted from after-ages of commerce, wealth and genius. But the bones of the blessed Apostle, — of the Evangelist whose name, says a Vene



Painted by S. Prout.

Engraved by E. I. Roberts.

ST MARKS PLACE, VENICE.

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tian historian, is associated with all the glories of the republic, had reposed there ever since the eighth century; and the devotion of the Venetians had raised over those sacred relics an edifice really vast in dimensions, and not destitute of beauty. The obelisks of granite, and the elaborately sculptured pillars, stood not yet in the piazza or the piazzetta; the horses of bronze—those obsequious followers in the train of victory — those records of the mutability of fortune, stood not yet over the door of the temple, though they were soon to be there, for it was this returning fleet that brought them as a trophy from captured Constantinople. In fine, Egypt and Syria, Greece and the isles of Greece, had not yet been conquered and despoiled of their glorious remains to ornament the proud "Sea Cybele;" but, at the same time, some objects of art and antiquity had been imported; some improvement from the study of them had been introduced in architecture and sculpture; and Italian genius, destined in after-centuries to rival that of Hellas, had begun to dawn, and Italian taste to show itself in the construction of their habitations, their churches, and public edifices.

It might be said, perhaps, that at the epoch of our tale, Venice was about equi-distant from what she was at her humble origin,—a collection of low huts scattered on the sea-lashed sand-banks and rocks, whose poor inhabitants, Cassiodorius, the minister of Theodoric, compared to "water-fowl who had fixed their nests on the bosom of the waves" — and what she became after the sixteenth century, when the wealth of the East had been poured in her lap, and the genius of Palladio and others had filled her with beauty.

But the moral picture offered to contemplation by Venice at that period, was, perhaps, far more interesting and worthy of admiration. In Venice "the art and spirit of commercial industry" had revived, and was then extending its Briarean arms to every shore of the Mediterranean. On the perilous career of conquest she had entered with great eclat, and, considering her origin and position, the influence she exercised on the politics of the south and east of Europe, was astonishing. The banners of three subject nations did not yet float before St. Mark's; but an emperor had knelt there—a pope had been the guest of the republic, and his gratitude had invested Venice with the nuptial ring with which, on each succeeding year, she was to espouse the Adriatic — which she was to wear as the absolute mistress and sovereign of the seas.*

The glorious dawn of liberty among the neighbours of Venice, the Lombard cities — that dawn that was destined never to reach its meridian splendour, but to expire in the night of a despicable and enduring slavery—was even then a faint light compared to that which emanated from the liberal institutions of the republic, where a hard-hearted oligarchy, anxious indeed for the glory of the state, but indifferent to human suffering and crime, had not yet seized absolute power, nor sent its victims in mystery across the "Bridge of Sighs." The city of the isles might at this period be compared to a hero, who, still young, had gallantly advanced on the career of glory; whose aspirations were lofty, whose shield was not bedimmed with blood; who had not yet acquired and abused (alas! why should one be consequent on the other!) extensive and uncontrouled power; to whose future successes one might look with confidence; and we, at the distance of centuries, may almost partake in the enthusiasm of the old chroniclers who record the triumph of her conquering sons returned from Constantinople.

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* The emperor was Frederic Barbarossa; the Pope, Alexander III. Any Italian history, or the notes to the 4th Canto of Childe Harold, will acquaint the reader with these singular proceedings. The following are said by a Venetian historian to be the words employed by the pope in presenting the ring to the Doge, in the presence of all the people. "Use it, O Venetians, as a chain, wherewith to keep the sea subjected to your dominion. Espouse it with this ring every year, and every year on the same day let the celebration of the espousals be renewed, in order that posterity may know that the arms of Venice have acquired the empire of the waves, and that the sea ought to be obedient to her, even as the bride to the husband."

The piazzetta, which is situated by the side of the church of Saint Mark, then contained the principal edifices of the republic; and it was here the knights and the captains of the galleys, that had now come to anchor close to the quay, descended by stairs and platforms prepared for them and covered with laurels and flowers, banners and silks of Tyrian dye—and it was here their anxious feet again touched their native soil, and their relatives and friends received them to their passionate embrace. As one by one they stepped on shore, the people rent the air with their acclamations; the signiors of the republic, in an open balcony, bowed to them, as a herald repeated their distinguished names; whilst the bands of music pealed the notes of triumph, and the fair daughters of Venice "looked and smiled a welcome." The general picture of joy and grief—and grief there was in the midst of all these rejoicings, for many returned not to bless the eyes of affection, but remained in the country they had conquered, and many had sped to those regions whence there is no return—this general picture would be far too vast even to be sketched here, and thus we will attach ourselves to the fortunes and feelings of one who figured in this day's pageantry.

Gherardo was the only son of the patrician Zani and the most gallant youth of Venice. His love of military glory must have been great, for when the Doge, the incomparable Enrico Dandolo, invited him to follow his banner to the East, he was betrothed to Bianca Celsi, as distinguished for her beauty, as he for his valour. Yet, on the threshold of the hymeneal temple, he did not hesitate; he would go where glory and his countrymen summoned him; when the Doge's exploits were achieved, he would return to Venice, and, more deserving of her, lay the laurels at the feet of his young bride. He had been, he had prospered—Constantinople had witnessed his valour—and now, returned, the piazzetta echoed with the name of Gherardo. He had received the embrace of his aged father without alarm at his tears—for over-wrought joy will weep even as sorrow does; he had been pressed in the arms of the friends of his house and his infancy; and he now advanced to a gentler circle, composed of his female relatives and friends, who, stationed at a balcony, murmured the hero's name, and his welcome back to Venice. But, what meant the omission?—Bianca, was not among them—Bianca, his spouse, was not there to welcome him with eye and tongue. His voice trembled as he hurriedly asked where she was. An inconsiderate and cruel voice in the crowd answered, "Bianca is no more! she sleeps with her father in the church of Saint Theodore."*

"No more!" moaned the young warrior, and his flushed face became pale as the monumental marble, and, but for his friends, he had fallen to the earth like one struck by lightning. When he partially recovered from the first shock, he again raised his eyes to the ladies' balcony; she was indeed not there—where she must have been had life and love animated her. That absence confirmed the truth of the ill-omened voice; his eyes dropped despondingly to the earth, where, now in his youth and his glory, he could have wished to see a grave open for himself. His old father fell on his neck and wept aloud.

For some moments the mind of Gherardo wandered, and his soul was benumbed; but the sight of Alessio, the brother of Bianca, advancing through the crowd, recalled him to consciousness and anguish. "Is it even as they say?" cried he hoarsely, and stretching out his hand to his friend. Alessio grasped his hand with one of his, and, dashing away the tears from his averted face with the other, he replied in a suffocated voice, " Alas! and alas! it is even so—Bianca expired yesterday; and as the galley, your precursor, was appearing, my sister was on her road to the sepulchre!"

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* St. Theodore was the patron saint of Venice before St. Mark.

Such irremediable woe where so much bliss was expected—such an awakening from all the ecstatic dreams and aspirations that had given him strength in battle, and cheered him over the tedious or stormy waves—such a return—such a welcome—such an end to all his fond and passionate hopes was not to be supported. With a deep groan he swooned away, and the young hero, so lately the happiest among the happy—the most animated where all were animated, was borne in a lifeless state to the sad halls of his father.

It was long ere he returned to life and reason; and oh, how dreadful was his return to the latter! He would have given the world for some opiate or drug capable of repelling thought and recollection. He closed his eyes to the gay light of the sun—he would have shut out its rays for ever! He was deaf to the assiduous advice and consolation of his friends who thronged about him—he was mute, too, and asked not a single question as to the malady or decease of his bride. Was it not enough to know, that she was for ever torn from him—dead!—what mattered the mode or the circumstances that had led to such a fearful result? At last he spoke, but it was only to request his father that he might be left alone. The afflicted Signior, with words of affectionate condolence, and prayers that his son would raise his thoughts to the contemplation of that Being in whose hands were life and death, and to whose omnipotent will it was duty to submit, left the room with tears, and was followed by all the company. When, in the silence and solitude of his own chamber, Gherardo looked around him, he felt more than ever the extent of his loss. He rose from the couch on which he had been reclining, and advanced to a curtained recess at the end of the room — he drew the curtains — the sight was a cruel one! There was the *talamo*, or splendid nuptial bed, his friends had prepared and decorated for his return — there, on the rich velvet and the flowing silk, were the embroidered rose-wreaths mixed with the laurel-crowns, and the initials of his name entwined with those of the name of his Bianca. And hungry death was feeding on her roses, and her name, in the mouths of men, had become a note of woe—in his ear a sound of despair! He threw himself on the ground at the bed's foot, and, burying his burning face in his hands, gave vent for the first time to a copious flood of tears.

As thus he lay, humbled in the dust, with all his thoughts in the dark and narrow grave, the sun shone brightly on Venice, and her thronging thousands, replete with joy, sang their songs of triumph and shouted the names of their gallant warriors and the captains of their galleys. It could not be that *his* should be forgotten, for who had borne himself more bravely than he; and as a crowd passed in front of his paternal abode, their united voices proclaimed "Gherardo! Gherardo! Long life and glory to Gherardo, the soldier of St. Mark!" The sounds struck his ears, but *now* they could elicit only a bitter smile.

The passing hours did not restore tranquillity to the bereft bridegroom; but, as the shades of night descended, a wild idea,—an uncontrollable impulse invaded him. "And shall my fond eyes obtain not a last glance of that being of love and beauty? Shall my Bianca," reasoned the passionate youth (if such movement of the feelings can be called reason)—"my betrothed, be consumed by vile worms, and I not see the loveliness she must have carried to the grave? She died but yesterday—she must still be beautiful!—Yes! I will see her once again! I will once again press those lips though they be cold—cold!"

At a late hour he secretly left his father's house for the well-known church—alas! he was to have been married there! A handful of gold gained over the *sacristano*, who unlocked the door of the temple and retired. Gherardo stood alone, a few paces from Bianca's tomb. A few lamps burned here and there, dimly, before the effigies of the Virgin Mother and of the most conspicuous saints; the moon shed an uncertain light through the painted glass of the lofty and narrow Gothic windows; but away among the massy columns, and through the long aisles of the church, there fell the obscurity of "the valley of the shadow of death;" and sounds there were none, save the fast-coming sighs of the hapless lover. The hour, the spot, the awful stillness, were all calculated to overpower the mind with indescribable emotion; the age was one of extreme superstition, and our young soldier's philosophy had not taught him to rise superior to the popular credence; the state of his feelings too — and nothing is more imaginative or creative of ideal horrors than a certain stage of grief — contributed to delude the senses; and as the cressets trembled, and the moon-light, strangely coloured by the stained glass through which it passed, gleamed now brighter, and now fainter—now resting on this object of somewhat grotesque architecture of the church, now on that—he saw, or fancied the spirits of the departed rising one by one, and mournfully waving their hands, as if warning him against a sacrilegious intrusion on the regions of the dead. Through the postern door by which he had entered, and which the sacristano had left a-jar, there suddenly blew a gust of the fresh night-breeze, that, moaning among the columns and over the hollow marble pavement of the church, sounded in his ear like a voice, but not of earth—like the united lamentations of sad, or guilt-burdened spirits. He clung to one of the pillars for support, and was for some moments incapable of motion. His natural courage, and the intenseness of the feeling and purpose that had brought him thither, soon however came to his aid, and he strode with hasty steps to the cappella, or lateral recess of the temple, beneath which was the tomb of his bride's family. Here, in this deep recess, the moon could not shed a beam; but he was guided to the door of the sepulchre by a lamp that flickered on the altar of the cappella. Hurried, breathless, he laid his hand upon that door; massy, and bound with heavy iron and with bronze, it required a great effort to open it—he pressed his muscular shoulder against it—it receded; but as it turned on its unwilling hinges, it produced a hoarse rumbling sound that echoed like thunder in the vault beneath, and caused him to start back with trembling limbs and cold sweat on his brow. Again, however, desperation—love—the determination to see the lifeless form of his beloved, conquered his awe and the repugnance for disturbing the peace of the grave; yet he paused, ere he plunged into the horrible, palpable obscurity that lay beyond the door of the tomb, and, crossing himself, murmured a prayer to the blessed Virgin who saw his woe and might pity or pardon his sacrilegious audacity. He then rushed down a few steps through a short dark passage,—and, himself like a spectre, entered the narrow chamber of death. A lamp beneath a crucifix burned at the head of the avello or sarcophagus of Bianca, and a grated window near the roof of the vault admitted the rays of the moon, that fell almost perpendicularly on that cold white marble. He grasped at once the heavy cover of the coffin—had he hesitated, he might have been effectually deterred from completing his sad, wild enterprise. His nervous arms removed the weight, and then his eyes rested on the shrouded form of his Bianca, whose head was enveloped in a veil of pure white, and her "decent limbs composed" beneath an ample white robe. His brain reeled at the sight — and the lamp which he had grasped fell from his hand. When he recovered strength to proceed, the light from the grated window fell full in the open coffin; and, as his trembling hands withdrew the veil, a clear broad ray of the moon illumined the face of his lovely bride. * * * And could this be death?—Why even thus she looked when life and love coursed through her young veins! — even thus, when after a day of joy she slept a balmy sleep, a night of peace! And were not the long loose tresses crossed on her innocent bosom the same as erst — and the pale smooth brow, and the broad eye-lids, with their long black fringes, and the cherub mouth, with lips slightly apart, as if smiling in some blissful dream! "No, this cannot be death!" cried Gherardo, deliriously; "She sleeps — she only sleeps! — Oh wake! in pity, wake, my Bianca — my love — my wife!" He was silent for a moment, and gazed on her beautiful moon-lit countenance, as if expecting she would really rise at his passionate adjuration. "Bianca!" continued he, "my own Bianca! why dost thou slumber thus!—dost thou await the warm kisses of thy lover to awaken thee? I give them thee!" and throwing himself across the marble coffin, he pressed his quivering lips to hers. But how did his whole soul rush to his mouth, when he fancied he felt the breath of life on those pale lips! He pressed them again—if it was a delusion, it continued—for the mildest, the most subdued of breathings seemed to pass from her lips to his. He raised her from the sarcophagus — he placed his hand on her heart—and language has no power to paint his emotions, when he felt—plainly felt that heart palpitate beneath his hand! Another moment, and her eyes opened, whilst a low murmur escaped her lips. Gherardo clasped her wildly in his embrace, and leaned for support against the sarcophagus, where, as they stood, mute, motionless, and pale, almost like statues, in the moon-light, it would have been difficult to tell which of the two, or whether both, had not been awakened from the sleep of death.

The Chronicler's tale is told. The ignorance of the physicians, and the immediate sepulture after death, usual in the south, had consigned Bianca to the grave, from which the passion and impetuosity of her lover saved her so opportunely. The fair Venetian passed almost at once from the marble sarcophagus to the nuptial bed of silk and velvet. The church, where the echoes of her funeral dirge might almost seem yet to linger, pealed with the notes of her hymeneals; and her bridal coronet of white roses was supplied by the tree that had furnished flowers for her funeral.

THE KNIGHT'S SONG.

BY W. MOTHERWELL.

Endearing! endearing!
Why so endearing
Are those dark lustrous eyes,
Through their silk fringes peering?
They love me! they love me!
Deeply, sincerely,
And more than aught else on earth
I love them dearly.

Endearing! endearing!
Why so endearing
Glows the glad sunny smile
On thy soft cheek appearing?
It brightens! it brightens!
When I am nearing;
And 'tis thus that thy fond smile
Is ever endearing.

Endearing! endearing!
  Why so endearing
Is that lute-breathing voice
  Which my rapt soul is hearing?
'Tis tenderly singing
  Thy deep love for me,
And my faithful heart echoes
  Devotion to thee.

Endearing! endearing!
  Why so endearing,
At each Passage of Arms,
  Is the herald's bold cheering?
'Tis then thou art kneeling,
  With pure hands, to heaven,
And each prayer of thy heart
  For my good lance is given.

Endearing! endearing!
  Why so endearing
Is the fillet of silk
  That my right arm is wearing?
Once it veiled the bright bosom
  That beats but for me;
Now it circles the arm that
  Wins glory for thee.

THE ANGLER.

BY DELTA.

'Twas a blithe morning in the aureate month
Of August, and the reapers on all paths—
From the far north and the Hibernian strand—
Plied to the harvest, when I trode again
A scene of youth, bright in its natural hues,
And sanctified to retrospection's eye
By many a recognition. O'er the stream,
Swoln by nocturnal rains, the hawthorn hung
Its garland of green berries, and the bramble
Trailed 'mid the wild flowers rich its ripening fruit.
Most lovely was the verdure of the hill-side,
A deep luxuriant green, o'er which the sky
Outspread its azure amplitude serene;
And the fir forests, on the upland slopes,
Contrasted darkly with the golden grain.

Pensively by the river side I strayed;
Now gazing on the cornfields ripe and rich,
Now listening to the carol of the birds
From bush and brake, that with delicious notes
Filled the wide air; and now, in pensive thought
That yet was full of pleasure, running through
The mazy past. I know not how it was,
But from the sounds—the season—and the scene—
Softened my heart; and, as the swallow wings
In autumn back to softer, sunnier climes,—
When summer, like a bright, fallacious dream,
Hath with its flowers and fragrance passed away,—
So, from the turmoil of maturer years
In boyish thoughts my spirit sought relief.

In trancéd beauty came and passed away,
Like blossoms that with sunlight shut and ope,
The half-lost dreams of many a holiday,
In boyhood spent on that blue river side
With those whose names, even now, as alien sounds
Ring in the ear, though then our mutual arms
Enwreathed each other's necks, as on we roamed,
As life were but a jocund pilgrimage,
Whose pleasant wanderings found a goal in heaven.
But when I reached a winding of the stream,
By hazels overarched whose swelling nuts
Hung in rich clusters, from his marginal bank
Of yellow sand, ribbed by receding waves,
I scared the ouzel, that, like elfin sprite,
Amid the waterlilies lithe and green,

Zig-zagged from stone to stone; and, winding round
The sudden jut, revealed before me stood,
Silent, within that solitary place, —
In that green solitude so calm and deep, —
An ancient angler, plying wistfully,
Amid o'erhanging banks and ragged rocks,
Far from the bustle and the din of men,
His silent pastime. O'er him spread the boughs
Of a broad sycamore; and, at his feet,
Amid the yellow ragwort rough and high,
An undisturbing spaniel, whose shut lids,
Half-opening, told his master my approach.

I turned away, I could not bear to gaze —
I turned away —; for to my heart the sight
Brought back, from out the twilight labyrinth
Of bye-past things, the memory of a day,
So severed from the present by the lapse
Of many a changeable and chequered year,
That on my heart the recognition came
Faintly at first—as breaks the timid dawn
Above the sea, or evening's earliest star
Through the pavilion of the twilight dim —
Faintly at first — then kindling to the glow
Of that refulgent sunshine only known
To boyhood's careless and unclouded hours.

Even yet I feel around my heart the flush
Of that calm, windless morning, glorified
With summer sunshine cloudless and intense;

A tiny boy, scarcely ten summers old.
Along blue Esk, under the whispering trees,
And by the shelving banks, I trode with one,
Whose heart was in his pastime, and whose skill
Upon its banks that day no equal saw.
Athwart my shoulders was the osier creel
Swung proudly, and the net whose meshes held
The minnow, from the shallows deftly raised.
Hour after hour augmenting our success,
Turned what was pleasure first to pleasant toil,
Lent languor to my loitering steps, and gave
Red to my cheek and dew-damp to my brow:—
It was a day that cannot be forgot,
A jubilee in boyhood's calendar;
And on my morning couch, and in the calm
Of evening meditation, it comes back
Fragrant and fresh, as if of yesterday.
From morn till noon, his light assiduous toil
The angler plied; and, when the mid-day sun
Was high in heaven, under a spreading tree,
Upon a couch of wild flowers, down we sat
With healthful palates to our slight repast:—
And oh, in banquet-hall, where richest cates
Luxurious woo the pampered appetite,
Never did viands proffer more delight
Than did to us our simple fare that day.

Bright shone the afternoon, with all its rich
Array of wildflowers by the river's side—
Wild chamomile, and lychnis in whose bloom

The bee delights to murmur, harebells blue,
And violets breathing fragrance ; nor remote
The golden furze, that to the sighing wind
Lent its peculiar perfume, blandly soft.
Enshrined in recollection, sleep these hours
So brilliant and so beautiful — the scene
So full of pastoral sweetness, and the sky
Pavilioned over all, an arch of blue.
And oh! to be forgotten only with
The last fond thoughts of childhood, I behold
That grand and gorgeous evening, in whose light
Homewards with laden panniers we returned.
Through the green forests shot the level ray
Of flooding sunlight, tinging the hoar bark
Of the old pine-trees, and in crimson dyes
Bathing the shadowed flowers that sprang beneath :
It was an hour of Paradise restored, —
Eden forth shadowed to our view again,
As yet ere Innocence forsook its bowers.
All was repose — and peace — and harmony :
The flocks strayed nibbling at the pastures green,
And eastward darkly shot their shadows far ;
The cattle in the verdant meadows lay,
Ruminant; the shy foal scarcely swerved aside
At our approach from under the tall tree
Of his delight, shaking his forelocks long
In wanton play ; while, overhead, his hymn,
As 'twere to herald the approach of Night
With all her gathering stars, the blackbird sang
Melodiously, mellifluously ; and Earth

Looked up as 'twere all sinlessly to heaven!
For Innocence o'er hill and dale again
Seemed to have spread her mantle, and the voice
Of all but joy in grove and glade was hushed.

Since then have eighteen summers joined the past,
And for as oft the polar breeze hath brought
Tempest and desolation on its wing.
When retrospection ponders on the past,
Broken seem almost all the ties that link
That day to this — and to the boy the man.
The world is altered quite in all its thoughts;
With the same name it is another realm:
One after one, the faces from the streets
Have disappeared, a generation new
Hath sprung around, and manhood into age
Declined: the leaden talisman of truth
Hath disenchanted of its rainbow hues
The sky, and robbed the fields of half their bloom.
I start to conjure from the gulf of death
The myriads that have gone to come no more.
And where is he, the Angler, by whose side
That livelong day delightedly I roamed,
While life to both a sunny pastime seemed?
Ask of the winds that from the Atlantic blow,
When last they stirred the wildflowers on his grave!

THE NEW ATLANTIS.

An American Legend.

BY JOHN GALT.

Introduction.

Beyond the Allegany mountains, and even in the regions of Canada to the north-west of the St. Lawrence, are many traces of an extinct race. Enormous earthen constructions of walls and ramparts, inclosing extensive spaces, more like the sites of cities than of fortresses or entrenched camps, are still visible. Not many miles to the north of Little York, the capital of Upper Canada, one of those aboriginal works may be seen, in such preservation that its form may be easily traced. Circleville, one of the most considerable towns in the State of Ohio, is built within a primeval enclosure of the same kind; and in the wild countries comprehended southward within the courses of the Missouri and the Mississippi, still more interesting remains are met with — such as extensive cemeteries and places of particular sepulture — all indicating that, in some distant epoch of antiquity, a numerous population *did* inhabit there.

It is, however, remarkable, that in the midst of so many monuments of comparative civilization — comparative with that of the Indians — no works of art have been discovered, except stone weapons, and, in one or two places, funeral urns, resembling, though in a rude degree, the Etruscan vases; and even these are supposed to be of more recent origin. The inference from this fact is, that the works alluded to were either the hasty fabrics of invaders, or the temporary erections of a rude people under the tuition of some extraordinary mind. The Indians have no traditions on the subject; but if consulted concerning them, they speak vaguely, as if they were the relics of a people that had passed away. They have, however, among themselves, curious notions that the simplicity of the savage life was dictated to them by the experience of ancient wisdom; and the following Legendary Tale is an attempt to assign something like a poetical cause, founded on the circumstances of the country, for that remarkable opinion.

Before the discovery of America, a numerous people inhabited the savannahs and table land between the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Pacific Ocean. They were a simple race, and lived by the arrow and the spear. They worshipped the Great Spirit of Nature in his manifestations, and in all things acted with heedless innocence and frankness of heart.

A tremendous hurricane, accompanied by earthquakes and the overflowing of subterranean waters, visited the country: for many days, the winds raged as if the bridle had been thrown on the neck of the tempest; the lightnings did not flash only, but burned, as it were, with shooting flames. It was a time as if chaos had come again; and the terrified inhabitants of those spacious prairies and green savannahs fled in despair from the rising waters of the great lakes, which overflowed their banks, and seamed the country with many new streams.

At last, the struggles and spasms of the earth and the air subsided, the torrents contracted their bounds and their devastations, calm was restored, the sun looked out upon the reviving world, and the waves of the lakes, the lagoons, and the ocean, unfurled their hoary manes to the morning.

Oroon, the son of a venerated chieftain who had perished, on the return of tranquillity happened, with a vast multitude of his people, to be seated on a promontory, mournfully contemplating the desolation around, and irresolute of returning to their former homes. While they were ruminating there, some of the Indians, for such we must call them, who had been in quest of fish along the shore, returned in great agitation, and described an enormous creature which they had seen stranded, with many wings, and horns as tall as trees.

Oroon, attended by the multitude, went to see this stupendous thing; and, in approaching towards it, a creature, much in form like themselves, came to meet them, and, with many reverences, by his gestures implored their protection. Oroon received him with the kindness of his own innocent magnanimity, and according to the benevolent maxims which the Great Spirit dictates to his worshippers.

The name of this mysterious stranger was Atlanthus, as he afterwards taught the Indians to call him when he had learned their language; and the mighty thing which they had imagined to be a creature of the ocean, he informed them, was a ship, which had brought him and many others in quest of their world.

Atlanthus was, according to the legend, a man possessed of more wisdom and knowledge than all the Indians. He not only expounded many things which their sagacity could not comprehend, but, with simple signs, he made a memory by which those whom he taught to know the secret, could recall the very language of the dead. Oroon regarded him with worship, and the Indians venerated him as something greater and better than man.

When he understood the Indian language, he taught Oroon knowledge, and science, and art; he instructed him to divide his people into classes, to build cities, to separate those who laboured in the towns from those who tilled the earth; he revealed to them the existence of a visible manifestation of the Great Spirit; and taught them all those things which were esteemed great and glorious in the regions from which he had come.

Among the people of Oroon, there was an old chief of the name of Icab, who, when he saw the cities rising, and the licentious changes that were taking place in the old and primitive customs of his countrymen, reviled the innovations of Atlanthus; and, gathering together many of the elders of the tribes with their families, he retired far into the inland country, to avoid the contagion of the new rites.

It had happened, a short time before the terrible devastation, that Oroon had chosen for his bride Arutha, the most beautiful daughter of the Indians: he loved her with his entire heart, and her affection for him was equally measureless. They were two in person, but one in spirit; and the beauty of their attachment was the admiration of all the people.

When some time had elapsed, and the great city of Atlantis, which Atlanthus had planned, was lifting its magnificent forehead above the woods, Oroon observed, with dismay, that Arutha was often dissatisfied with his kindness. She avoided him, she answered peevishly to his kindest enquiries, and shunned him when she could. At the same time, Atlanthus also was greatly changed. He retired from Oroon, and was often seen with melancholy looks, and as a man afflicted with some unspeakable anguish. The most skilful of the Indians were called to administer to the strange malady of Arutha, but all their herbs and simples produced no effect; and Atlanthus' dejection seemed to be also incurable.

Oroon, greatly grieved at the decay of Arutha's affection, and deploring the equally inveterate distemper of Atlanthus, sent Arak, a messenger, to Icab, who was skilful in diseases, to beseech him to come and assist the invalids.

Arak went alone into the forest, and, after many days' travelling, he came to an open space beside a great lake, into which a vast river was tumbling over many cataracts. It was a scene full of the old solemnities of nature, and he stood contemplating it with that awe and dread which the spirit of solitude inspires. As he was looking on that calm magnificence, the old man, Icab, came towards him, and, with a severe voice, enquired why he had presumed to enter those unprofaned solitudes.

"Arak," he cried; "thou hast forsaken thy father's gods; and I can never more lift my hands above thee to implore, as I was wont, their blessings on thy young head. Oh, ye unknown, dreadful, and beneficent Powers, whom all artless creatures worship, pardon these tears, and forgive my weak heart, that would forget the sin of this young man, and which yearns to receive him still, as your Gracious Spirit has taught me to feel for all human kind. Alas! it is true that I could not think such things possible, as that man would presume to select his God."

Icab then fell upon the neck of Arak and wept.

"I bring you," said Arak, "a message from the king."

"What would he now with me?" exclaimed Icab: "he might spare the little remnant left to me of life, to the deserted worship of the Gods—the Gods of his fathers, the ever-bounteous—that blessed the world from the beginning of time, nor permitted our happy tribes to be afflicted with civil discord, till that fatal hour when the cursed Atlanthus was cast from the sea upon our shore. Within these far-spreading bowers, we were happy in our innocence; with the morning light, our songs, as cheerful as those of the birds, rose to the Powers that blessed us; at night, when our frugal meal was over, we stretched ourselves beneath the boughs, and dreaded no danger from the dishonesty of man, for we had nothing then that could be stolen. Spirit of Nature! did I say nothing? Yes—we had happiness and purity, and confidence in one another; but the sea-outcast has cheated us of them all."

"He has given us better," replied Arak: "he has taught us to improve our condition; the woes that wait on crime; the hope of a second life; and that a glorious morning will brighten in the rear of death. But the king summons you to come to him."

"What does he want?" said Icab, with a sigh. "I cannot aid him in his schemes. When I behold, through the opening woods, his rising towns, sad omens and presages darken my spirit, lest the Gods, whose secret throne of fires glows in the hollows of the mountains, burst forth, and sweep away the apostates and their perishable homes. But why does Oroon require me?"

"Arutha," replied Arak, "the queen, foregoes his love; and he desires that you would come with your skill, and restore to him her wonted affection.

Icab remained for some time thoughtful, and then said, "Though she, too, is an apostate, yet I will go. Lead on: but never, save to take some gentle essence of herbs to quiet sorrow or to quench pain, shall my feet bear me to your city."

They then proceeded towards Atlantis, which when they entered, Icab looked around on every object with awe and superstitious dread.

Arak conducted Icab to Oroon, by whom he was received with filial affection, and who said to him that his appearance was as the cheering sun in the morning.

"Ah!" replied Icab; "and it has been night since we parted, and thou hast dreamt dreams in the woeful time."

"The sleep," replied Oroon, with a smile, "was yours. Like the bird that drowses in winter, and, awakening in the spring, finds nature renewed and full of blossoms and songs and life and joy, you come among us, wondering at the change. Would you have us resign the social arts and the pleasures industry makes ours, and have us sink back again into barbarity?"

"I wish," replied Icab, "only that you would cast off the vices which you put on with these gaudy garments: the virtues need no robes; they ever move in health and vigour, naked like our fathers.—But, Oroon, as I came to this stately dwelling, I beheld two great edifices—one too vast, too lofty, for any use of man; the other too grim and strong even for the most savage creatures of the wildnerness. What are they?"

Oroon paused before he replied. "The first you spoke of is a temple hallowed to religious rites."

"What!" cried Icab, with pious horror. "Is, then, the God whom Atlanthus has revealed a local and limited being?"

"The God revealed to us," replied Oroon, "is the Father of nature, the Maker and Master of the ocean the heavens and the earth, and all things in them."

"Then, wherefore," said Icab, "have you built Him a house, when the universe is full of Him? In light, in blossoms, and in melodious sounds, we recognise his beauty: in fruits, in sleep, and in the gladness of the pure breast, we taste his bounty: the vast and inaccessible skies, with their infinitude of stars, bear witness to his greatness: in the strength of mountains, in the deep foundations of the mighty earth, and in the long fetching of his breath in the tempest, we acknowledge his power: and when we question why it is that we are, and all this world is, we discern his undiscovered nature. Is it to Him that ye have built a house?"

"Thou wilt but see our works," replied Oroon, "in thine own contrariety. We have not reared the temple for his dwelling, but as a place wherein we may holily remember that he exists and should be adored."

"Does your knowledge," exclaimed Icab, "your civilization, your science, your orders, and your ranks, tend to make you forget Him? Our fathers never dreaded such an accident. They heard him in the roaring of the seas, and in the wrath of the thunder: they dreaded the flapping of his wings in the storm: they hailed his smile in the dawn: they felt his kindness in the day; and, like tired children on their mother's lap, they trusted to him in their weariness, and fell asleep: He was every where with them, and they with Him.—But for what purpose is yon other edifice?"

"It is a prison," replied Oroon, blushing; "an appointed lodge for such as wrongfully injure each other."

"Stop, Oroon, stop," cried Icab; "retrace your steps back to your old simplicity. Already, your new found arts require inventions to remind you that God is; they have taught you to prepare for men that shall become, by these arts, more savage than the beasts of the woods: all this in a few short moons you have found already needful. Think what must be the end and issues of this civilization! If men already must be shut in dungeons, shall not the time come when there may be a race that must be put to death?"

Oroon made no reply, but only said, "Come with me and see Arutha, and, if you can, recal her love, which has long been ebbing from me."

He then conducted the old man into the apartment where she was sitting alone. Icab looked at her steadfastly for some time; he marked, with a keen eye, the manner in which she regarded her lord, and then said, with a stern countenance, "I do not think you, Arutha, ill of any corporeal disease, but some infection has tainted your mind. What wrong have you done to the kind Oroon, that you regard him with such aversion?"

"Be merciful," said Oroon; "think how dearly I once was esteemed by her. Yes: the recollection of our former affection, compared with the unhappy vacancy of this present estrangement, is like a playful child gambolling on the other side of a grave. Be kindly to her, and apply your remedies with the soft hand of your wonted gentleness."

"Oroon," said Icab, "I pray thee retire; I would converse with her alone."

When the king had left them, he said to Arutha sternly, "You fear Oroon—what wrong have you done to him, that you so shrink in his presence? Arutha, mark my words—the cause of your malady springs from something in this new condition of things. Why do you look in such amazement? Then it is true, and the apostacy has changed your heart. Oh! pause, and, before a blacker horror falls on you, abjure the subtle stranger's altars; and on the mountain's top, that higher, purer, unbuilt altar, by all-seen Nature raised to the all-felt God, lift up your hands, and deprecate your inconceivable doom!"

With these words Icab retired, and, meeting Arak, he bade him summon the elders of the tribes together. Atlanthus also came towards him, but he interdicted his approach, and accused him as the cause of miseries which were then impending over the country. At the same time Oroon came towards them, and, at his coming, Atlanthus obeyed the command of Icab, and retired. Oroon, who heard the command, said, "Now that he has gone, what have you to tell me?"

Icab looked at him with sorrow, and said, "The thunder in the summer's calm, and the Great Spirit in the woods and on the ocean, never speaks such horror as that which I must now declare."

"Tell me at once. Is my Arutha dead?"

"Curses descend on her!" cried Icab, extending his arms aloft. "Let fury come, and, as the winds scatter the leaves of the forest, disperse her guilty ashes!"

"Thou art mad, Icab," said Oroon, "and thou speakest ecstasies of looser thought than the wrack of clouds in the storm."

"The queen is false."

"False! What hast thou said? repeat the word—mine ears ring fearfully."

"Yes," said Icab, solemnly; "false with Atlanthus."

"Hoary liar!" exclaimed Oroon, as he struck him to the ground.

"Gods of his fathers," said the old man, as he lay at his feet, "accept my thanks for this. Now must his noble soul feel, by this dishonour in striking me, his own, his father's friend, what shame and woe, and evil and degradation, spring from the infection of the sea-outcast's guile."

Oroon stood like a statue for some time; and Icab rose and retired to meet the assembled elders, before whom he laid the proof of the guilt of Arutha and Atlanthus. She was sentenced to be placed on a rock, two bow shots from the shore, the head of which was only visible at half-tide: a boat, with a dumb man bearing a torch, was to convey her to the rock, and kindle a fire, the extinction of which by the tide, would show when the waters overwhelmed her. The sentence of Atlanthus was allotted to be pronounced by Oroon, whom he had so deeply injured.

Oroon would fain have avoided this dreadful task, but could not.

"Then," said he to the elders, "let Heaven punish him with health, and prolong his days, for he is noble, and the sense of guilt will be his punishment. Let no accustomed token of respect be withheld from him, lest the vindictive thought that springs from punishment defeat the intended horror of the sentence." Turning to Atlanthus, he addressed him with accents of the tenderest pity.

Arutha was then conveyed to the place appointed for her on the rock, and Atlanthus was taken down to the shore, where a vast multitude were assembled.

"What dost thou see?" said Oroon.

"A dim red flame."

"Nothing more? No sign?"

"Yes: ever and anon," replied Atlanthus, "it is eclipsed, as if some busy figure intervened."

"Arutha is there alone," said Oroon, in a deep and dreadful tone; and added, "does the light still burn?"

"It does."

"See you no other sign?"

"The swell of the rising tide rolls often between."

"Does it still burn? What means that universal sigh?"

"The light is quenched." In saying this, Atlanthus stabbed himself, and fell dead at the feet of Oroon.

"Stop!" exclaimed Icab; "touch him not, lest some new infection taint us from this hitherto unheard-of crime—self-murder. Now, Oroon, command the sacrifice — the atonement to thy father's gods."

At these words, Oroon called to the multitude to fire the town, and to burn all their works. This was done; and the Indians, throwing the garbs and vestments which Atlanthus had taught them to assume into the flames, abjured civilization for ever.

SONNET.

BY MRS. JOSIAH CONDER.

"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing may be lost."

It is the sovereign voice of Nature's King
Echoed through all his works. The swift decay
Inscribed on earth's magnificent array
For new perfection marks each fading thing.
All changing forms to second being spring,
By earth embalmed. The hues that pass away
From golden-anthered flowers the soil repay;
Or insect worlds are ever on the wing
To catch the glorious spoil. All fragments seem,
Transformed, or gathered up, with life to teem.
Man only dies and renders no return.
But "nothing may be lost:" his mouldering frame
Shall give its fragments up — ere empires burn,
And triumph o'er the universal flame.

June, 1830.

LINES WRITTEN AT ABBOTSFORD.

BY DR. BOWRING.

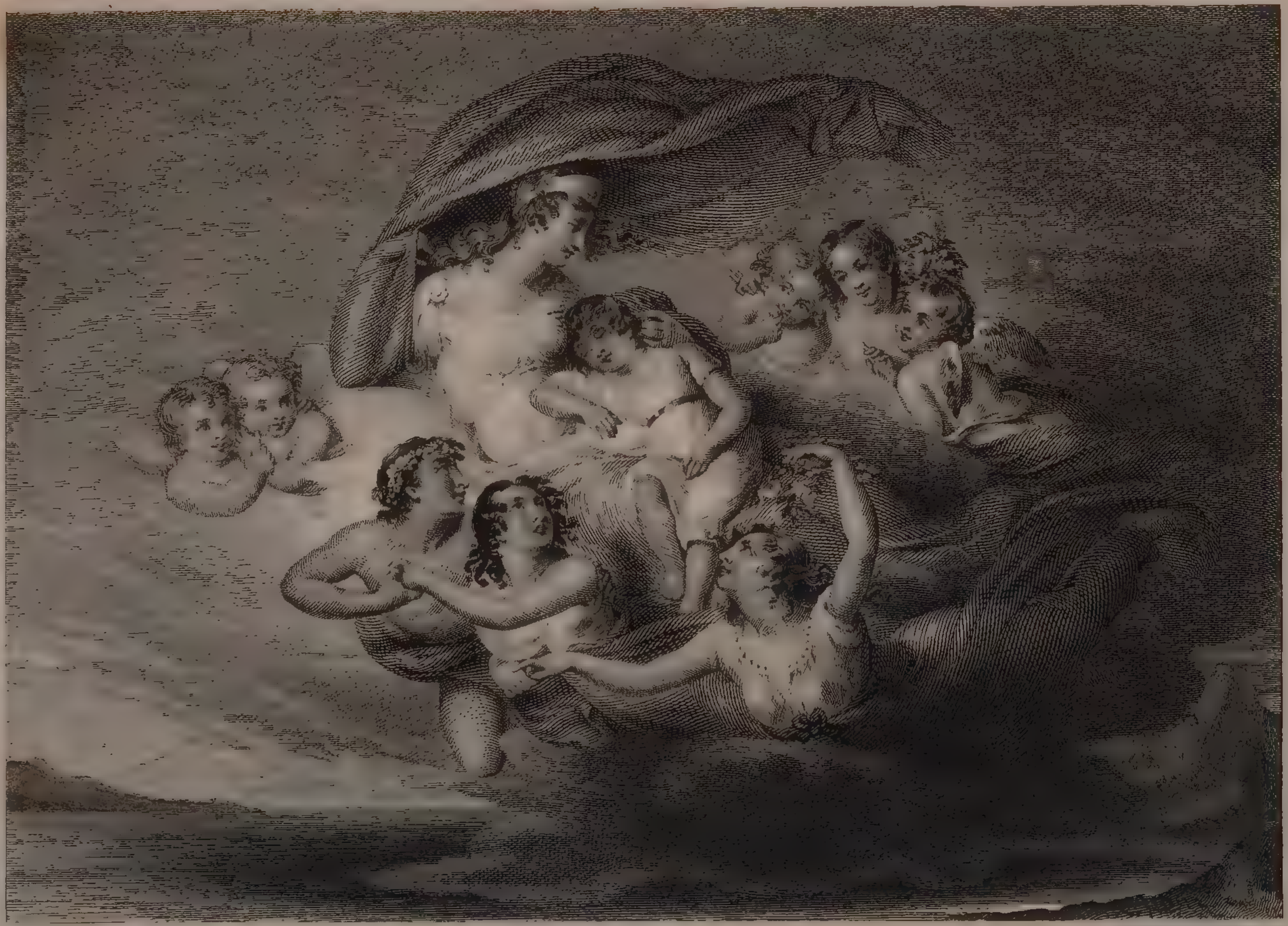
I HAVE heard the strains of the heaven-bound bird
The clouds and the hills among;
But never so loud were the strains I heard
And never so sweet the song
As here,—while led through the waved domains
Thy taste hath belted with trees,
Where the spirit of power and poetry reigns
With its wondrous witcheries.

O, genius! thine is a glorious birth,
To thee is the sceptre given—
Thou guidest the waters, embellishest earth,
And makest more musical heaven:
The flowers are fairer, the streams more bright,
The woods are of richer green—
There is every where beauty, and every where light,
Where the hand of THE MASTER hath been.

April 23, 1830.

Friendship's Offering.

⁂ In writing the name on the Presentation Plate, care should be taken not to use ink, for which the paper is unsuitable, but a hard black lead pencil, which will be equally durable.



Painted by J. Wood. Engraved by S. Davenport.

ASCANIUS IN THE LAP OF VENUS.

THE FLIGHT OF ASCANIUS.

Broad lights were in the Tyrian hall,
From golden urns the perfumes breathed;
Round silken couch and broidered pall
The Tyrian rose and lily wreathed;
And hidden music stole between
The love-sighs of the Tyrian queen.

And round the royal banquet lay
Troy's martial sons, with garlands crowned;
Survivors of the mighty fray,
When, with a midnight tiger's bound,
Sprang the fierce Greek on Ilion's lair,
But found the wakened lion there.

The toil was past, the havoc done,
The fires of ruin blazed no more;
No more on Ilion's portals shone
The banner wet with Grecian gore;
Nor warrior's trump nor charger's tread
Profaned the silence of the dead.

No more at morn, her glittering power
Rushed like a torrent to the field;
No more at eve, the royal bower
Welcomed the bearers of the shield:
Now moaned the melancholy wave
The only dirge above the brave.

Yet unborn nations to that strand
Shall send the homage of the soul;
There heroes consecrate the brand,
There bards devote the deathless scroll;
There glory's richest pinion sweep
O'er silent plain and lonely steep.

So may the spot to Time's last hour
Be hallowed where the glorious bleed.
Down with the piles of pride and power,
Let dust to viler dust succeed;
Let Scorn sit scoffing on the grave
Where rots the tyrant with the slave:

But where has flashed the patriot sword,
Be deathless honour to the soil;
Though there may ride the Arab horde,
There sweep the Turkman to the spoil,
There clash the Greek and Gothic spear —
Still Fame shall build her temple there.

But on that eve, Troy's warrior sons,
  Storm-tost, and weary of the main,
Lay lapsing on their banquet-thrones—
  Lay quaffing the celestial rain
    That the pressed grape, on Afric's shores,
    In drops of purple fragrance pours.

And there, beside th' impassioned Queen,
  Their Chieftain tells his lofty tale;
Her bosom burning with the scene,
  Her cheek with more than terror pale,
    Her eye like lightning through the gloom,
    Her thoughts of exile, woe, the tomb!

For in her arms an infant lies,
  The loveliest eye e'er looked upon—
The little King of smiles and sighs,
  Who makes of human hearts his throne:
    Once fettered in his viewless chain,
    Wit, wisdom, valour, all are vain!

There Cupid, by his mother laid
  Where young Ascanius should have lain,
Plays with her tresses' perfumed braid,
  Yet steeps her soul in subtle pain;
    Seems to her lip in sport to cling,
    Yet, aspic-like, there leaves the sting.

But where is gone the guileless child
  That should in those white arms repose?
O'er forest deep and desert wild,
  He's gone, to bowers of deathless rose;
    By Venus borne on wings of wind,
    Leaving her fatal son behind.

Now o'er the Grecian sunset-main
  High wheels the pomp its bright career;
Till sparkles far Cythera's fane,—
  Seen o'er the water's azure sphere,
    Through evening cloud and ocean haze,
    Rich as some new-born planet's blaze.

And now, upon the silver strand,
  The train of beauty fold the wing;
And, myrtle-crowned, and harp in hand,
  Wreath round his couch the mystic ring;
    And fill with dreams of love and joy
    Thy slumbers, infant hope of Troy!

ARATUS.

THE PLANTER.

A West Indian Story.

Fifty—sixty—seventy (any given number of) years ago, the West Indies were not as they are now, in these days of purity. Then, Lord Dunderhead was Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Mr. Bribely was *his* secretary. The pains which the former took with his department were prodigious. It was his estate. He had the same care for it, was as jealous of it, and farmed it out precisely in the same manner as a landlord does his acres. John Pitchfork was not, indeed, landlord of Thistledown Farm: but General Gubbins, grown grey in the service (by walking daily from the Horse Guards to Bond street), was appointed Governor of Demerara or Berbice;—or Sergeant Kitely was appointed Judge:—and each duly rendered to the "noble Secretary," in the shape of rent, two-thirds of the supposed profits of his appointment. And as Lord Dunderhead mulcted the Governors and Judges, so did Mr. Bribely fleece the underlings;—and as the Governors and Judges paid for their dignities, so did they make the most of them. Imprisonment, flogging, fining, favouring, delaying,—these were the methods of collecting the revenue; these, too, were the weapons with which their 'Arrogances' in black and scarlet, tamed down the spirit of their subjects, and widened the space between the colony and Great Britain.

The colonists, themselves, were not what they are at present; that is to say, they were not then meek, modest, humane, temperate, independent people, and lovers of liberty:—on the contrary, they were boastful, and loved Scheidam and pine-apple rum, worshipped their superiors in station, and despised every body below themselves. Thus the newly imported Englishers held the regular colonists in utter contempt: the colonists (a white race) requited themselves, by contemning the mustees and quadroons: these last, on their parts, heartily despised the half-caste: who, in turn, transmitted the scorn on to the heads of the downright blacks. Whom the blacks despised, I never could learn; but probably all the rest: and, in fact, they seem to have had ample cause for so doing, unless the base, beggarly, and cruel vanity imputed to their "superiors," be at once a libel and a fable.

Such was the state of things in the colony of Demerara, in the year 17—, when a young Englishman went there, in order to inspect his newly-acquired property. His name was John Vivian. He came of a tolerably good family in ——shire; possessed (without being at all handsome) a dark, keen, intelligent countenance; and derived, from his maternal uncle, large estates in Demerara, and from his father, a small farm in his own county, a strong constitution, and a resolute, invincible spirit. Perhaps, he had too much obstinacy of character—perhaps, also, an intrepidity of manner, and carelessness of established forms, which would have been unsuitable to society as now constituted. All this we will not presume to determine. We do not wish to extenuate his faults, of which he had as handsome a share as usually falls to the lot of young gentlemen who are under no controul, though not altogether of precisely the same character. In requital for these defects, however, he was a man of firm mind, of a generous spirit, and would face danger, and stand up against oppression, as readily on behalf of others as of himself; and, at the bottom of all, though it had lain hid from his birth, (like some of those antediluvian fossils which perplex our geologists and antiquaries) he had a tenderness and delicacy of feeling, which must not be passed by without, at least, *our* humble commendation.

Exactly eight weeks from the day of his stepping on board the good ship, "Wager," at Bristol, Vivian found himself standing on the shore of the river Demerara, and in front of its capital, Stabroek. In that interval, he had been tossed on the wild waters of the Atlantic—had passed from woollens to nankeens—from English cold to tropic heat—and now stood eyeing the curious groups which distinguish our colonies, where creatures of every shade, from absolute sable to pallid white, may be seen—for the trouble only of a journey.

But we have a letter of our hero's on this subject, written to a friend in England, on his landing, which we will unfold for the reader's benefit. Considering that the writer had the range of foolscap before him, and was transmitting news from the torrid to the temperate zone, it may, at least, lay claim to the virtue of brevity. Thus it runs:—

"To Richard Clinton, Esq. &c. &c. Middle Temple, London, England.

"Well, Dick,—Here am I, thy friend, John Vivian, safely arrived at the country of cotton and tobacco. Six months ago, I would have ventured a grosschen that nothing on this base earth could have tempted me to leave foggy England: but the unkennelling a knave was a temptation not to be resisted; and accordingly I am here, as you see.

"Since I shook your hand at Bristol, I have seen somewhat of the world. The Cove of Cork—the Madeiras—the Peak of Teneriffe—the flying fish—the nautilus—the golden-finned dorado—the deep blue seas—and the tropic skies—are matters which some would explain to you in a chapter. But I have not the pen of a ready writer; so you must be content with a simple enumeration.

"My voyage was, like all voyages, detestable. I began with sea-sickness and piercing winds—I ended with head-ache and languor, and weather to which your English dog-days are a jest. The burning, blazing heat was so terrific, that I had well nigh oozed away into a sea-god. Nothing but the valiant army of bottles which your care provided could have saved me. My mouth was wide open, like the seams of our vessel; but, unlike them, it would not be content with water. I poured in draught after draught of the brave liquor. I drank deep healths to you and other friends; till, at last, the devil, who broils Europeans in these parts, took to his wings and fled. Thus it was, Clinton, that I arrived finally at Demerara.

"But now comes your question of 'What sort of a place is this same Demerara?' I'faith, Dick, 'tis flat enough. The run up the river is, indeed, pretty; and there are trees enough to satisfy even your umbrageous-loving taste. It is, in truth, a land of woods—at least, on one side; and you may roam among orange and lemon trees, and guavas and mangoes, amidst aloes and cocoa-nut and cotton and mahogany trees, till you would wish yourself once more on a Lancashire moor. Stabroek, our capital, is a place where the houses are built of wood; where melons, and oranges, and pine-apples grow as wild as thyself, Dick; and where black, brown, white, and whitey-brown people, sangaree and cigars, abound. Of all these marvels I shall know more shortly. I lodge here at the house of a Dutch planter, where you must address me under my travelling cognomen. John Vivian is extinct for a season; but your letter will find me, if it be addressed to 'Mr. John Vernon, to the care of Mynheer

Schlachenbrüchen, merchant, in Demerara.' That respectable individual would die the death of shame, did he know that he held the great 'proprietor,' Vivian, in his garret. At present, I am nothing more than a poor protegé of Messrs. Greffulhe, come out to the hot latitudes for the sake of health and employment.

"You shall hear from me again speedily: in the mean time, write to me at length. This letter is a preface merely to the innumerable number of good things which I design to scribble for your especial instruction and amusement. It bears for you only a certificate of my safe arrival, and the assurance that I am, as ever, your true friend, "VIVIAN."

Vivian was, in truth, tolerably pleased with the banks of the river, fringed as it was with trees, and spotted with cottages; but when he actually trod upon the ground of the New World, and found himself amidst a crowd of black and tawney faces—amidst hats like umbrellas, paroquets, and birds of every colour of the rainbow, and children, almost as various, plunging in and out of the river like water-dogs or mud-larks—he could not conceal his admiration, but laughed outright.

He was not left long to his contemplations, however; for the sea-port of a West Indian colony has as many volunteers of all sorts as Dublin itself. A score of blacks were ready to assist him with his luggage, and at least a dozen of free negresses and mulattoes had baskets of the best fruit in the world. He might have had a wheelbarrowful for sixpence, and the aid of a dozen Sambos for an insignificant compliment in copper. Neglecting these advantages, Vivian made the best of his way to the house of the Mynheer Schlachenbrüchen, the Fleming, which was well known to all the clamorous rogues on the quay. The merchant was not at home; having retired, as usual, to sleep at his plantation house, a few miles from town. Our hero, however, was received, with slow and formal respect, by his principal clerk, Hans Wassel, a strange figure, somewhat in the shape of a cone, that had originally sprung up (and almost struck root) somewhere near Ghent or Bruges. Holding Vivian's credentials at arms' length, this "shape" proceeded to decypher the address of the letter through an enormous pair of iron spectacles. In due time he appeared to detect the hand-writing of the London correspondent; for he breathed out, "Aw! Mynheer Franz Greffulhe!" and proceeded to open a seal as big as a saucer, and investigate the contents. These were evidently satisfactory; for he put on a look of benevolence, and welcomed the new-comer (who was announced as Mr. Vernon) to Stabroek. "You will take a schnap?" enquired he, with a look which anticipated an affirmation. "As soon as you please," replied Vivian; to which the other retorted with another "Aw!" and left the room with something approaching to alertness, in order to give the necessary orders.

The ordinary domestics of the Fleming were much more rapid in their movements; for Vivian had scarcely time to look round and admire the neatness of the room, when a clatter at the door compelled him to turn his eyes to that quarter. He saw a lively-looking black come in, with a large pipe of curious construction and a leaden box containing tobacco, followed close by his co-mate Sambo, (another "nigritude,') who bore, in both hands, a huge glass, almost as big as a punch-bowl, filled to the brim with true Nantz, tempered, but not injured, by a small portion of water. Sambo appeared justly proud of his burthen, which he placed on the table in its original state of integrity; for, after looking for a moment lovingly at the liquid, he turned round to Vivian, and said, exultingly, "Dere, massa!"

But we will not detain the reader with any detail of our hero's movements on his arrival in the colony, excepting one or two, which have direct reference to our present narrative. He was introduced to Mynheer Schlachenbrüchen and his wife, each of whom, were our limits larger, might fairly lay claim to commemoration. As it is, we must pass them by, and content ourselves with stating the fact of their (the merchant, at all events) treating Vivian with more consideration than his ostensible rank demanded, and introducing him to their acquaintance. The person, however, into whose society Vivian was more especially thrown, was a young girl, who performed the offices of governess, &c. &c. in the house of the Mynheer Schlachenbrüchen. The visitors of the family avoided her, as though she had the plague, (even the Mynheer himself preserved a distance); and the consequence was, that Vivian—

himself rather looked down upon by the colonial aristocracy—felt himself drawn nearer to the friendless girl, and assiduously cultivated her good opinion.

This, however, was not a thing to be easily attained. Sophie Halstein (for that was her name) had few of the qualities commonly ascribed to thriving governesses: she was, indeed, an acute-minded and even accomplished girl; but she was as little supple, demure, or humble, as Vivian himself. In fact, she received our hero's advances with indifferent cordiality at first; but the magic of sincerity will win its way; and they accordingly, at last, became excellent friends. The thing which surprised our hero the most was—how it was possible for the dull, gross, unenlightened blockheads of the colony to feel, or even affect, a disdain for one who was evidently so much their superior. At last, the truth came upon him: She was the child of—*a quadroon!* She was lovely, graceful, virtuous, intellectual, accomplished, modest,—a model for women; but she had a particle—(scarcely apparent, indeed, but still there *was* a particle or two)—a few drops of blood of a warmer tinge than what loiters through the pallid cheeks of an European: and hence she was visited by universal contempt.

"Ten thousand curses light on their narrow souls!" was Vivian's first exclamation. "She shall be my friend, my—my—sister. The senseless brutal wretches!—they little think that, under the mask of Vernon, the wealthiest of their tribe is amongst them, and that he respects the little Pariah beyond the whole of their swollen and beggarly race." A very short time was sufficient for him to form a determination to rescue the object of his admiration from her painful state of servitude. Not being accustomed, however, to deal with the delicacy of ladies, he plunged at once into the matter, with headlong rashness.

"You are badly off, Miss Halstein?" said Vivian to her, one morning, in his very bluntest tone.

"I do not complain, sir," replied she, coldly.

"I am sorry for you," said he, hesitatingly, "and would help you."

"Spare your pity," returned the lady: "we have neither of us much to thank Fortune for. Yet you are content, or seem so; and so also can I be. We will talk on another subject."

"S'death!" exclaimed the other, recollecting his incognito; "I had forgot. Pardon me—I was a fool. You will think me mad, with my offers of help, and my shew of pity; but it is not so: I am sane enough, and some of these days you shall confess it. Come,—will you not go with us up the river? We are to run up almost as far as The Sandhills to-morrow, to visit the Reynestein estate and the Palm-Groves, which belong to the rich Englishman, Vivian. Perhaps you were never there?"

"I was born there," was the reply; and it was somewhat tremulously uttered.

"Ha! then you will be delighted to visit the spot, no doubt. Did you know the late proprietor?"

"Too well," said she; "he was — a villain."

"How, madam—?" Vivian was forgetting himself again, at this attack on his uncle's memory: but he hastened to recover. "I mean the *last* owner," he resumed, "whose name was, I think,—Morson."

"I knew him, sir; and, as I have said, too well. Do you know by what luck it was that he obtained the Palm-Groves? No? Then I will tell you, sir. His predecessor was a careless, easy, and very old man. By a series of unforeseen reverses, by the failure of correspondents, and the roguery of friends, he became involved at last. All that he wanted, however, was a little money for present exigencies; with that, and a course of economy for a few years, he might have retrieved his broken fortunes. His most intimate friend and neighbour was this Morson. Who, then, was more likely than he to help him with a loan of money? He was rich and childless; but the old planter, whom I have spoken of, had one single child—a girl. Pity, therefore, as well as friendship, might move Morson to aid him in his extremity. And he *did* aid him—at least, he lent him money, at the instigation of his manager—"

"Seyton?" asked Vivian, interrupting her.

"Yes, Seyton," replied she, "who coveted the old planter's daughter for a wife, and who thought that, if the parent were ruined, his child would be glad of any refuge. He dreamed that she, who had interfered often between him and his victims, would forget all her old abhorrence, and unite her fate with that of the most barbarous tyrant that ever disgraced even a West Indian colony. Well, sir,—to end this tedious story—"

"It is most interesting to me," said Vivian—"deeply, deeply interesting;" and his glowing eyes and earnest attention were sufficient proofs that he spoke truly.

"Well, sir,—the end was, that Morson advanced the money; that Seyton intrigued with the slaves, and caused many of them to revolt and run away into the woods; and that the poor old man fell from trouble into want, and from want into absolute despair. His plantations were useless; his crops perished on the ground, for want of slaves; his mills and buildings were burnt by unknown hands; and finally, his hard and avaricious creditor, the relentess Morson, came upon him, and took possession of all his estates, for a debt amounting to one-sixth of their value. The old man"—Miss Halstein's voice shook at this part, and betrayed great agitation,—"The old man soon afterwards died, and his only child was cast upon the world to earn her bitter bread.—This is all, sir. I have given you the history of one-half of Mr. Vivian's property: perhaps the other" (she spoke this with some acrimony) "is held upon a similar tenure."

"God forbid!" said Vivian. "But Seyton?—Did he urge his suit?"

"He did, and was refused. And therefore it is (for he is a bad and revengeful man) that I am fearful of coming upon an estate of which he is, essentially, the master. In the absence of Mr. Vivian, his power is uncontrolled; and there is no knowing what claim he might urge against me. He once hinted that I was born a slave on the Palm-Grove estate, and, as such, belonged to his master—I, who am the own daughter of Wilhelm Halstein, to whom all, but a few years ago, belonged."

"*You!*" exclaimed our hero, "Are *you* the person whom Vivian intercepts? He shall do it no more. Rest content, Miss Halstein. Vivian is not the man to injure any one, and least of all yourself. Go with us to-morrow—I beg, I pray, that you will. I pledge my honour—my soul, that you shall not be a sufferer."

The lady still refused, however, and it was not till the old merchant (Schlachenbrüchen, to whom Vivian had spoken in the meantime) had also given his solemn promise to protect her, that she consented to go. She was a little surprised, indeed, at Vivian's urging the matter so vehemently; but as the merchant seconded his requests, she could not continue to refuse.

A row up the river Demerara,—past Diamond Point, to the Sandhills, need not call for any particular description. We will suppose that the party had arrived at the Palm-Grove estate, which the merchant (authorized by a power transmitted by Vivian from England) had come to overlook.

The party were introduced to Seyton, a ferocious looking man, of middle age, who, with a mixture of self-consequence and ambiguous civility, welcomed the merchant and his companions. He took no notice of Vivian, indeed, but when he saw Miss Halstein (who leant on our hero's arm) his eyes sparkled and his lip curled, and turning to the merchant, he said hastily, " Before you leave the estate, there is a point of some consequence that I must take leave to mention, respecting this young person :" and he touched her, as he spoke, with the point of the cane that he carried in his hand.

" Stand off, fellow ! " said Vivian, angrily, " another touch, or another insolent word, and I will lay you at my feet."

The other started, and examined our hero's appearance, cautiously and sullenly. He saw nothing, however, except an athletic figure and a resolute countenance, and retreated from collision with so formidable an opponent. He did not, however, retreat from his demand.

" Observe, Mynheer," said he, addressing the merchant once more — " I speak as the agent only of Mr. Vivian. This — gentleman will scarcely blame me for insisting on the rights of my principal."

" By no means — by no means," replied the merchant. " All in good time. We will talk of that, presently. In the mean time, we will look at the balances. After that, we will ask what your larder contains ; and then — for the rights you speak of. Eh, Mr. Vernon — is not that the way ?"

" Certainly, certainly," said Vivian. " Miss Halstein will leave all to you : I am quite sure that she may do so safely."

Two or three hours were sufficient to overlook the accounts, and to dispose of the refreshments, which were offered with some degree of parade to the visitors, at the expense of the estate. Vivian ate heartily, and without scruple, of the produce of his own property; and every thing unpleasant seemed forgotten, except by Miss Halstein, when the party (which had been augmented, as agreed upon, by the arrival of the Syndic, from Stabroek) prepared to go.

"Now," said Seyton, I must once more draw your attention to my demand. I claim this—lady, if you will,—as a slave. She was born on the estate, has never been made free, and belongs of right to my principal, Vivian."

"Bah! man," exclaimed the merchant; "I thought all that was past. Surely, good wine and excellent Nantz, must have washed all such bad thoughts out of your head. Come, let us go. Sophie, girl, take hold of Mr. Vernon's arm, and——"

"By your leave, it must not be so," said Seyton, imperatively. He rung a bell, and eight or ten black slaves appeared. "You are at liberty to go, gentlemen; but the lady remains with me. Have I not the law with me?" added he, addressing the Syndic.

That officer assented, adding, however, that all depended on the will of Vivian. The lady might, indeed, be entitled to her liberty; but until she proved her freedom, she must remain the property of the planter.

"That is sufficient," said Seyton, "I am Vivian's representative."

"Then I am lost," exclaimed Sophie.

"Pardon me," replied the Syndic, "Mr. Seyton is superseded. Mynheer, here, has the power of appointing a manager over this property. Besides which, Mr. Vivian himself has arrived at Stabroek—"

"Ha!"—said Seyton, "then no time is to be lost. Superseded or not, Mr. Vivian shall not lose his property. Do your duty, fellows," added he, addressing the slaves. "Seize upon that woman, in the name of your master, Vivian."

"Back, I say," said our hero, pulling out a brace of pistols, and pointing them towards the advancing negroes. "Back, men, and be wise. And you, Mr. Manager, or whatever you are,—take heed how you overstep your duty. Know, Sirrah, that your master does not think your false accounts the worst part of your bad history. Your cruelty to these poor slaves beneath you, has come to his ears; and for that he dismisses you his service. For your impudent and unfounded claim upon this lady, whom your master *loves*—

"What!" exclaimed Sophie: but the merchant restrained her surprise.

"Whom your master loves, wooes, and whom—if heaven is propitious (he says this doubtingly and humbly) he will win—For *this* atrocious insult there is no punishment great enough. Yet, if any attempt be made upon her, you shall at least be chastised to your heart's content. Be satisfied that I do not jest, and remain quiet."

"We are all armed, Mr. Seyton," said the merchant; "you had better let us depart quietly."

"She shall not go," replied Seyton, foaming with rage. "Once more seize upon her, men: seize upon her for your master, Vivian. Till he comes, I will be obeyed at least."

"*He is here!*" said Vivian, rushing between Sophie and her adversaries—"He is here: he overlooks you, and will punish you. Look, slaves, I AM VIVIAN,—*your master!* Obey me, as you value the liberty which every man on my estate shall have if he deserve it."

"What he says is true. This is, indeed, Mr. Vivian," said the merchant;—and the Syndic corroborated his tale. All was quiet in an instant. Yet Sophie Halstein still looked overcome. "What is this?" inquired the merchant: "You ought to be rejoiced."

"I am," she replied. "But,—Mr. Vivian, you have something to forget. Can you forgive me?"

"I cannot," answered Vivian; "unless with the Palm-Groves, (which from this moment is all your own), you take an incumbrance with it."

"And that is—?" said Miss Halstein, enquiringly.

"It is *myself*, Sophie," replied Vivian, tenderly. "Prithee, be generous; and think what a way I have wandered from home. Take pity on me, and give me shelter with you at the Palm-Groves."

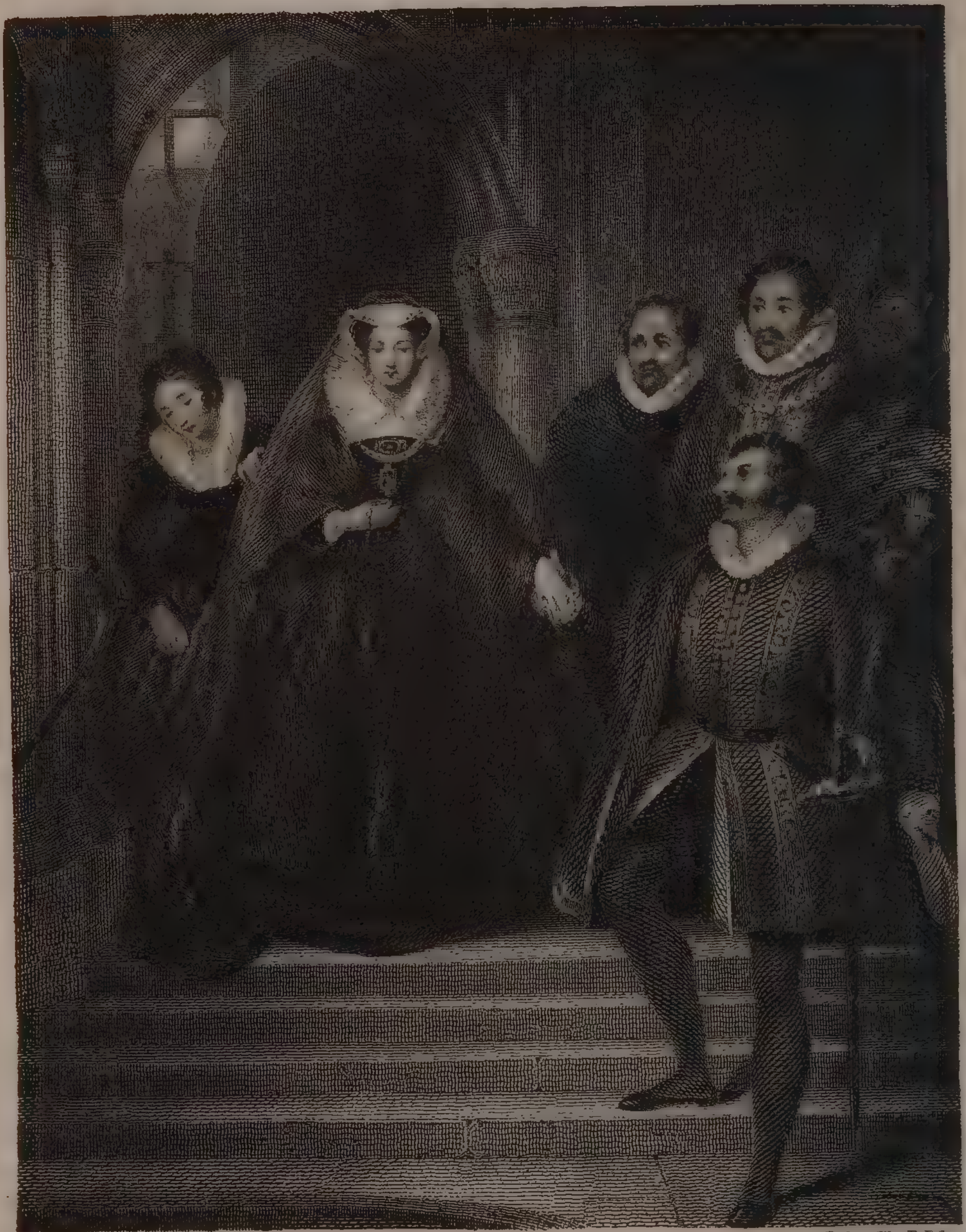
"We will talk of this hereafter," said Miss Halstein gently, and dropping her eyes upon the ground.

"What a strange lover he is," whispered the Syndic to the merchant.

"That is true enough;" answered the other. "Yet would I wager a grosschen that he succeeds. He is a fine, intrepid, persevering young fellow; and such men seldom fail in any thing that they set their hearts upon."

— The old merchant was a true prophet. For before three months had elapsed, the pretty Sophie became lawful mistress of the heart and household of Vivian. The Reynestein flourished; but the Palm-Groves became their home. In the course of time, the blacks on their estates were enabled, in pursuance of a system equally wise and generous, to emerge from the condition of bondmen; but they still remained as cultivators, attracted equally by kind treatment, and an equitable share of the profits of their labours.

" After all, — the greatest pleasure in the world," said Vivian, one day to his wife, " is *conferring* pleasure; and the greatest pleasure which one can confer, is to give *Freedom* to one's fellow-man."



Drawn by J. Stephanoff.

Engraved by R. Baker.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,
GOING FORTH TO EXECUTION.

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QUEEN MARY'S DEATH SONG.

I.

Now farewell, thou dungeon-wall!
Now farewell, thou dreary day!
Farewell terror, anguish, all
Inmates of this house of clay!
Farewell, world of tears and sighs,
On the scaffold Mary dies!

II.

Now farewell the memories sweet
France, of thy enchanted bowers!
Where the moments bright and fleet
Scattered all my path with flowers,
Ere the fatal diadem
Broke my youth's delicious dream.

III.

Now farewell the glittering throne!
Guarded by my liegemen bold,
By my father's valour won,
By my courtiers' baseness sold:
Better slumber in the grave
Than be cursed—a willing slave.

IV.

Now farewell, old Scotia's hills!
Dwellings of my warriors true;
Still I hear your murmuring rills,
Still I see your summits blue;
Scotland! would your Queen had died
Ere a stranger's realm she tried.

V.

Now farewell, my clansmen all!
Ready still by flood and field,
In the scaffold's sable pall,
On the battle's broken shield:
Oh, to hear your charging roar,
Like the ocean on the shore!

VI.

Now farewell, my nobles true!
Who, beneath the lion-vane,
When your Sovereign's trumpet blew,
Rushed from mountain and from main,
Like the war-horse when his ears
Catch the clashing of the spears.

VII.

Farewell, too, thou evil one!
Woman, sister, but in name!
Not this scaffold for thy throne,
Not this sorrow for thy fame,
Not this hour of misery,
Would I change for thine or thee.

VIII.

There the gloomy headsman stands,
There the block, the sharp-edged steel —
Yet a moment, and those hands
All my agonies shall heal:
Yet one bitter moment done,
And my martyr's crown is won.

IX.

Son and people, in this hour
Have ye left me to my doom!
Go, ye slaves of pride and power!
When like me ye see the tomb,
May ye by the scourge be driven!
— No, forgive their treason, Heaven!

X.

Now farewell, earth, sun and skies!
Soon this weary heart shall sleep —
No! — In humble hope to rise
Where the eye no more shall weep,
Where all errors are forgiven,
Mary's spirit soars to heaven.

XI.

King of Glory! who canst read
Where the eye of earth is blind,
King of Glory! who did'st bleed
On the tree for lost mankind,
Take the sinner to thy throne:
Saviour! now thy will be done.

ARATUS.

I SHALL THINK OF IT EVER

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

I.

I shall think of it ever,
The day when thy hand
Waved adieu to the watcher
Who wept on the strand:
My sole-cherished treasure
The giddy bark bore,
As it flew like a fleet-pinioned
Dove from the shore!

II.

There was gladness in heaven,
And greenness on earth,—
The flowers flushed with beauty,
The birds full of mirth—
But the glory that Nature
Around me had shed,
Was as red roses wreathing
The brow of the dead.

III.

At noon sailed the vessel;
Till sunset I lay,
Giving sighs to the breezes,
And tears to the bay:
Till the moon's silent footstep
Stole over the main,
To the cold-hearted city
I turned not again.

IV.

And other days followed
As fervent as this,
And both fondly promised
Renewal of bliss.
Still lives my affection,
Still lovely art thou—
And ne'er shall I call thee
Untrue to thy vow.

V.

Well I know in that bosom
Deceit could not be—
'Twas the world proved the traitor
To Mary and me.
It chained me far distant,
Her chaplet it wove,
Which mocked at the altar
The emblem of love.

VI.

Though thou now art another's,
Who should'st have been mine,
Yet be Heaven's best blessings
On thee and on thine!
If there's one whom I name not,
It is not from hate;
If he love thee, I blame not—
My feud be with fate!

VII.

To that fate, unrepining,
I'd bend—if on high
It sprang from the wisdom
Which rules earth and sky;
But the fond and the fitted
Are doomed by a plan,
Decreed by the pettiest
Passions of man.

VIII.

'Mid the calm of this moment
I feel what I've lost—
And I cannot help grieving
O'er hopes rudely crossed.
All the peace of the present
I'd give for the pain
Of that parting, while dreaming
I'd clasp thee again!

MAY MORN SONG.

BY W. MOTHERWELL.

I.

The grass is wet with shining dews,
Their silver bells hang on each tree —
While opening flower and bursting bud
Breathe incense forth unceasingly.
The mavis pipes in greenwood shade,
The throstle glads the spreading thorn,
And cheerily the blithesome lark
Salutes the rosy face of morn.
'Tis early prime,
And, hark! hark! hark!
His merry chime
Chirrups the lark!
Chirrup! chirrup! He heralds in
The jolly sun with matin hymn.

II.

Come, come, my love, and May-dews shake
In pailfuls from each drooping bough;
They'll give fresh lustre to the bloom
That breaks upon thy young cheek now.

O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wood,
Aurora's smiles are streaming free;
With earth it seems brave holiday,
In heaven it looks high jubilee.
And it is right,
For mark love, mark!
How, bathed in light,
Chirrups the lark!
Chirrup! chirrup! he upwards flies,
Like holy thoughts to cloudless skies.

III.

They lack all heart who cannot feel
The voice of heaven within them thrill,
In summer morn, when mounting high
This merry minstrel sings his fill.
Now let us seek yon bosky dell,
Where brightest wild-flowers choose to be,
And where its clear stream murmurs on,
Meet type of our love's purity.
No witness there —
And o'er us, hark!
High in the air
Chirrups the lark!
Chirrup! chirrup! away soars he,
Bearing to heaven my vows to thee.

PATTY CONWAY.

A Story of Irish Life.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

> "And now she works her mammie's wark,
> And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
> Yet wist not what her ail might be,
> Or what wad mak' her weel again." *Burns.*

"God brake hard fortune afore any honest man's child!" exclaimed my worthy friend, Abel Conway—as he drew the back of his hand over his eyes, and turned to enter his own farm-house—which, *at first sight*, more resembled an English than an Irish dwelling. The windows were clean and entire; the thatch was neatly mended; the fronting free from dunghill; and, above all, the pigs were carefully enclosed in a strongly built sty.

So much for "the lights"—now for "the shadows." The windows were ill set; the door hung awkwardly upon its hinges; there were no flowering shrubs, of sly patches of woodbine and roses, clinging in helpless beauty to the walls; and the pigs were loudly remonstrating against the injustice of condemning them to confinement. By the way, the difference of *piggish* manners in the two countries is very amusing: an English pig is a staid, sober animal, satisfied with limited boundaries, and of a quiet sort of half grumbling temperament; the Irish species is active, dirty, and bustling—a lover and talker of liberty—a sworn foe to bounds and order—and everlastingly revelling in mischief and dirty water.

Abel Conway did not approve of these dispositions in his swinish multitude, and, certainly, his farm-yard looked all the better for it. It displayed a considerable portion of rural wealth, in oaten, barley, and wheaten stacks, flanked by two substantial turf ricks, and sundry sheds. Three cows were amusing themselves in plucking the hay from a long, irregular hay-rack; while the young and interesting girl who ought to have been occupied in milking them, was leaning over the gate that led into an adjoining paddock, her pail and three-legged stool lying at her feet, and her face buried in her hands, while her throbbing bosom plainly told that she was violently agitated. It was in vain that her mother—the comely and kindly Stacey Conway—endeavoured to render her the consolation which she herself evidently needed; the maiden only shook her head at intervals, and listened on in silence. Two or three younger children were grouped near the house, apparently ignorant of the cause, and yet unwilling to pursue their pastime, because those they loved were unhappy. I was grieved to see that the weeping girl was no other than my especial favourite, pretty Patty Conway, oft-times the humble, but intelligent, companion of my sea-side wanderings—a merry, but, withal, a gentle girl—a creature formed by Nature as if to shew how contradictions might not only mingle but harmonize.

Patty was, by turns, gay and sad, sportive and sedate, tender and severe—a maid of many moods, but not of many minds, for her affections (however her rainbow humours might occasionally tint them) had long been fixed upon Edward Lavery; and it was the current report of the village, that as soon as somebody or other (I believe, his uncle) died, he would be rich enough to claim the hand of pretty Patty Conway. I was interested in the progress of this love affair, having most certainly discovered the cause of the occasional fits of absence, awkwardness, and shyness, with which my humble friend became afflicted; and I certainly regarded the entire family, including even little Blaney (most troublesome of cur-dogs), with too much interest not to sympathise with their sorrow.

Without farther ceremony, I entered the cottage; and observed that Abel was seated inside the chimney, on an ancient high-backed settle, his youngest boy clinging to his knee. The father appeared perfectly unconscious of his caresses, for his eyes were fixed upon the curling steam that issued from an iron pot of boiling potatoes; his middle finger, meanwhile, continued almost mechanically stuffing a short pipe with tobacco, although any one might have perceived that the pipe was as full as it could possibly be.

"Good even, Aby."——(no reply.) "Aby, a kind good even to you."

"Och, my lady, is it you? I ax yer pardon—Bat, darlint," (to the child), "keep from under my feet, agra! Sure, I'm always proud to see ye—sit down, if you plaze, Madam—not with your back to the door, alanah! for fear of the air—here, now, is a clean chair for ye, any how." Abel, with genuine politeness, took off the bob-wig which partially covered a quantity of curling dark hair, and with it carefully dusted the offered seat; then, replacing the caxon on his head, leaned his back against the dresser, and crossed his feet, evidently at a loss how to commence the conversation.

"I hope, Aby, nothing has occurred to make my young friend, Patty, unhappy?—I saw her, crying very bitterly; and, as she is a favourite of mine, I thought"—

"God bless you, my lady; I hope you'll forgive me for interrupting you: sure, it's the height o' kindness, yer taking notice of my girl, at all at all—not but she's a good creature as iver broke bread—only a little—(I ax yer pardon, Ma'm, honey! sure, it's yerself knows it's the truth I am telling)—the least bit, like all faymale women, fond of having her own way. But, why?—that's the luck that's afore every man, whin he enters into the holy state o' matrimony, to be contradicted—you understand—and, tho' we see it straight forenint us, we think, whin we're batchelors, that, whin we marry, we'll manage the wives and daughters as asy as kiss my hand; but, God help us! it all finishes the same as in the ancient time of Adam—the women get the lead of us; and, in regard of obadience, and all that, upon my conscience, it's myself thinks it's worse they're getting, instead o' better."

"I am sorry to find you entertain so bad an opinion of us, Aby."

"Is it me? Och, Ma'am, honey, if you plaze, don't lay the colour o' that to me. Sure, I'm an Irishman, and my father and mother were so before me; and would'nt it be unnatural for me not to love and honour all womankind, handsome or ugly, rich or poor, the foreigner or one's own. 'Bad opinion!' Sure, I'd die, with all the veins o' my heart, tin times every day of my life, rather nor see a woman in trouble. And that young slip outside—let alone her mother—knows it; so she does, or, I'm thinking, she would'nt take on so."

"But what is the cause, good Abel?"

"That's just what I'm coming to, if you plaze, my lady. You see—that is, you know—it was Patty's *luck* to meet that young wild high-larned chap, Neddy Lavery at every hand's turn; and her luck, I suppose, to pick up with him, contrary—"

"Abel Conway"—I interrupted, looking gravely at him, "what do you mean by saying it was Patty's luck?"

"Annan!" exclaimed the farmer, scratching his puzzled pate, evidently not prepared for the question.

"What do you mean," I repeated, "by Patty's luck?"

"Is it her luck!—Why her luck—sure ye'r sinsible,* my lady—what's before her, ye know; the Lord save us!" And he crossed himself devoutly.

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* You understand.

"Do you mean," I persisted, "what she cannot avoid?"

"Jist thin—that's it, sure enough—I b'lieve—." The last opinion he added doubtingly.

"If so, Aby, of course it would be unjust to be angry with my young friend, for what she could not help."

"Could'nt help!" repeated the farmer, somewhat angrily, "I did'nt say she could'nt help it, did I?"

"You said it was her luck, which you have just confessed means what is unavoidable; the same thing as not being able to help it, you know."

"Yer fine English 's too much for me," he replied, smiling good-humouredly; "I dont quite understand you, I think."

"Perhaps Patty was encompassed by a spell, which obliged her to meet Edward," I said gravely.

"You've spoke the true word, my lady—a spell, sure enough—the spell o' love, I suppose: the plague's own spell over the girls, it is—every day's bad luck to it, for bothering 'em! and, what's more, all belonging to them!"

Abel was too intent on Patty's affairs to permit my entering into a disquisition which I had long meditated, concerning his favourite tenet of "luck." The Irish peasant, without understanding the term, are almost, without an exception, predestinarians, and it requires both tact and temper to encounter them. They have a very provoking way of gaining a victory, (which they call settling an argument), by some *jeu de mot*, or sharp saying, which throws their adversary off guard, and invariably causes a laugh, in which lies more than the half of Paddy's triumph. A true Irish laugh is the most irresistible thing in the world:—how different from the rigid, prudent, sort of muscular movement which occasionally disarranges the stiff mouth of an Englishman, in which the eyes bear no part, and which creates no sympathy; whereas, the laugh of my dear countrymen is the veritable music of Momus—it will not be controuled. Heaven preserve unto them their light-heartedness! say I—they have little else to cheer them on life's pilgrimage; their green hills are covered by the rich man's flocks, while *they* perish around him; their fertile valleys are beautiful to look upon, and yield abundant harvests—yet, to taste of the produce of the land is denied the hard-working labourer; their glorious harbours, in which the argosies of many lands ride in riches and in safety; the wave that, as it sparkles on their shore, might truly say—

> "Bright wealth on my wings, for a hundred kings,
> From the sea's blue mine I bring;
> The loveliest glare that slumbers there
> I waft like a waking thing—
> While I strew the strands with diamond sands,
> And to beauty a pearl I fling." *

And even—but, alas! this digression has nothing to do with my story. So, craving my reader's pardon for the undue indulgence of my rambling propensities, and promising (if possible) to keep on in a straight-forward way—I will, as an atonement, relate, in fewer words than it was told unto me, the cause of the commotion in Abel Conway's household.

* Laman Blanchard.

It must be confessed that the farmer, (an extraordinarily prudent person, for an Irish man), had, from the first, disapproved of Edward Lavery as a son-in-law; not that he could assign any specific reason for disliking the young man, but there were certain symptoms of wildness about him, which Conway feared might grow into unsteadiness. To confess the truth, the youth was somewhat careless in matters of business, was fonder of hurling than of farming, and had unfortunately a poetical talent, of which he was not a little vain; this vanity, however, was tolerably restrained until, in an unlucky moment, one of his songs, called "The Irish Hunt," found its way into an obscure county paper; and Edward's mother, in the pride of her heart, and with what her neighbours called "dacent spirit," had the whole paper framed, glazed, and hung in all the dignity of glass and gold over the large oak table! This was, perhaps, natural enough, but it certainly did not improve the humility of Edward's demeanour, while it greatly impeded the course of his true love; for Mr. Conway was heard to declare, "that no young man who would give his mind to turning words through one another, after such a useless fashion, could ever come to good; and that it was ten times worse than setting up for a gentleman." Fortunately for the young people, Mrs. Conway was of a different opinion from her husband. She liked the young man for the very qualities that had given rise to the worthy farmer's disapprobation; declared, "that he came o' dacent people — that he had a good many of the makin's of a gentleman about him — that the best wine bubbled the most at first, &c. &c. and finally, that he was just the fit husband for Patty."

This difference of opinion created, if not positive storms, certainly rough breezes in the family. Stacey would wrangle and talk, advise, and declare, until she worked Conway (no difficult task either) into a passion; then the woman, wise and wife-like, would let him stamp and swear until he was out of breath and absolutely tired; then she would judiciously recommence, exaggerate all he had said, call him cruel and unkind, speak of her own worthiness and his demerits, touch him upon the tender subject, in her own peculiar way—the loves of their past lives,—appeal to him as the father of her children not to make her and them unhappy by his obstinacy,—and conclude her harrangue with a shower of tears, which last had the desired effect. Abel of course apologized—gave up the point —until some fresh visit from the lover, some token discovered, or some village chat, renewed his animosity, and his wife's defence; then another debate followed on his part, with another resignation. Abel's humility on these occasions would really be a useful lesson how to manage a tyrannical John Bull.

It so occurred, that after one of these little domestic disturbances on the very evening to which my tale relates, farmer Conway had gone, for the benefit of the cool air and comfort, to "Paddy Murphy's Public." Just as he had finished his nice tumbler of punch, and laid down the scarcely legible London paper, that had been in constant request for three weeks at least, who should enter the region of whiskey, but "bothered Nancy Fay." Now be it known, that "bothered" signifies deaf; and Nancy was a little old cranky "bothered" woman, who travelled the country in the quality of a goose-plucker, and consequently news-vender to sundry parishes. She was an extraordinary-looking being, not more than four feet two or three inches in height, with a cunning sharp countenance, a lame leg, and a strong affection for whiskey. The feathers, which she either bought or stole, were contained in a blue cloak, sewed into a sack, and when this was strapped across her shoulders, she appeared like a misshapen roll of cloth, moving upon two red spindles, and getting forward on her journey by a swinging sort of movement, rather than a regular walk; the feather bale swelled over her blackened straw hat, and the smoke which curled into the air as it proceeded from her cutty pipe, gave her appearance a most ludicrous effect to those who followed her ambling footsteps.

"God save all here!" she ejaculated, as, raising herself on the points of her toes, she unfastened the strap, and permitted the blue sack to rest on the board that served, in the economical apartment of Mister Paddy Murphy, for both dresser and counter.

"Och Nancy, is that you," responded the kind hearted Conway, at the same time filling out a glass of Irish poison; "here's something to drive the could out of ye — the stuff that's the rale heart's blood of the country: take it, agra! and tell us the news."

She deliberately finished "the cappar," and fixing her little grey Munster eyes upon Abel, replied, "God's blessing be about ye, and the blessing o' the saints, and my blessing to the back of it, Mister Aby; and sure you'r in luck's way this fine evening; for I heard for sartain, (and she lowered her voice confidentially,)—"I heard for sartain, that Ned Lavery, the high-go chap, that thought so much of himself and his bits of varses, 'listed with the red-coats in Taghmore, and 's going to quit entirely for foreign parts. So now, astore, ye'll have yer own way for onst, in yer own house."

Abel literally sprang from his seat. If Edward had indeed enlisted, he certainly was likely to have, what Nancy had maliciously insinuated—his own way; but, perhaps, at that moment, victory was the last thing he thought of. The feeling that he had not done justice to Edward's good qualities, and had exaggerated his bad ones, was, perhaps, the first he could define, of the many that crowded his mind: how would poor Patty bear such a cruel desertion? what would his agony, as a father, be, if his own son were to enlist? When, in some degree, he conquered his agitation, he loudly and eagerly inquired where Nancy had gained her information.

"Is it where I *hard* it, astore?—Sit down, agra! and I'll tell ye. You see"—

"Thunder and ages!" interrupted Conway; "tell me, out o' the face, and don't squat there, like an ould goose—spake up, and at onst, ye bothered keener!"

Deaf as old Nancy certainly was, she fully understood the purport of this elegant oration: her little nose assumed a purply tint, and her grey eyes blinked and twinkled with spitefulness and passion.

"May the Dickons himself be at the trouble of fetching me, Aby Conway, if I say a word more about it to-night, till yer out of the house. I tould ye, for yer own good, what I was full sure ye'd be glad to hear; and thin ye turn as savage as a pluck't gander, for nothin' at all!—'Bothered keener, agra!' if I'm bothered, may-be there's other people blind! Find out for yerself, if it consarns ye. Or go down and ax yer dilicate daughter," she added, grinning; "I jist stept in, on my way, and tould her."

"Nancy, ye've no more feeling than yer ould bag," exclaimed the farmer, at the same time kicking the feather pouch with so much violence, that, in a moment, a cloud of grey and white down mixed with the smoke, and thickened the atmosphere—while Conway added, "The next cappar of whiskey ye get from me, to be sure ye'll drink it."

"Is it throwing yer dirty, weak, trash o' spirits in my face, ye are?" retorted Nancy, springing up like a fairy fury; "there it's back for ye," she continued, flinging a penny at his feet; "d'ye think I'm going to be behoulden to the likes o' you?"

Conway, perfectly aware that no good could be got of the "cankered weazel," while she remained in that humour, retreated, under the commingled cloud of smoke and goose-down; but the sounds of "My beautiful feathers! I'll make him pay for it!" followed him, even after Nancy had carefully picked up the penny which, in her indignation, she had flung before him.

When Abel arrived at his own home, Patty could not afford him any additional information. Nancy only said, that she heard Edward had enlisted, and was to march with the soldiers the next morning. "Father, dear father!—if you would only go and see—jist find him out," sobbed the poor girl, as she hid her face on her father's shoulder. "If you would only find him out—and tell him"—

"That you're dying for him?"—interrupted the father, pushing her roughly from him.

"Not that," she replied, drawing herself up, in all the pure and conscious dignity of maiden modesty—"not *that*, father. Many years have we gathered the same flowers, walked in the same sunshine, and danced, heart and feet, to the same music: you thought to put the couldness between us, jist as the briar parts the wild primroses, that grow from the same seed, on the hill-side. It is done now, I suppose; and you meant it for good; but all I wanted was—jist to hear his own voice say, 'Good bye, Patty—' and, may be, 'God bless ye!' Father, that was all!"—and she burst into an uncontrolled flood of tears.

"Me ax *him* to bid *you* good bye—*you* that's far too good for him," said Aby, much moved, "whin he knew ye loved him? I'd suffer the heart to be tore out o' my body first! Lower a child o' mine in that way! If he's bent on going, let him go."

"It's easy to say, 'let him go,' ye hard-hearted Neabudcadneazar of a man—and it's all along *your* fault," ejaculated Mrs. Conway.

"My fault!" repeated the husband, lifting up his hands, despairingly: "For God's sake, woman, what had I to do with his 'listing? Och meal-a-murder! the blessing and purtection of the Holy Saints be about me entirely!—and what had I to do with it?"

So saying, Aby turned from the hay-yard to enter his dwelling, but could not avoid casting a "lingering look behind," when the sight of his darling child, bitterly weeping on her mother's bosom, drew forth the simple and touching Irish exclamation that I overheard, "God brake hard fortune afore any honest man's child!"

When the worthy man had told me what I have related after my own fashion, I requested permission to go to the hay-yard, and prevail upon my young friend to enter the house.

She accepted my arm, with a stupid, unconscious look, and sat down, apparently without exercising any will of her own: she took no part in the conversation that succeeded, and her swollen eyes were fixed on the ground. Her mother endeavoured to entertain me with the usual topics of country conversation, but the effort was too plainly visible, too feeble, too slight, to veil the mental anguish under which she suffered. Abel stood in his old position, glancing occasionally at his daughter, with a mingled expression of stern and tender feeling, that was at once both comic and tragic.

Suddenly, a footstep approached the door—it was evidently a known sound to the sorrowing girl, for she sprang forward, and, at the same moment, fell perfectly senseless into the arms of Edward Lavery. Various exclamations followed—and to the general question of "Are ye 'listed?" he answered, "No, nor sich a thing niver came across me." As Patty recovered, she passed her hand listlessly over Edward's coat, as if to ascertain what alteration it had undergone: a feeble smile passed over her countenance, on finding that his dress was unchanged; and her eye, which still appeared filled with tears, rested for a moment on his hat—when, turning towards her mother, she released herself from his support, and said, "No cockade—no soldier!"

"Before another word is spoke," observed Conway, "I jist want to spake myself:—Edward Lavery,—you have that in your keeping—and I can't but say I'm sorry for it—that gould nor silver could'nt buy, and that is, the pure and sunny heart of Patty Conway! There, child, don't go for to deny it—though it's my firm belief, now that I'm for ye, yer mother will turn to the other side, jist by way of a change. There is no use in keeping the hand when the heart's gone; and whether your uncle lives or dies, sure I've enough for both. But be kind to her, Ned—be kind to my girl; and remember, that a cool look, much more a cool word, is a blight, a bitter blight, to woman's love. I will niver gainsay it more—ye have both my blessing and my consint."—Edward and Patty fell at his feet—and, amid tears of joy and tenderness, the old people pronounced an earnest blessing over the trembling pair.

"How could that ould limmer make up sich a story?" said Stacey Conway, wiping her eyes, for the twentieth time, with the corner of her checked apron.

"God bless her for it, the poor sarpint," replied Edward, "for it's ended well for me; and sure, Patty, 'tis only manners for ye, to ax her the Lady to the"—Patty placed her hand on his mouth, which prevented his finishing the sentence.

"It must ha' come thro' this," proceeded Edward—the sargent's a first cousin o' my mother's half-brother's wife, and, out o' good nature, he trated me at Mick Luke's house; and while I was sitting there, in came Katty Flin, the ould gossip, and she began telling the misthress how Bothered Nancy was plucking the geese, and was to pay her so much a-piece for them—'but,' says she, 'for fear she'd pluck the goslins, the craturs, that's green yet, and their skin as tinder as May-butter, whin my back's turned, I'd better go watch.' 'Do,' says I, glad to get sight of her back, 'and tell her I'm 'listed.' "

Patty Conway and Edward Lavery were married the very next week, and a merry wedding they had. The bridegroom gladdened his father-in-law's heart, by taking an oath against poetry; and Patty presented to her husband's mother a beautiful sampler, which, when framed and glazed, made an admirable companion to the "Irish Hunt."

SIBERIAN SCENERY.

BY DELTA.

[From Ivaschkin, a MS. Tale.]

——— MEADOW and moor were passed,
And we entered a boundless plain at last,
Savage and wild, the sullen breeze
At night-fall sighed among stunted trees,
Where the wolf, alarmed at our passing sound,
Sprang from his lair with a savage bound.
And up came the small stars, fitfully seen
The rifts of the floating clouds between ;
While darkness, like a demon, placed
His gigantic shadow across the waste.
And on we marched, till the northern light
Rose glimmering forth to illumine night,
Darting up to the zenith grey,
In transient flashes, its fiery play.

* * * * *

Our calendar was Nature's; for when
The larch tree feathered in the glen,
And the gilinots screamed, and woodcocks crew,
And morning grass was pearled with dew,
We knew 'twas spring; and saw, at morn,
'Mid the rye-fields young, the roe-buck's horn.
Then the fisherman sought the streams; the hare
Joined his flock, and travelled for southern air,
Or followed the track of the setting day,
O'er mountain and moss-vale, away — away.
On the heights, at times, the wild horse stood
With his chesnut forelock towards the wood,
And a sentinel eye, — while the feeding mass
Of his troop beneath cropped the tender grass,—
Lest the Kalmuc with his lance should dart
On fiery barb from the forest's heart.

Summer's brief sun-months ended, then
Snow-tempests whitened o'er glade and glen;
With desolate murmur, the polar breeze
Through live-long day moaned amid the trees,—
The trees underneath whose night-fall shade
A home the wandering Mongol made,
Reddening black darkness with the flame
That up from the crackling branch-fire came;
While the Uhr-ox, startled from his lair,
Might be noted in flight amid the glare,
Which o'ermantled in one lurid glow
The clouds above and the wilds below.
And then, too, when the world seemed lost,
And life extinct in the gripe of frost,

Around our shieling-roofs flocked at morn
The snow-birds far on ice-winds borne,
Filling the air with rejoicing cries,
In the chill of their loved Tartarian skies.

Alas! when our desolate gaol was gained,
Scarcely a third of our band remained;
Buried in never-thawing ground,
At judgment-day unchanged to be found;
Or left on the frost-bound hills a prey
To the famished wolves that tracked our way:
Luckiest they to whom death was dealt,
They felt not the wretchedness we have felt!

* * * * *

He could not endure this sickening chill,
This desolate tone of the desert still;
His thoughts were ever far away,
Where crowds resort and man's heart is gay:
So pine he did, and rapidly too,
As before meridian suns the dew
Is drunken up,—or as thirsting flowers
Wither in parched and rainless bowers.
—He turned an angler—but the time
Passed drowsily o'er in that cheerless clime,
As with a sorrowful heart he stood,
And listless gazed by the lapsing flood.
—He sought a quarry from Yenkate's steep,
Or by Obir's side, down in snow-glens deep;
The hare from his couch of fern awoke;
Or on the fox in his slumbers broke;

Or the timid ermine across the waste
With his dog a day-long journey traced.
—Ah, nought to his vacant soul could bring
The bliss and bloom of its vanished spring!
Ah, nought his gloom could chase, or cheer
The pleasureless lot of the wanderer!
—At length the man, whose name had come
To the world, as if with trump and drum
His fame were heralded—and had bled,
Leading Muscovy's troops to Honour's bed,
Or Victory's shrine—when, with gun and sword,
The smoke-clouds gloomed aloft, and gored
Was earth,—betook him to nursing flowers.
'Twas vain; all drearily lagged the hours:
For he was one, whose unsleeping mind
Sought not repose or could not find;
And though his brow scarce a token told,—
Like Tartar tombs of their buried gold,—
Yet, as rusts the blade within the sheath,
The canker of misery raged beneath;
And scarcely four brief months were fled,
When, worn, he lay on his dying bed;
His sunken cheek and his hollow eye,
Prophetic of drear mortality!

I KNOW THOU HAST GONE.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

I.

I know thou hast gone to the home of thy rest,—
  Then why should my soul be so sad!—
I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,
  And the mourner looks up and is glad!
Where love has put off, in the land of its birth,
  The stains it had gathered in this,
And hope—the sweet singer that gladdened the earth—
  Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss!

II.

I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starred
  With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
  Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal;—
I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe that flows
  Through a land where they do not forget,
That sheds over memory only repose,
  And takes from it only regret!

III.

In thy far-away dwelling, wherever it be,
  I believe thou hast visions of mine,
And the love that made all things a music to me
  I yet have not learnt to resign;—
In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,
  Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
  And my spirit lies down and is still!

IV.

Mine eye must be dark—that so long has been dim—
  Ere again it may gaze upon thine,
But my heart has revealings of thee and thy home,
  In many a token and sign!—
I never look up, with a vow, to the sky,
  But a light like thy beauty is there,
And I hear a low murmur like thine, in reply,
  When I pour out my spirit in prayer!

V.

And though—like a mourner that sits by a tomb—
  I am wrapped in a mantle of care,
Yet the grief of my bosom—oh! call it not *gloom!*—
  Is not the black grief of despair:—
By sorrow revealed—as the stars are by night—
  Far off a bright vision appears,
And hope—like the rainbow, a creature of light,—
  Is born—like the rainbow—from tears!

A BIRTH-DAY BALLAD.

(Addressed to Eugenie Sulivan.)

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

Thou art plucking spring roses, Génie,
And a little red rose art thou,
Thou hast unfolded to day, Génie,
Another bright leaf, I trow;
But the roses will live and die, Génie,
Many and many a time,
Ere thou hast unfolded quite, Génie,—
Grown into maiden prime.

Thou art looking now at the birds, Génie,
But O do not wish their wing!
That would only tempt the fowler, Génie,
Stay thou on earth and sing;
Stay in the nursing nest, Génie,
Be not soon thence beguiled,
Thou wilt ne'er find a second, Génie,
Never be twice a child.

Thou art building towers of pebbles, Génie—
  Pile them up brave and high;
And leave them to follow a bee, Génie,
  As he wandereth singing by:
But if thy towers fall down, Génie,
  And if the brown bee is lost,
Never weep—for thou must learn, Génie,
  How soon life's schemes are crost.

Thy hand is in a bright boy's, Génie,
  He calls thee his sweet wee wife,
But let not thy little heart think, Génie,
  Childhood the prophet of life;—
It may be life's minstrel, Génie,
  And sing sweet songs and clear,
But minstrel and prophet now, Génie,
  Are not united here.

What will thy future fate be, Génie?
  Alas! shall I live to see!
For thou art scarcely a sapling, Génie,
  And I am a moss-grown tree!
I am shedding life's leaves fast, Génie—
  Thou art in blossom sweet—
But think betimes of the grave, Génie,
  Where young and old oft meet.

May 31*st*, 1830.

CHILDHOOD.

BY MISS EMILY TAYLOR.

I LOVE to bid myself adieu, with all the motley train
Of hopes and fears and fancies thick, and be a child again:
To hear the simple voice proclaim at once the spirit's thought,
Is it not worth a long, long tale, with utmost labour wrought?

The joyous, cheaply purchased mirth, belief so quickly won,
Complete oblivion of the day, when once its work is done;
The free, unburthened strength of soul, given out each hour anew,
And springing up, as light as air, fresh objects to pursue.

But better still it is to win a child's confiding love,
Reposing in its perfect peace, as angels rest above;
Well may the guilty shrink to meet that undeservéd
trust,
But joy to him whose conscience says the childish
faith is just.

There are sweet musings stored for him, upon his
midnight bed;
Bright faces meet him in his dreams, and hover round
his head;
The spirit of a younger time leads on to latest years,
And childhood's gay and mirthful song is ever in his
ears.

Joy to him! Life to all around a cheerless waste may
seem,
A dream of heaven is in his heart—a bright prophetic
dream:
Who can destroy *his* bosom's peace, to whom that lot
is given
To feel his spirit peopled thus, and say, "OF SUCH IS
HEAVEN!"

I DREAMT LAST NIGHT.

I DREAMT last night that I was wandering lonely,
Through fields the fairest mortal eye could see—
'Twas summer evening, and the land-rail only
Discoursed to me.

Some secret spell did wile me onward ever—
O'er odour-breathing plants I passed, till nigh
Where a moon-lighted, serpentining river
Rolled gladsome by.

Down to the bank the willow boughs descended,
Shading a fragrant couch of freshest green,
'Round which wild roses of all tints were blended—
Love's blushing screen!

Upon the couch a lady lay, reclining,
As bright a lady as the blest earth knows—
And like to thee, in her young beauty shining,
As rose to rose.

That sweet creation of my sleep, resembling,
Twin-sister-like, mine own beloved maid,
Smiled a warm welcome that awoke me, trembling
Lest it should fade.

My dream is told; and now thou may'st discover
Wherefore, in twilight's shadows, I repine—
O, why should not this vision of thy lover
The truth divine!

W. K.

SONNET.

Oh, lady, will it break the brittle spell
That lingers round the scene where first we met,
If he whose heart is with his treasure set,
Cling to the passionate grief he cannot quell,
Feeling he loves 'not wisely but too well?'—
Oh! hearts grow old by feelings, not by years!
And are not fairest hopes bedewed by tears
Till *these* congeal within their crystal cell?
Lady, forgive me! and if these strange words
Strike vainly upon long, long silent chords,
Whose echoes die in vacancy—forget,
Or think of me as we had never met!—
The wounded hart must to the forest flee,
And fall without a witness save the greenwood-tree!

J. C. S.

THE HALT OF THE CARAVAN.

A Tale of Persia.

BY JAMES BAILLIE FRASER.

The sun was still more than an hour high in the western heavens, through the cloudless blue of which he had travelled the livelong day with unvarying brightness, shedding his fervid and almost intolerable beams upon a vast tract of arid and cheerless desert. The breeze which had arisen with him in the morning, and had accompanied his course throughout the day, was now dying away, as if in sympathy with his approaching departure; but many a column of light sand indicated where its lingering breath was yet felt; and the clouds of dust which it had set in motion during the hours of its strength, still hung in thick red haze around the whole horizon, filling the atmosphere with hot and fiery particles; while the grey surface of the ground glistened and undulated tremulously through the intensely heated air.

The only living objects that met the eye on this desolate yet sublime domain of inanimate nature, appeared in a caravan which held its slow and toilsome way along the waste. Numerous as it was, in this expanse of desert the lengthened column shewed but as a slender and brief line drawn at random on the brown sand — no unfitting emblem of the life of man, as contrasted with the illimitable duration of eternity.

The rays of the declining luminary tipped the tall camels and their riders with golden light; but the throng of travellers was, for the most part, concealed by the dense cloud of dust in which they moved, from whence the flashing of a spear point, or a matchlock glancing in the rich light, or a horseman emerging, as if to breathe a purer air, was all that occasionally betokened the character of the moving mass.

At the head of the column rode two persons, distant enough to be clear of the impenetrable cloud which it raised in its progress, but sufficiently close to be within call of those who formed its leading files. One of these was a grave personage, the deep-worn lines and darkened hue of whose countenance betrayed a long exposure to change of climate and of season, and whose intelligent expression proclaimed the observant visitor of many lands. His green turban marked him for a descendant of the Prophet, although it was partly hidden by a white cotton cloth thrown over it to defend the wearer's head from the scorching heat: and he wore a light-coloured Arab cloak above the dress appropriate to the more peaceful professions. He rode a stout ambling mule, harnessed in a manner which bespoke at once the wealthy and the experienced traveller.

The appearance and equipment of his companion was of a very opposite description. He bestrode a large and bony horse, more remarkable for strength and firmness of muscle than for beauty or symmetry of form. A pair of large pistols protruded their butt ends from the faded velvet holsters in front of his saddle; two small joals or travelling bags were hung before him, so as nearly to conceal the rider's knees as he sat; and the numuds which covered his steed, when at its pickets, together with his sleeping carpet and perhaps a few other necessaries, were compactly strapped behind to the crupper: in other respects the furniture of his horse was formed for lightness and for service. The rider himself was well armed. A carbine was slung across his shoulders; a strong sword hung at his left side; his girdle of goodly shawl sustained another pistol as well as a dagger; and an appalling apparatus of cartridge-cases, powder-horns, and other warlike appurtenances, were tied or suspended about his person.

So ostentatious a display of preparation might have possibly excited suspicions little favourable to the real courage of our traveller, had not a cast of resolute determination which lurked in his deep-seated eye and powerful brow, forbade the impression. To superficial observers, the expression of his countenance might have indicated little more than a careless good humour; but in the peculiar and somewhat sinister glance which occasionally flashed from his eye, the physiognomist might have read of deep calculating selfishness, and guileful dissimulation under the semblance of frank light-heartedness, and might have detected the traces of those Cain-like marks which evil passions never fail to impress upon the brows of their victims.

Of these two personages, the former was the Cafilah Bashee*, an old and respectable merchant; and the latter was the Chiaoosh or principal guide of the caravan; and they rode together thus in front of their charge, bending forward eager looks in the direction of their march, and occasionally conversing with one another.

"But by thy head, friend Abdoollah!" said the Cafilah Bashee, whose name it appeared was Hadjee Meer Ismael,—"see that thou beest not in an error. By my calculation we have come the full distance for which you prepared us—ay and more too—yet here are we, still in the saddle, and, so far as a plain man may see, likely to remain so until we sink under this intolerable heat, or are choked with this smothering dust. Neither men nor cattle can support it much longer, believe me."

"They will not have need to do so, Hadjee," replied the other.—"Trust only to Abdoollah Chiaoosh, as you have often done ere now; not a hair of your head would he see come to harm. Believe me, Aga, the place is nigh at hand; I only marvel that we see it not already. It is this vile dust which rises thicker than the vapours of hell, that alone keeps it from our view."

"In God's name may it prove so, friend Abdoollah. Many a hard day's work have I had in my time, and many a desert have I crossed—not forgetting the infernal saharahs of Arabia, which surround, and defend from unholy approach, the sacred shrines of Mecca, as the ocean of death encompasses the islands of bliss; but a tougher march than the present I have seldom encountered."

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* Chief of the caravan.

"Ah, venerable Hadjee! the present evil is still the worst to bear. Just now you are wearied and thirsty. When you shall have eaten and drank, and have got your joints well stretched and kneaded by your slaves, you will forget all this. Many a worse day's journey have you seen, I will warrant."

"I know not, friend Chiaoosh," replied the Hadjee, "what you may be pleased to consider a hard day's journey; but if to be eighteen hours on foot without check or halt, in this sand, and fourteen of these under a sun hot enough to boil the very blood in our veins, be not enough for both man and beast, then am I an ass, and know nothing about travelling. How I should have allowed myself to be persuaded into letting the caravan start at so unusual an hour; or why we did not halt four hours ago at the wells, heaven alone can tell, for Hadjee Meer Ismael cannot. It must have been fate—or dost thou deal in evil arts and spells, oh Abdoollah! to lead men astray by force."

"Truly, most excellent Hadjee, thy wrath needs not be kindled at thy servant, for thou knowest as well as I how the matter stood. Thou art aware how this desert is beset by the wild Ballooches, and the riders of Meer Allum Khan, and that the munzil* of Panchchahan is a never-failing rendezvous of these banditti. Well do they know how to scent their game; and, doubt it not, well are they informed of this goodly cafilah, and its wealthy lading; the value of thy own heavy bales, oh Hadjee, be assured, is familiar to them; and think you that they lack information regarding this great Khan, and his sumptuous equipage, who would join the cafilah, whether willing or not, and whom they, stupid dolts as they are, welcomed as a protector when they should have shunned him as a destroyer."

"But in the name of Allah, man," replied the Hadjee, "what is it that you mean? What mysterious danger is it that you have so darkly hinted at, as likely to arise from the company of this Khan? Speak out, in heaven's name, to me at least, as it is well your part and duty to do, however you may conduct yourself to others."

"And are you, good Hadjee, also thus dull of comprehension? You, who have had so much experience as a traveller, are your eyes closed? Where the carrion is will not the kites and crows gather? Will not treasure inevitably attract thieves? See you not that a rich khan proceeding to his government, with an escort so slender as to render the protection of a caravan desirable, yet encumbered with a full harem, and valuable equipage — ay and treasures too, unless he is belied, is a booty too rare not to be well watched for: nor is it of a nature to admit of protection through negociation, like merchandize; the rogues will hear no reason with so glittering a prize in view."

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* Place of halt after a journey — a day's journey.

"All this may be true enough, friend Chiaoosh: but why do we carry arms? Surely the Khan's escort, joined to the strength of the cafilah, will be sufficient to repel any attack we can have reason to dread. Besides, you knew of this peril all along, and yet *you* did not scruple to take charge of the cafilah. Come, come, friend Abdoollah, there is more in the wind than you choose to tell, or you have become a silly croker,—and that I do not believe. Come, out with it; there are no ears in the air near us."

"In truth, Aga," replied the Chiaoosh, "you do me less than justice. I have said enough I think to make a prudent man smell danger. You know that I had engaged as Chiaoosh before the last unpleasant addition to our company. But if you will have yet more—" (here he cast a cautious glance around him before he continued,) "listen to me. This Zulfecar Khan, whom fortune and the Shah's pleasure have now exalted so high, was, as you may have heard formerly, governor of a small district, not far from hence, and resided in his fortified castle, where he followed the example of many such great men, only carrying to a greater extent his oppression of the ryots, his exaction from the merchants, and his seizures of their wives and daughters upon various pretences. To such a degree were these practices carried, that a mighty cry arose against the Khan, and the inhabitants of his government sent a deputation to the Shah, complaining of his tyranny. But the Khan, getting wind of their proceedings, immediately set off in person to the camp of the Shah, fortifying himself with that talisman which alone has power at court — abundance of money, which he had scraped together by his unjust exactions. Day and night did he travel, sparing neither horse nor man; and reaching the royal camp, he rode straight to the quarters of the Sudder Azeem, or prime minister, and alighted, as that nobleman sat in his tent of audience transacting business, previous to making his appearance at the royal durbar.

"The frown which gathered upon the minister's brow, convinced the Khan that his enemies had already made an impression by their representations; but, nothing daunted, he remained in attendance until the breaking-up of the audience: when, having found means to touch the hand of a favourite peishkhidmut of the Sudder, with his powerful talisman, the effect was that of procuring him a few moments' private interview with his master, before proceeding to the Shah's presence.

"'So, Khan!' was the great man's commencement, 'these are creditable accounts we receive from your government. Mashallah! a notable plan you have fallen upon for blackening the Shah's face in the eyes of his people, and fastening upon him the character of a tyrant and an oppressor by your own exactions; while, on the other hand, you have the effrontery to declare to our beards, that not a tomaun can you extract from ryot or ketkhodah! But by the head of the Shah, his majesty will find means to make you disgorge!'

"'Protector of the poor!' replied the Khan, in a whining voice, 'I would humbly represent that the men who have told you such things of your servant, have been eating filth by the maun. Of this I can satisfy you by the most undeniable proof. If your highness would only deign to peruse the documents contained in this chest which your slave has brought to be laid at the feet of your lordship ——?' Upon which a confidential attendant brought forward a beautiful Indian box of ebony, clasped with silver, and covered with a rich cashmere shawl.

"'Barick-illah!' exclaimed the minister with glistening eyes, 'this does look as if it contained most irrefragable proofs and arguments:' and turning the silver key, the great man peeped into the box. 'Ah, I observe—a good arrangement of evidence, no doubt—cogent reasoning!—We must examine them, however, at leisure; and, in the mean time, you had better accompany me to the durbar: doubtless you have prepared duplicates of these vouchers to lay before his majesty?'

"'Chushim!' replied the Khan, with a very slight but pointed glance of intelligence; 'they are extant, and shall be made forthcoming—may your highness's prosperity increase!' And away went the minister to the presence, directing the Khan to keep close to his stirrup as he rode.

"Those from whom I had the story, Aga, declare, that when the ebony box was lifted to be sent into the anderoon, a sound very different from that of rustling papers was emitted, on its being accidentally shaken: and the poor ketkhodahs, as they waited outside the tent to watch the progress of their suit, stood aghast at seeing their tyrant thus suddenly and openly assumed under the minister's protection.

"What passed in audience with the Shah could not be precisely known; but rumour declared that four packages, covered with shawls still richer than that presented to the minister, were observed on their way into the presence tent: and it is certain that the poor villagers were sent for, soundly bastinadoed for their rebellious conduct and frivolous complaints against so worthy a nobleman as their governor, and dispatched under a guard to their own homes, to be further dealt with as the Khan, in his upright judgment, might see fit.—Aga, these men had sold even to the few ornaments of their women, in order to raise a sufficient sum with which to bribe the minister to do them justice, and the offering was accepted; but judge you of their feelings when they thus witnessed the superior metal of their tyrant carrying the day with both Shah and minister; and themselves, worsted by the very means which had been wrung from their own necessities, more than ever placed within the grasp of that very tyrant.

"Intense and mutual hatred sprung up naturally from these events. The Khan's triumphant success at court rendered him still more barefacedly tyrannical and rapacious; on the other hand, some of the ryots, humbled and crushed to the very ground, consented to fawn upon their oppressor for the bare privilege of a precarious existence, while others fled the country, and of the men, many joined the banditti which infested the surrounding districts—so that whole villages became depopulated, and the country was reduced almost to a desert. It has been insinuated, and probably not without reason, that the Khan maintained a secret understanding with these very banditti, and drew no inconsiderable portion of his revenue from the price paid by them to him for indemnity or non-interference with their marauding exploits ; but even to them had he rendered himself obnoxious, by repeated breaches of faith and acts of treachery, which it is unnecessary to detail. Thus had he rendered himself universally detested in the neighbourhood of his residence ; but, surrounded by a powerful band of retainers who garrisoned his fortified dwelling and protected his person whenever he moved abroad, every plot which was laid to seize or destroy him proved abortive : and the minister, his patron, whose favour he still contrived to maintain, remained deaf to every cry or complaint against him.

" This favour is the secret of his present exaltation and appointment ; for the government to which he has been appointed is one of great emolument, as well as importance ; and doubtless the minister knows and appreciates the admirable qualities for collection which distinguish his friend, Zulfecar Khan. But now say, oh Hadjee, whether the oppressed peasantry and the cheated banditti of these districts have not cause to seek revenge upon the tyrant, and whether the presence of that same tyrant is to be considered a protection to any cafilah with which it may be his pleasure to travel, so near the scene of his oppressive exploits."

"Punah-be-khodah! this alters the case indeed," exclaimed the Hadjee, with a troubled air; "you have explained yourself with a witness, friend Abdoollah; would to heaven I had known all this before I joined the cafilah! Nor can I comprehend how you should have been so late in your confidence, considering your duty to me, oh Chiaoosh."

"Rest at peace, reverend Hadjee," replied the Chiaoosh; "had your personal safety been involved in the matter it is not Abdoollah Chiaoosh who would have concealed a single fact, although you must be aware that should what has now been uttered come to be known, my life were little worth. There were other reasons too, and cogent ones, against it. But again, I say be at rest; and rely on the word of your servant, that neither hair of your head, nor package of your goods shall suffer damage, come what may; although, by the head of my father! I would not ensure this Zulfecar Khan's life for a single day, no, nor for an hour. On his own head be it; he came here by no will but his own; and his own, therefore, be the consequences." —The last words were muttered in an under-tone, as if the speaker was rather thinking aloud than addressing any one.

"Strange words these, friend Abdoollah!" responded the Hadjee, shrugging up his shoulders, but obviously relieved of his anxiety. "A plain man like me may scarcely comprehend them. But take a friend's advice; beware, look to thy charge, see that thou prove faithful to thy trust; as for myself, thanks for thy good will and assurances of safety; but handle not too rashly the naked sword, lest it wound thine own hand; be wise, I say, and beware.—But, touching this munzil-gah, again I ask thee, wherefore thou hast forced us past the stated customary place of halt to reach this unusual and more distant station?"

"Why, Aga, no one can be better aware than yourself that all regular and customary halting-places are the most dangerous points for caravans, in countries where thieves abound. A long stretch, and a strange munzil, will often throw out these gentry, and save a cafilah from an ambuscade. Besides, the approach of an enemy could neither be seen nor provided for, in the hollow of Panch-chahan, whereas from the heights of Eywan-e-Yezid, the whole desert for many miles around is in view, and a coming danger may be seen. But, in fine, it was not so much the doing of thy servant, as of this same Khan who assumes so high an air, that the caravan should push forward to-day; because, forsooth, the intended munzil-gah will afford superior accommodation to his highness's harem: the devil make it snug to his liking, say I!"

A few words, expressive of vexation at having ever had to do with the cafilah, escaped the Hadjee, in a discontented growl before he resumed his queries—"After all," said he, "what sort of a munzil may this same be which, as you assure us, we are so soon to behold—how call you it?"

"Why the munzil is a good munzil, Aga, although it goes by an indifferent name. There once was a town or a village there, it is said, in the days of the Old Ghebres,—before the sun of Islamism had shone upon Persia. People hereabouts used formerly to call it Eywan-e-Yezid, because the principal ruins are said to have belonged to a hunting-seat of that monarch who occasionally came here to enjoy the pleasures of the chase: but it has now obtained another name—it is called the Kuttul-gah." *

"By the holy Kaaba, a most ill-omened name, truly! And how came it by that unblessed, murderous appellation?"

"That too, Aga, is an old story. They say, that when the Affghaun, Sulaun Ashreff, was flying from Sheerauz towards his own country, one of his principal officers, with a party of his men, reached the ruins of Eywan-e-Yezid after a very toilsome march; and that, being overcome with fatigue, a number of the nearest villagers, together with some of Nadir's soldiers, came upon them while they slept, and surrounding the place, put every soul, including even some women and children, mercilessly to death. Ever since that time it has been known by the name of the Kuttul-gah."

"But what tall pillar is yon which rises there, a little to the left of our course?—stay, there are two of them, see, just appearing through the haze?"

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* The place of massacre, or murder.

"Alhumdulillah! Alhumdulillah! oh Hadjee—behold the munzil!—behold the Kuttul-gah!"

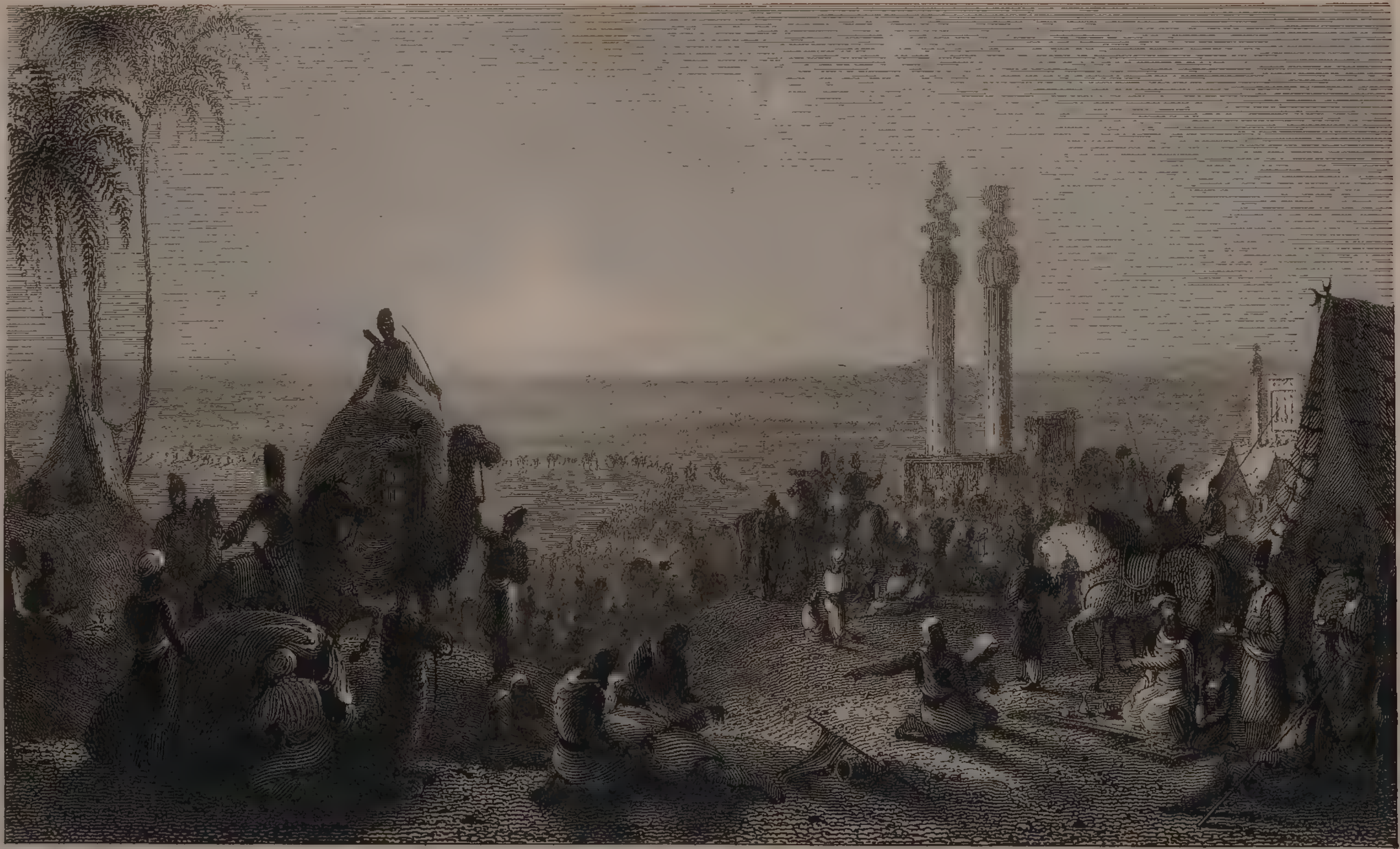
"In the name of God, man," said the Hadjee, half shuddering, "give it not that name,—it sounds ominous. But how high it seems to tower above the plain. Can that building be really upon its surface?"

"Ay, Aga, it is so, though the rocks which surround it are raised high above the surrounding desert. See how large they loom through the haze. Come—we must take what order we can for this, or the cafilah will be all in confusion." And, checking his horse for a few moments, he shouted out the glad communication, together with a recommendation to patience and the avoiding all haste that might be attended with evil consequences.

But his caution was in vain. Hundreds of voices throughout the long line proclaimed the joyful reception which his intelligence met with, preparatory to a general rush forwards. The column increased in breadth; the dust flew yet more thickly into the air; and numbers appeared darting from out of its thickened cloud. Even the very cattle instinctively comprehended the good tidings; the horses, raising their lobbing heads, pressed onward with a renewed vigor; the slow measured step of the camels was spontaneously accelerated, while they rolled with gurgling noise the peculiar membrane which under the irritation of heat and thirst they bring up from their stomachs.—In vain did the Cafilah Bashee and the Chiaoosh attempt to enforce order; the impatient travellers would not be restrained, and the van of the cafilah, pressing forward in utter confusion, thought only of gaining the heights of the munzil-gah.

The place was nearer to them than might have been conjectured at first sight of it, although entirely hid by dust and haze until the cafilah was close upon it; and ere the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, his level ray shone upon many a group already taking up their quarters for the night, upon the rising grounds of the halting-place; while a long train of camels, and of men on horseback or on foot, were still winding their way along the sandy track, all ruddied by the last declining beam. It was a gorgeous spectacle to see the broad round disk descending amid the congregated vapours, until, shorn of every ray, it sunk a blood-red ball beneath the horizon. But still did the departing glory light up the cloudless heavens where it set, with tints of fiery orange, which melted by rich gradations into the pure and deep azure that canopied the bivouac of the travellers.

In the meantime, a busy and a curious scene was passing. Group after group, as it reached the appointed spot, sought eagerly for a convenient resting-place for the night. The sarwans, so soon as their patient camels came to their ground, busied themselves in unloading them; and down knelt the docile animals, conscious of the coming relief;—in every quarter might be heard their roars of pain or fretfulness, as, in tumbling off the various packages and bales, the drivers jerked the packsaddles upon their galled backs. Then might be seen a curious medley of figures and costumes;



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some pouring forth from the kajawahs* of those camels which were loaded with passengers instead of other merchandize—others dismounting wearily from the jaded horses, mules, or asses of the cafilah; so thickly covered with a coat of dust, that scarce form or colour could be distinguished. Those who possessed attendants, throwing to them the reins of their exhausted beasts, and leaving them to the somewhat precarious care of equally harassed men, flung themselves at once upon the ground, that not a moment of repose might be lost; while others full as weary, though less well provided, and conscious of the importance of tending well the animals on which their progress and safety depended, sought painfully for the means of ministering to their wants, before solacing their own worn-out limbs with rest. —In one place might be seen a party of two or three women, who, even though closely veiled, sought to ensconce themselves behind a scanty sheet, which stretched on the spears and staves belonging to their husbands or sons, imperfectly imitated the more impervious screen of the harem, and shrouded from view their withered and dust-covered charms.—Close by, another group had suspended their blankets between two of the few sickly date trees which had survived the wanton mischief or the neglect of man on the deserted spot, and under their scanty shade had spread their carpets and already lighted their pipes. At no great distance further lay an old merchant, who, utterly exhausted in spirits and in frame, had thrown himself upon a numud, while two stout slaves kneaded his muscles and pulled his joints to relieve the lassitude of his limbs.

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* Baskets, or litters, slung on either side of a camel for the accommodation of travellers who sit in them.

But it was around the water-sources that the chief tumult reigned. In the centre of the ruined pile there was a large aub-embareh,* a structure of the days of old, dug deep in the earth, and supported upon massive pillars. This capacious reservoir contained a constant and ample store of that most necessary element, supplied doubtless by secret springs; for, in its immediate neighbourhood, there rose a small but perennial rill, which, after watering a portion of the rising ground, and affording nutriment to a few trees,—the poor remains of a royal garden, once an ornament of the place,—stole away to lose itself in the thirsty sands of the desert.—It was around this aub-embareh, and this little rill, that men, horses, and camels, now clustered, thick as swarming bees; some struggling only to quench their burning thirst, others laving head and breast and body in the cold stream. The struggle and the din were extreme; and between the strife of rude and furious men, the kicking of horses, and the biting of vicious camels, there was no small injury done to persons and apparel before all had satisfied their wants.

The tumult however gradually subsided, and the various parties which composed the cafilah, drew off to fix their respective quarters for the night; for so worn-out and harassed were both men and animals, that to proceed upon their journey without a full night's rest would have been impossible. Fires were now kindled, and the dried weeds which some, with more forecast than others, had collected on the road, served to cook their evening meal. A curious observer might have found abundant matter of amusement in the various picturesque groups and their different attitudes or occupations, as they lay scattered around—but it is with one, and that not the least distinguished among them, that we have at present to concern ourselves.

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* Water cistern.

Apart from the crowd, upon a little flat near to the ruins, where a few of the aforementioned trees grew upon the bank of the rill of water not far from its source, were pitched the tents and temporary canvas screens of Zulfecar Khan, whose attendants, having pressed onwards before all others at the very moment when the munzil-gah was discovered, had secured this desirable spot for the convenience of their master. The Khan himself, being fatigued, had retired to one of the tucht-e-rowans belonging to his women, and came up at leisure with the body of the caravan. The heat and the dust having now somewhat subsided, he was seated upon his rich Heral carpet, reclining against a large down pillow before the entrance of his tent, surrounded by his numerous attendants. Each of these pressed forward with some of the various appliances of comfort to solace his lord. The Calleeoonchee having brought his water-pipe, remained with folded arms behind, to receive it again when the Khan should have inhaled the fitting number of exhilarating whiffs. A peishkhidmut, attended by a blooming cup-bearer, stood ready with the hot and fragrant coffee : and others placed before him the rich refreshing fruits which had been carefully preserved for his use from the last village of consequence they had passed through. On either side, from front to rear, stood ranged the shatirs, peishkhidmuts and furoshes, prompt to execute the bidding of their lord : and others, in the back ground, were busied in preparatives for a substantial meal: while, still further removed, might be seen the jeloodars and the mehtars occupied in tending, securing at their pickets, and covering with their numuds, the gallant steeds which had borne the party through the severe toils of the day.

The meal was over—the dishes and duster-khaneh* removed—the calleeoon replenished; and the Khan, under the soothing influence of repletion, was conversing with his favoured dependants, of whom a few peculiarly privileged were seated on their heels on either side, beyond the carpet;—the rest, notwithstanding their fatigue stood fixed in the usual respectful position with hands crossed upon their girdles. They watched, with humble attention, every word which fell from the great man's lips, and responded to each observation with ready assent or negative, with bursts of laughter, or torrents of abuse, as the case required.

At this time a stranger made his appearance upon the scene. He was a tall young man of an athletic, though somewhat slender, person, clad in the coarse garb of a common villager,—who, advancing unobserved of the attendants, presented himself almost close to the person of the Khan before any one was aware of his approach. An immediate and simultaneous rush was made towards him, doubtless with intent to punish him for so unwarrantable an intrusion; but the Khan, in unusual good humour, and pleased with the handsome person and respectful though steady bearing of the young man, (who, unheeding the clamour, remained silent and motionless in the spot where he first stopped,) made a sign to his people, and they instantly fell back, leaving the youth standing erect and alone before him.

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* A cloth spread upon the floor before the guests, on which the dishes are placed.

The Khan now cast a curious eye over his person. His countenance possessed that peculiar character and distinguished form, which, once seen, can seldom be forgotten; and, as he gazed upon it, he felt persuaded that the features were by no means unknown to him. A long oval face of a deep ruddy brown, around the cheeks and chin of which curled a graceful beard, a mouth of uncommon beauty, and a large but well shaped nose, formed a combination sufficiently attractive; but it was from the intense and almost fierce expression of his dark and deep-set eye that the face received its most peculiar character. The hollow burning glance of that eye, betrayed an excitement of feeling akin to madness: and yet nothing appeared in the demeanour of its owner to warrant the suspicion of insanity; for, although even the haughty and overbearing spirit of the Khan felt awed and uneasy under its keen and lengthened gaze, the attitude and deportment of the young man, as after a profound salute he stood once more erect before the presence, was unexceptionably decorous and respectful.

"Who mayest thou be?" demanded the Khan, after a few moments' pause; "and what seekest thou here?"

"Thy servant," replied the youth, "is a man, a ryot of my lord's, and he bears a petition for your highness."

"A petition! and for me!—Hum—know ye the man?" enquired the Khan, turning to his attendants. A minute scrutiny was the consequence of this enquiry; the young man endured it unmoved; but the attendants replied all in the negative. "How say you, fellow?" resumed the great man, "a ryot of mine, and unknown to all my people—how can this be?—explain thyself."

"My lord, thy servant's business touches the interests of your highness nearly, and to the ear of your highness alone can it be explained. Deign to bid these fall back out of hearing"

"How, fellow! this boldness from a stranger who tells neither name nor business!—Hence! begone! or say what thou hast to say at once and in this presence."

The young man's face grew dark—"As my lord shall please," replied he: "his servant must then be dumb. But yet, let my lord take heed—let it be understood that the matter of which his servant has to speak may affect no less than the life of my lord. Behold thy slave is unarmed: his head upon it, that no ill, but good is meant. The choice is in the hands of your highness."

The Khan still hesitated. The information brought by the stranger might relate to treason or danger then impending. To scorn or repel his communication might be rash; and where could lie the risk of hearing it? The attendants might remain at hand;—so near as so prevent personal violence, should any such be intended. "It is well," said he, after whispering a few words to one of his attendants, and signing to the rest to retire. "Behold, we are alone; and now proclaim thy business—thy tidings—thy name."

"My lord," said the youth, and he bent a piercing eye upon his auditor,—"the name of thy servant is Solymaun: his father was Adil Beg, malick of the village Siahdeh and its appurtenances;—your Highness may recall him to mind."

"Recall thee to mind!" repeated the Khan, with kindling eye and darkening brow—"By the head of Allah, we do recall his name—we remember him as a rank rebellious knave; and dares his son thrust himself into our presence?—but he shall repent his audacity"—and he turned to call for his attendants.

"Nay, hold, my lord, for a moment listen to me. Deign, for your own sake, to hear me; for upon your reply to the statements, to the petitions of your slave, may depend more than you can imagine." And so impressive was the tone and manner of the youth, that the Khan paused, and remained irresolute and silent; so that the other continued as follows—"My lord, when the house of Adil Beg was destroyed by command of your highness, and the females of his family were scattered or carried off into bondage,—there was one, a fair bud of the rose-garden of beauty—the drop which sweetened the cup of existence to the wretched slave who now kisses the dust of your feet. Nay, my lord, be patient, I implore: hear me yet a few words. Your lordship is a mighty chief;—the beauties of the world are in your power;—the fair daughters of Georgia and Armenia court the honour of your attentions: leave to the sons of this wretched soil their own objects of affection;—restore to the wretched Solymaun the betrothed wife of his bosom, without whom life becomes an intolerable burthen. Long has he watched thee, Khan, to crave this boon: unweariedly, yet all in vain, has he followed and sought admittance to thy presence. He now claims as a right,—he implores as a boon, that thou restore to him his Zoolpha, pure as she was dragged from the house of his father. Let this be done, and appease thereby the blood of that father and that kindred. Refuse the just demand, and tremble for thy own."

The cloud of wrath which had gathered on the brow of the Khan, from the commencement of the address, deepened ominously as the youth proceeded, until his whole person seemed filled to bursting with pent-up fury. More than once did he attempt to break in upon the offensive address, but the energetic rapidity of the young man's utterance, and the dignity of his deportment, repressed the bursting torrent. At length, it could no longer be restrained: as the lightning flashes from the cloud, so did his eye dart fire; nor does the thunder follow quicker or more furiously, than the words in which he vented his wrath.—" Audacious and accursed dog! hast thou come hither with thy vile howling to vomit forth insult on my very beard?—But thy life, ay thy life, shall be the price of thy insolence. Here, fellows! Seize that wretch instantly. *He* forgive *me* his father's blood! The rebel—the unclean dog! Let us see who will take offence when his own shall flow. Restore his wife, said the miscreant! By the holy Kaaba! we shall have our ryots claiming the pick of our harems next!—Secure him, slaves!"

While the Khan thus thundered forth these words, with foaming mouth and flashing eye, the object of his wrath stood lowering upon him, with eye and brow as dark as his own, until the attendants advanced and seized upon his person. Even then he still lingered, until the Khan paused in his wrath; and then, in pointed and expressive accents, he rapidly pronounced these words:—"It is well, tyrant; it is well! thou hast pronounced thy own doom." And shaking himself free from those who had laid hold of him, by an effort which sent them staggering almost to the feet of their master, he glided from the spot, and in a moment was lost in the obscurity and among the throng.

Dire was the Khan's rage at his escape, and stern the abusive threats he poured upon his people, whom he dispatched in all directions to seek the intruder throughout the caravan. But their search was vain: no person of such a description had been seen; and, at length, the bustle subsiding, the Khan and his attendants respectively retired to seek repose.

Darkness had now settled over the plain; the fires of the travellers had died out, as each party sank to the profound rest of weariness and exhaustion. Only here and there, upon the outskirts of the bivouac, did a few drowsy sentinels hold a most imperfect and reluctant watch for the general safety. But there were other eyes, and those almost in the heart of the encampment, which slept not; but watched, like those of the crouching tiger, to steal upon the repose of its sleeping victim. That ancient building, constructed in the times of old for the pleasures of a king, concealed beneath its apparent foundations, a long maze of vaults, once fitted up as tykhanehs, or under-ground retreats from the excessive heats of summer. To casual visitants of the spot, the existence of these was neither apparent nor suspected; but some there were to whom every lurking-hole about the place was familiar as the paths through that desert, which they haunted to seize upon the caravans that traversed them.

In one of these vaults, by the light of a faintly burning lamp, were seated three men, two of whom were heavily armed, while a still larger number lay sleeping, or at rest, in the darkness beyond the influence of its feeble rays.

"I warned you of it, friend Solymaun," said one of the former, in continuance of a conversation in which they were earnestly engaged; "I warned you of the result of your scheme: waste no more breath about the matter. And who, but a romantic fool, like yourself, would have dreamed of appealing to the feelings or the justice of the scoundrel Zulfecar?"

"Ay, truly, brother, you were right: and had my hopes been high, I were a fool indeed;—it was but the last desperate effort to avoid a bloody extremity—a catastrophe which may be disastrous to me, as fatal to him. Who dare say what may occur to thwart our enterprize, or to give it a more bloody character than we desire."

"By the head of my father!" ejaculated the other,—"all I complain of is, that it is not likely to be half bloody enough. If it were not for this confounded Abdoollah Chiaoosh, and his absurd scruples, here is a great caravan, as rich and as weak as any soldier of fortune could desire, the spoils of which would make us all as rich as Khans."

"Come, come, brother," interrupted Solymaun, "be content; the Chiaoosh is right;—keep faith with him, and you may fare the better for it.—But, bismillah! it is time we were at work. Let the men be summoned, and to business."

The hour of midnight had scarcely arrived, when Zulfecar Khan, who slept in a small tent separated from the temporary pavilions of his women, was awakened from the dead sleep in which he lay, by a heavy hand which pressed upon his mouth, and completely prevented him from uttering a cry;—and the ineffectual effort which he instinctively made to free himself, informed him that both arms and legs were equally secured from moving. A more effectual gag was then placed in his mouth, while a bright dagger gleaming in his eyes, enforced the sternly whispered caution of "*silence*." Aghast at this alarming violence, he then found himself raised in the arms of two or three men; and in spite of struggles and resistance, was borne from the tent into the open air. An ineffectual attempt to utter a sound, as he was dragged past the spot where the centinel had stood, was accompanied by a glance which shewed him the man lying motionless on the ground: and as a gleam of the lanthorn carried by the ruffians fell lightly on his body, a thrill of horror rushed to the Khan's heart, at observing the blood in which his garments were steeped.

A few rapid strides of his conductors forcibly conveyed him to the mouth of a low-browed hole or vault, into which, in spite of the struggles which a fearful anticipation of his fate forced from him, he was dragged, and hurried forward in almost total darkness to a place so damp as to convince him of its subterraneous position. Here, still fast held by two men, he was forced to remain for a time, which to his troubled fancy appeared an age of horrible suspense. At length a light approached, and he could distinguish faint half-smothered shrieks. The number of persons audibly increased, for the sound of many feet and the hum of voices augmented every moment. Several torches were then brought suddenly forward, which, after his eyes had for a few moments become reconciled to their glare, enabled him to comprehend the full horror of his situation. Fierce countenances frowned around him, and the torches they held, while they gleamed upon the vaulted walls and roof of the dungeon, threw their fiery rays upon the greater number of his own family,—

veiled indeed after the imperfect fashion of persons snatched from sleep, — but all fast bound in the hands of the ruffian crew which surrounded them. But even this distracting sight was not the most ominous object which met his eye, for, as he raised it slowly towards a figure directly opposite to him, illumined by the bright red glare, he recognized the stern gloomy features of the youth he had so deeply injured,—whose humble petition for justice he had so haughtily rejected, — Solymaun, the son of Adil Beg.

The convulsive shudder which ran through all his limbs, as his eye fell on this object, sufficiently proclaimed the agony of his despair, although his lips could articulate no sound. It was the young man himself who first broke the silence—"At last then, tyrant, I have touched thee!—thou feelest that the hour of retribution has arrived—and well mayest thou tremble, devil! for heavy is the account between us, and surely this night shall it be closed! That which thou didst so scornfully deny to my humble prayer is now mine perforce, and thou hast thrown away the benefit of those terms which a simple act of justice would have secured to thee. Let the consciousness of this gnaw thy soul, and embitter thy last moments. But this concern is mine alone, and my hand alone must deal with it. Withdraw, my friends,—withdraw;—go, and secure the spoils which you have won—this is my share exclusively. Let Hussan and Allee continue with this villanous Khan, and let one or two besides remain within call:— the rest to their other duties."

The orders were instantly obeyed. Two guards alone remained with the prisoner, who, trembling and prostrated in soul, stood, nevertheless, before his stern implacable enemy; while on one side were clustered the women, from among whom might now and then be heard a smothered, or an imperfect sound, issuing from those whose mouths had been less effectually secured by the bandages placed to enforce their silence.

The young man stood mute for a long while, and the workings of his countenance vividly exhibited the strong emotions of his soul.—"Zoolphah!" exclaimed he in a softened voice, at last,—"Zoolphah! if thou art indeed present, come forth at the call of him whom thou hast loved—who was once thy betrothed husband!" A shuddering stir among the women was the only sign by which their comprehension of the question was evinced.

"Zoolphah! wilt thou not acknowledge thy own once-loved Solymaun." Another and a longer pause succeeded; but the agitation perceptible among the women betokened the extremity of their terror. "Nay, Zoolphah, I will be satisfied. Mark me—I seek to outrage none—I touch not, nor take aught beyond my own; but my own I will have. The females, even of this ruffian tyrant, are secure from insult on my part; for God forbid that, through me, the innocent should suffer for the guilty;—but one among ye belongs to me, and her I again demand:—Zoolphah, come forth, and prevent the necessity of satisfying myself by tearing off the veils from all!"

The agitation of the women increased—they all sprang to their feet, and, unable to utter their thoughts, communicated together by expressive gestures. At length, one of them, urged on by the rest came trembling forward. Solymaun made a step to meet her—"Zoolphah! is it thou?" exclaimed he in a voice of suppressed emotion. "Speak—tell me it is thou—that thou art yet and ever mine?"—And with impatient hand he loosed the bandage from her mouth, and the shawl which had gently restrained her arms:—"Speak, Zoolphah; but exclaim not on thy life—seek not to alarm the place, or all my power will not suffice to save thee."

Still, not a word was spoken—sobs, heavy and painful, that shook the very frame of her who uttered them, alone were heard. "Woman! this exceeds my patience!" exclaimed he, and, with a fierce gesture, seizing her veil, he tore it from her face and person. The face which met his eye, was indeed that of his Zoolphah, but oh! how changed:—the cheeks were hollow and wan, and instead of the fondness which once beamed upon him from eye and brow, they now wore only the shrinking aspect of terror and despair! "Zoolphah!" repeated he, in tones of mingled impatience and affection, and opening wide his arms—"wilt thou not fly to them?—dost thou too reject me?" But whether the action was occasioned by horror or alarm, or both mingled with disgust, she shrunk from his embrace; and, as she did so, his eye fell, with keener scrutiny, upon her retreating and now unveiled form. The sight of a basilisk could not have produced a more startling, a more terrible effect;—for that single glance had discovered, in a moment, the proof of her infidelity, and doubtless the cause of her estrangement. Dashing his clenched hands against his forehead, and covering his eyes, as if, by excluding vision, he could also have shut out thought, he stood for a moment aghast. A slight noise roused and caused him to turn his eyes: they fell upon the person of the Khan, in whose countenance, half shrouded as it was, his excited imagination read the smile of exultation.

"Devil! infernal villain! thy triumph shall be short! But first for a deed of justice—ay, of fearful bloody justice!" he repeated, with gnashing teeth, and eyes flashing with the fire of insanity, as he wrenched the long dagger from his girdle, and rushed franticly upon the unhappy Zoolphah. The shriek she uttered was cut short by a vengeful blow of his dagger, which stretched her senseless on the ground. We dare not relate the horrid sequel.

"And now, villain, for thee!" said he, in low and fearful tones, and advancing with measured pace, while he held up his gory dagger in the eyes of his victim—"now that thy appetite for slaughter has been glutted with blood of thine own, now comes thy turn. Would—oh would to Allah, that thou hadst an hundred lives, and I could kill them all! — Father! brothers! sisters! wife!—oh Zoolphah!—would he had blood to shed for all!"—But let us not describe the horrid banquet of madness and revenge.

At the dawn of the ensuing morning, when such of the travellers, as chanced to be awake, proclaimed the approach of day, and the voice of the Chiaoosh summoned all to rouse and prepare for resuming their journey, the cry which arose from the quarters of the Khan, from those who had been sent to awaken his attendants, and the terrible rumours which quickly spread, drew every one to the place of his encampment.—It presented a spectacle which filled them with amazement as well as with terror. The canvas walls and the tents remained entire; but at the entrance lay more than one of the attendants dead—swimming in their blood; and others were found, lying in various places, and in the same condition. Not a living soul was within the precincts, and every article of its owner's valuable equipage had vanished—disappeared.

But where was the Khan himself?—where all his numerous harem and the rest of his attendants? As the light increased and further search was made, the lifeless body of the Khan, mangled horribly, was found thrown out upon the bare ground in rear of the encampment; and close to the old ruined building, at a short distance from this ghastly sight, was seated the figure of a man, who, with a bloody dagger in his hand, was bending in stern abstraction over another fearful object. It was the body of a female, even yet more painfully mangled, and which he viewed with a dreadful gaze of insane satisfaction.

A rush towards him was instantly made by those who came up; and some of the armed attendants, judging, from appearances, that he must be one, at least, of the perpetrators of these horrors, made an effort to seize him. But the madman waved his dagger so that no one could approach, shouting out with frantic gestures and fearful grimaces, "Did I not well, ye slaves? Did I not well? Was not that a fitting revenge!" — These words were deemed conclusive of his guilt; and some of the Khan's followers, who by that time had assembled, were about to adopt summary and fatal measures, when the Chiaoosh, who had been among the foremost to approach the place, stepped forward to prevent their violence. "What would ye do, men?" said he. "See ye not that the man is insane? Who shall dare to harm one the eye of whose mind has been veiled in darkness by the Almighty's hand?" All fell back in a moment;—but had it not been for this prompt and decided interference on the part of the Chiaoosh, the miserable, and now confirmedly deranged, Solymaun, would assuredly have been delivered from a life which from that time forward could be only a burthen.

"Kuttul-gah—call ye this place?" said the Hadjee to the Chiaoosh. "Alas! alas! well has it earned the name! — God knows the heart of man, and God grant that thine, oh Abdoollah! may be free from guilt this day — but I fear — I fear!" —

"Fear not—think not — speak not — oh Hadjee — what is written, must be. This evil-minded Khan would thrust himself upon our party — his doom was doomed, and was it in us to prevent it? Seest thou not that not a hair of the head, nor a shred of the goods, of any other individual of the cafilah has been injured. Trust thou then to the word of Abdoollah Chiaoosh, and keep thine own counsel."

The bodies of the unfortunate Khan and his followers were buried on the spot where they were murdered; but when they attempted to perform the same office for the remains of the hapless Zoolphah, the more unhappy maniac drove them from the body, over which he persisted in maintaining watch; now uttering the loud and hideous laugh of madness, — then dissolving into bursts of frantic grief—again apostrophizing the mangled body as if it could yet listen to him, and addressing to it the most pathetic remonstrances for its supposed unkindness, or breaking into bitter upbraidings for its faithless treachery. Thus were the travellers forced to leave him.

The rumour of the murder for a long time prevented caravans from taking this dreary road; and when, after the lapse of many years, travellers did venture to pass by the place, they found there a pensive moody maniac still haunting the ruins, and who bore some resemblance to the ill-fated Solymaun. Many a wild tale was related of this person, as well as of the dismal spot he had chosen for his haunt; nor to this day, if another path can be adopted, will either travellers or caravans willingly journey upon the road which leads by the dreaded Munzil-e-Kuttul-gah.

THE DIRGE OF THE LAST CONQUEROR.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

The flag of battle on its staff hangs drooping—
The thundering artillery is still—
The war-horse pines; and, o'er his sabre stooping,
His rider grieves for his neglected skill:
The chief who swept the ruddy tide of glory,
The Conqueror! now only lives in story.
Mourn, nations! mourn! The godlike man 's no more,
Who fired your roofs, and quenched your hearths with gore.

Skies, baleful blue—harvests of hateful yellow—
Bring sad assurance that he is not here;
Where waved his plume, the grape forgot to mellow,
He changed the pruning-hook into the spear.
But peace and her dull train are fast returning,
And so farewell to famine, blood and burning!
Mourn, nations! mourn! The godlike man 's no more,
Who fired your roofs, and quenched your hearths with gore.

Hopes of the young and strong! ye 're all departed—
Dishonoured manhood tills the ungrateful farm;
Parents! life's balm hath fled—ye, broken-hearted,
Deplore the fate that bids your sons disarm.
O heavenly times! when your own gold was paying
Your gallant sons, for being slain, or slaying!
Mourn, nations! mourn! The godlike man 's no more,
Who fired your roofs, and quenched your hearths with gore!

Bud of our island's virtue! thou art blighted,
Since War's hot breath abroad hath ceased to blow;
Instead of clashing swords, soft hearts are plighted,
Hands joined, and household goblets made to flow;
And for the ocean-roar of hostile meeting,
Land wafts to land Concord's ignoble greeting.
Mourn, nations! mourn! The godlike man 's no more,
Who fired your roofs, and quenched your hearths with gore!

The apple-tree is on the rampart growing;
On the stern battlement the wall-flower blooms;
The stream that rolled blood-red, is faintly glowing
With Summer's rose, which its green banks perfumes;
The helm that girt the brow of the undaunted,
By peasant hands, with garden shrubs is planted.
Mourn, nations! mourn! The godlike man 's no more,
Who fired your roofs, and quenched your hearths with gore!

Men wax obscurely old — the city sleeper
  Starts not at horse-tramp, or deep bugle-horn;
The grenadier consoles no lovely weeper,
  Above her sullen kindred's bodies borne;
The people smile, and regal pride 's declining,
Since round imperial brows the olive 's twining.
  Mourn, nations! mourn! The godlike man 's no more,
  Who fired your roofs, and quenched your hearths with gore!

APRIL.

BY JOSIAH CONDER.

April! thy fitful moods of sun and shower,
Thy mimic winter, and thy summer gleams
To me are dear; for not capricious seems
This strife and play of seasons. 'Tis the hour
When Nature's alchemy hath sovereign power,
So to combine discordant elements,
Heat, moisture, frost, that each her wise intents
Shall work, and make the soil, for Autumn's dower,
Yield vegetable gold. Thus do events
Of checkered good and ill, in Life's brief day,
Chances, so deemed, which Providence obey,
Still work for good, tempering our wayward bents.
Nor will I dare complain of changeful weather,
If, Love, we may but share the sun and shower together.

SPANIARDS, YIELD NOT TO DESPAIR.

(Written for music.)

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

Spaniards, yield not to despair!
Sink not, Portuguese, forlorn!
Wintry nights are worst to bear
Just before the break of morn.

Though down-trampled in the dust
By the traitor's cruel heel,
Freedom's cause ye hold in trust—
Falter not for rack or wheel.
Spaniards, yield not to despair!

Hunted from your native strand
By the blood-hounds Hate and Fear,
Sink not yet, high-hearted band,
Retribution's hour is near.
Spaniards, yield not to despair!

Lo! yon perjured caitiff slaves,
While they clinch their country's chain,
Tremble even amidst the graves
Of the victims they have slain.
Spaniards, yield not to despair!

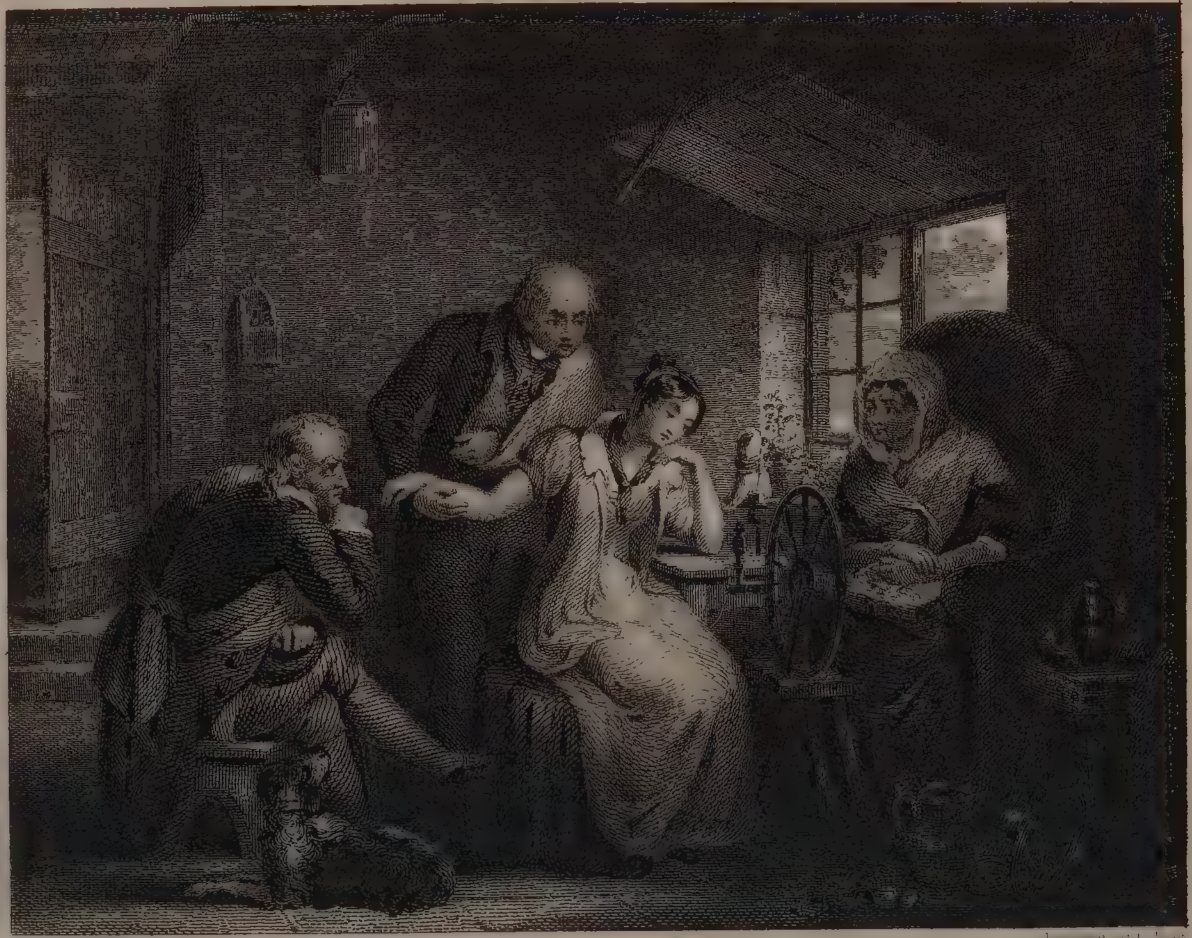
Let them tremble!—they have cause
Loudest when they rant and boast;
Freedom on her march may pause,
But her battle ne'er is lost.
Spaniards, yield not to despair!

Though the servile's bitter taunt
Sting you like a viper foul,
Though Despite and Famine gaunt
Like hyænas round you howl—
Spaniards, yield not to despair!

Though your dearest blood may flow,
On the scaffold or the plain,
Though your bravest be laid low
Ere their country rise again—
Spaniards, yield not to despair!

Ne'er in vain the patriot dies:
Pours he not life's fountain free
Servile millions to baptize
Proselytes of LIBERTY!
Spaniards, yield not to despair!

1829.



Painted by [illegible] Wood.

Engraved by [illegible]

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

The Scottish song of "Auld Robin Gray," so deservedly a favourite for its exquisite simplicity and pathos, was written by Lady Anne Lindsay, daughter of James, fifth Earl of Balcarras. A quarto tract, printed in 1825, and circulated exclusively among the members of the Bannatyne Club, contains the first authentic edition of the original ballad, together with two continuations by the Authoress. This Bannatyne edition was edited by Sir Walter Scott, and enriched with the following interesting introduction, which, by his obliging consent, we have now the gratification of reprinting, as an appropriate accompaniment to the annexed engraving:—

"The beautiful and long-contested ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray,' was well known to the Editor, from a very early period of his life, as the production of Lady Anne Lindsay of Balcarras; in whose name it is now formally claimed. Mrs. Russell, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Russell of Ashesteil, and maternal aunt of the

Editor, was upon a visit at the house of Balcarras when it was written; and, as a most intimate friend of the fair Authoress, was admitted to her confidence while it was in the course of being composed. Mrs. Russell sang beautifully, and with much feeling; and it may easily be supposed, that 'Auld Robin Gray' was often her choice. Whatever secresy she might at first think proper to observe, the name of the real Authoress was not withheld at a later period, when attempts were made to deprive her friend Lady Anne of her just fame. In fact, most of her domestic circle became acquainted with the particulars, and amongst others the present editor.

"This circumstance, joined, perhaps, to a continuance of regard which may be termed hereditary, induced Lady Anne to distinguish the Editor, by imparting to him the following interesting account of the origin of 'Auld Robin Gray,' contained in a letter, dated —— July, 1823; in which, after mentioning that the Editor was the first person whom she had favoured with such an explanation, her Ladyship proceeds thus:—

"'Robin Gray,' so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London: I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond; —— ——, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me—'I have been writing a ballad, my dear: I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father's arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one.'—'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, and amongst our neighbours, 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was *my dread* of being suspected of writing *any thing*, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write *nothing*, that I carefully kept my own secret.

"'Happening to sing it one day at Dalkeith House, with more feeling, perhaps, than belonged to a common ballad, our friend Lady Frances Scott smiled, and, fixing her eyes on me, said, '*You* wrote this song yourself.' The blush that followed confirmed my *guilt*. Perhaps I blushed the more (being then very young) from the recollection of the coarse words from which I borrowed the tune, and was afraid of the raillery which might have taken place, if it had been discovered I had ever heard such. Be that as it may, from one honest man I had an excellent hint. The Laird of Dalziel, after hearing it, broke out into the angry exclamation of 'O, the villain! O the auld rascal! I ken wha stealt the poor lassie's coo—it was Auld Robin Gray himsell.' I thought it a bright idea, and treasured it up for a future occasion.

"'Meantime, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. 'Robin Gray' was either a very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerningham, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the Antiquaries, was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the 'Ballet of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship,' as performed by dancing dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in my obscurity.

" 'Such was the history of the First Part of it. As to the Second, it was written many years after, in compliment to my dear old mother, who said, 'Anny, I wish you would tell me how that unlucky business of Jennie and Jamie ended.' To meet her wishes as far as I could, the Second Part was written. It is not so pleasing as the first; the early loves and distresses of youth go more to the heart than the contritions, confessions, and legacies of old age. My dread, however, of being named as an Authoress still remaining, though I sung it to my mother, I gave her no copy of it; but her affection for me impressed it on a memory which retained scarcely any thing else. I wrote another version of the Second Part, as coming from Jenny's own lips, which some people may like better, from its being in the same measure.

" 'I must also mention the Laird of Dalziel's advice, who, in a *tête-à-tête*, afterwards said, 'My dear, the next time you sing that song, try to change the words a wee bit, and, instead of singing, 'To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,' say, to make it twenty merks, for a Scottish pund is but twenty pence, and Jamie was na such a gowk as to leave Jenny and gang to sea to lessen his gear. It is that line (whispered he) that tells me that sang was written by some bonnie lassie that didna ken the value of the Scots money quite so well as an auld writer in the town of Edinburgh would have kent it.'

" 'I was delighted with the criticism of old Dalziel; if it had occurred to the Antiquarian Society, it might have saved Mr. Jerningham the trouble of his visit. But I have never corrected the error by *changing* the one pound, which has always passed current in its present state.' "

Such is Lady Anne's pleasing notice of this far-famed ballad, of which we subjoin her own authentic edition. In regard to the continuations, which are also printed in Sir Walter Scott's tract, although far from devoid of poetical beauty, we entirely participate in the opinion there expressed, that, " Notwithstanding Dalziel's criticism, the taking away Robin Gray's honest fame rather injures the simplicity of the original tale, where all are rendered miserable by no evil passions or culpable conduct on any side, but by a source of distress, arising out of the best and most amiable feelings of all parties."

Of the accomplished Authoress we have only to notice further, that she married Sir Andrew Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick, who was some time Colonial Secretary at the Cape of Good Hope; and that she died, in 1825, at an advanced age.

Auld Robin Gray.

I.

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come
hame,
When a' the weary world to quiet rest are gane,
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unken'd by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

II.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his
bride;
But saving ae crown-piece, he'd naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for
me!

III.

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick — my Jamie was at sea —
And Auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a-courting me.

IV.

My father cou'dna work — my mother cou'dna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in
his ee,
Said, 'Jennie, oh! for their sakes, will you marry
me?'

V.

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jennie dee?
Or wherefore am I spared to cry out, Woe is me!

VI.

My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to
break:
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

VII.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'd na think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry
thee!"

VIII.

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bade him gang awa.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me!

IX.

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, oh! he is sae kind to me.

ROBIN RIDDELL'S POSE.

A Legend of Lochar Moss.*

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "THE ODD VOLUME," &c.

Our little story refers to days of "Auld lang syne," soon after our King James the Sixth of Scotland mounted the English throne. At that period there stood not very far from Lincluden, in Dumfries-shire, a farm-house which presented a perfect picture of independence and comfort. The building was low and irregular; sundry outshots projected from the back, and additions on additions diverged from the gables, forming two straggling flanks. In short, the house was a piece of patchwork from one end to the other; despite of which, however, it had an air of cosiness and comfort. In the farm-yard behind, tun-bellied stacks of grain seemed bursting with a sense of their importance; fat geese waddled, pert young cocks crowed, hens cackled, and peacocks sailed through the yard, whisking their tails about hither and thither, as a pretty coquette does her fan.

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* For the popular account of this tradition, see Chambers' "Picture of Scotland," vol. i. p. 224.

The owner of all these goods and chattels was John Maxwell; a good man enough, but not without some few failings which will be set forth in the progress of our story. Amongst his appurtenances, John numbered an excellent wife and a pretty daughter, over whom, according to the fashion of the "olden time," he kept a tolerably tight rein.

About a mile from John's domicile, stood a dwelling of a different description, being a stiff, straight, grenadier-looking house of two stories, with a high pointed roof. This house, which had an ancient tumble-down appearance, was placed in the centre of a large orchard, from which, and from a few acres of land adjoining, the proprietor, Robin Riddell, and his son, derived their whole support. Robin was a hale ruddy old man; and, like his own apples, was an odd compound of different qualities. Robin's wife had long been dead, but his house was cheered by his son Malcolm, who was the best dancer, leaper, skaiter, curler and wrestler in the whole parish, besides being the handsomest youth in the country side. Whether engaged in pulling apples, nailing up trees, skaiting or dancing, Malcolm always appeared to advantage; but somehow or other, pretty Mary Maxwell thought he never looked so handsome as when seated beside her at the back of a rick of new-mown hay, which, if the truth must be told, was pretty frequently the case, when his chief amusement was to sprinkle hay amongst her brown hair for the sole pleasure, it would appear, of taking it out again. They were thus employed one soft summer evening, when Robin Riddell bethought himself of "stepping westward" to spend an hour with his old friend John Maxwell; so reaching down his broad blue bonnet, and taking his staff in hand, he set out on his walk.

"That's surely your father daikering down the brae," said Mary, as she shook the hay from her head, and shed back her hair from her fair brow.

"So it is," answered Malcolm; "he has been wearying sitting by himsel without a body to speak to. Really, Mary, ye should be ashamed o' yoursel for wiling me here every night, and leaving my honest auld father by himsel."

"And wha bids you come here?" replied Mary. "I fancy there are other lads in the country besides you. There would be little chance, I trow, o' my sitting here my lane, though ye were no to come for a year and a day."

"Ay, but Mary, though there are plenty o' lads in the parish, ye ken there's no ane ye like half so weel as me."

"I ken nae sic thing," replied Mary, as she scratched his hand with a branch of hawthorn.

"Ye needna' deny it," said Malcolm with a merry smile; "sae tell me, Mary dear, when will ye come hame to us?"

"I dinna ken; maybe never. But look at your father dinging aff the heads of the thistles wi' his staff; he looks unco canty."

"Lang may he be sae, for he is the best father that ever drew breath. I would gang through fire and water to serve him; but he is getting auld now and needs your tending; so, Mary, as your father and mine hae gien their consent, we'll just speak to the minister, and tell him what day the wedding is to be."

Leaving the lovers to settle this point, we shall follow honest Robin to the house of his old crony, whom he found seated on a bench in front of his comfortable dwelling.

"This a braw night, John," said Robin.

"It's no that ill," replied John; "but set yoursel down, and we'll hae a bit crack. I was wearying for somebody to speak to; for Mary is out some gate, and the wife is milking the kye.—Beenie," he continued, "bring a horn o' ale. You'll no be a hair the waur o' a drink after your walk down the brae."

"I've heard waur offers than that," said Robin, as he set himself down by his friend; "and, to tell the truth, lad, I'm as glad as ye are to hae a crack; for, ye see, in the day-time Malcolm and I are ower thrang to speak mickle; and nae sooner is our wark done than he's aff and awa some gate or ither wi' your bonny Mary. I really wish this courting business was ower, that he might settle at hame wise-like. We maun see about the wedding, John, for I canna thole the want o' my laddie."

"If ye canna thole the want o' your laddie, I wonder how ye think I can thole the want o' my lassie. Troth, neebor, ye're no blate."

"Ay, but John, mind ye hae a wife to tak tent o' ye. Now when Malcolm is out, I'm left my leafu' lane, and this maks me very dowie; sae ye maun hear reason."

"Weel, weel, by the time the hairst comes round we'll see about it; for this I will say, there's not a better lad in the parish than Malcolm.—But hae ye heard that Rab Johnstone has bidden ower Willie Graham's head for the lease o' the Holms, and that he's mooling in with my lord's factor to favour him? This is no right; mair especially as Willie has a family o' motherless weans to work for."

"I dinna believe a word o't," retorted Robin. "I've ken't Rab Johnstone for the best part o' fifty years, and he's no the ane to take the bread out o' another man's mouth."

"It's the clatter o' the country, however," replied John; "and I doubt there's some truth in't, or there wadna be siccan a sough about it."

"I would be unco laith to believe that screed o' doctrine," answered Robin; "by reason that a wheen gowks say ye hae a right to my bit house and land: na, na; a lee's a lee, though it were in the mouths o' half the parish; ye may just as weel believe the ae tale as the other."

"And maybe I do," replied John somewhat nettled; "for Saunders Wylie the writer has tauld me a hunder times ower that my great-grandmother, wha left the house and land to your forbears, had nae power to will it awa frae her ain kith and kin, and that if the property had gane the right road, it wad hae been mine and no yours at this time o' day."

"Dinna ye let Saunders blaw in your lug," said Robin, "he wants to make a fool o' ye; nane but an evendown gowk would lippen to him."

"Ye're less than civil, friend," retorted John, waxing wroth; "this is a' the thanks I get for no haeing ye before the Fifteen, where ye should hae been lang syne. Faith! I'll hae ye there yet, if ye dinna shaw mair discretion."

"I'll be blythe to tell their lordships a' the outs and ins o't," said Robin; and if they hae a grain o' sense aneath their muckle wigs, they'll gie a verdict that will make Saunders Wylie and some o' his friends look a wee blue."

"Ye crack unco crouse," said John in a rage, "because ye think that as our bairns are trysted, I'll no make this stramash; and nae doubt this has made me let you sit still in a house that should be mine. I think, my man, ye dinna ken your mercies."

"Mercies, good faith!" said Robin in high indignation, "ye're no blate to say the word. What the sorrow! d'ye expect me to be thankfu' to you for leave to sit in my ain house?"

"It's no *your* house, it's *my* house," thundered John; "and if you'll own to that, I'll say nae mair about the Fifteen, and just allow you to live on as if it was your ain."

"A snuff for your allowance!" answered Robin; "this house is mine, and the land is mine, and I defy you and Saunders Wylie to take them frae me, though you had twice fifteen lords at your back."

"We'll try it, however," shouted John; "and when you're pull'd out o' the house by the lug and the horn, you'll maybe repent having refused a good offer."

"I'll ne'er repent o' having stood up for my rights; the house and land came honestly to my forbears, and I would muckle demean mysel to say that they were yours by right, which would be telling a base beggarly lee; so ye see, John, since you are sae keen to gang before the Fifteen, ye may please yoursel and welcome." And so saying, Robin flung on his blue bonnet with an air of defiance, and seizing his staff, strode off in great wrath.

It happened most unfortunately, that soon after Robin's departure, John received a visit from Saunders Wylie (who hated Robin for having prevented him from leading a bonny lassie an ill gate), to whom he related what had passed; and so adroitly did Saunders manage to inflame John's ire, that the law-suit was fully determined on, and Saunders, having received directions to proceed to business, hastened away to carry the order into execution. Great was Annie's amazement when, on returning from the milking-field, she heard from John of the quarrel between him and his old friend; and still greater was her dismay when she found John firmly resolved to involve himself in the troubles of a law-suit.

"Indeed, John," said Annie, "if you take my advice, you'll let alane this matter. I ken something about law; and it makes me grue from tap to tae when I think the same mishap may befa' you as did to my grandfather, wha was a been carle till he fell out wi' Lowry Landale about an acre o' ground that would grow naething but a wheen thistles. Aweel, although his wife gaed down on her bended knees to him to let Lowry keep his thistles, naething would hinder him frae taking the law o' Lowry. Aweel, he took the law, and the law took every bawbee frae him, and left him as bare as birkie: sae, gudeman, ye had better take another thought, and let Robin and his house alane."

"Gudewife," said John, sternly, "keep your advice to yoursel. I can sort my matters without your help; and I command you to haud your tongue, and leave me to take my ain gate, for I'll no be turned in this thing by man nor woman."

These words, and the tone in which they were spoken, sufficiently admonished Annie of the uselessness of all further interference. She, therefore, maintained a prudent silence, and soon after went in search of Mary, who was much distressed on hearing of the dispute that had occurred; nor was Malcolm less grieved by this unexpected quarrel: but as John was deaf to all entreaties, they were forced to submit and allow things to take their course.

In a short time, however, John's wrath cooled, and he wearied sadly for the visits of his cheerful old crony; but the reluctance that all feel to own an error, combined with Saunders Wylie's reporting speeches of Robin's, which Robin never made, prevented him from retracing his steps : and about the middle of November, he set off to attend a fair in a distant part of the country, after receiving from Saunders an assurance, that nothing should be done in the cause till after his return.

The dissatisfaction John felt with himself, naturally extended itself to every other object ; he cast disdainful glances on the unoffending hoggs and gimmers,* pronounced the year-aulds " no worth ca'ing out o' a kail yard," and after looking as black as night on the peaceable nowt,† as drove after drove arrived in the fair, he turned his horse's head about without buying a single beast ; and, after an absence of ten days, entered a little village about half a mile from his home. The weather was piercingly cold, and large flakes of snow darkened the air. " A cauld day this, Maggie," said John to a woman, whom the sound of his horse's feet had brought from her cottage. " Ye may say that," replied Maggie, as she walked into her house and shut the door with a loud slap. " What the sorrow ails the wife ?" muttered John to himself, as he rode on. A short time brought him up to an old man who was breaking stones on the road-side. " You 're at a cauld job, Willie," said John.

" I cannot deny that," replied Willie, dryly ; " but there's ae thing I'm thankfu' for, whilk is that when my wark is done, I hae a roof to shelter me and meat to eat, which is no the case wi' every ane."

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* Sheep of different sorts. † Horned-cattle.

"Lord pity them that want either the ane or the other," responded John.

"The Lord may pity them," retorted Willie, "but man winna."

"I hae na kent sic a cauld November for seven years," answered John; "I'm amaist frozen. This is a day that a body wadna turn a dog frae the door."

"John Maxwell," said the old man, as he dashed a stone in fifty pieces; "I aye thought ye a God-fearing christian man; but this day's wark proves your goodness to be but lip-deep. Ride awa! man; ride awa: it would be a sair pity if ye missed the grand ploy that's gaun on at Robin Riddell's house!"

"Is that John Maxwell?" cried an old woman, as she left her cottage door, and tottered towards them. "Stop him, Willie; stop him till I hae banned him, and a' his kith and kin."

"Whisht, Jenny," said Willie, "ye ken as weel as me, that the wife and the bairn hae nae hand in this sinfu' job; they 're greeting themsels blind about poor Robin."

"And wha wadna greet," answered Jenny, "to think that he that had compassion on the widow and the orphan, should want a place to put his head in. Greet! quoth I? faith I'll ban first, and greet after!"

"For the love o' heaven," said John, in trepidation; "what's a' this about?"

"Ay, what's a' this about? said the wolf to the sheep that came greeting about her lamb that he had eaten up stoup and roup," retorted Jenny.

"I'll soon tell you what it 's a' about. The fifteen lords at Embro'—(diel pike their banes!)—hae gien you Robin's house: (bonny like judges they are I trow, to gie ae man twa houses, and leave another without ane;) and as Robin hasna siller enough to pay the law folk for the trouble they had in putting him out o' his house, the Embro' Writers—(black be their fa'!—nae wonder that folk put *W. S.* for '*wicked sinner*' after their names!)—hae taken a' Robin's goods and gear. I kenna if they hae even left him his blue bonnet to keep the snaw off his auld grey pow. And now I tell you to your face, John Maxwell, that it would hae been better for you if you had been drowned in the deepest pool o' the Nith, before you had done sic a black deed."

"Haud a' out o' my road!" cried John Maxwell; and giving his horse the spur, he was soon out of sight.

The information of old Jenny was unhappily but too correct; for no sooner had John set out on his expedition, than Saunders Wylie pressed on the suit with so much activity and vigour, as to ensure an early hearing; and the decision being in favour of his client, he lost no time in ejecting Robin, against whom the present rigorous measures were adopted at his instigation.

The scene that met John Maxwell's sight on arriving at Robin's dwelling, filled him with a mixture of shame, grief, and indignation. Before the house, stood two carts, loaded with furniture; the well-polished chest of drawers, and substantial aumrie, were placed on the little green, apparently ready for removal; and the carved oak *settal* (resting seat), torn from its ancient station, stood beside the door. But trying as this was to John's feelings, he experienced a still greater shock, when, on bursting into the house, his eyes fell on the assembled group. In one corner of the room sat Robin, looking with an expression of rage and grief at Saunders Wylie and his myrmidons, some of whom were busily employed in tearing down the old man's bed, others in carrying out chairs and tables. Close to Robin sat Annie, with her apron thrown over her head to hide her tears; while near the window stood Malcolm, holding Mary in his arms, whispering words of comfort and consolation, and endeavouring to impart that fortitude and resignation which his changing cheek proved he had himself failed to attain.

" The Lord be praised!" cried Annie, starting up on hearing the step and voice of her husband—" a' things will gang right now."

" Haud your hands!" said John to the officers, " let alane that bed if you would keep a hail bane in your skins."

" We daur ye to touch us," retorted one of the men;" we have good warrant for our proceedings, and if the money is not forthcoming we maun do our duty."

" But it is forthcoming," said John, tossing his pocket-book upon the table; " help yoursels out o' that, and be off with you; and now, Saunders Wylie, I hae an account to settle with you next. By this day's job, whilk ye ken is clean contrair to my orders, ye hae brought shame to my house and sorrow to my heart. Take this for your payment:" and in fierce wrath, John struck him on the head with the handle of his riding whip, till the blood streamed over his face.

"Take him awa!" cried Robin to the men; "take him awa before this man adds murder to his other evil deeds:" and the men, awed by the fury that gleamed in John's eyes, hurried Saunders out of the house; and, lifting him into one of the carts, hastily drove off.

"Robin," said John in a contrite tone, "this day's wark has gien me the sairest heart I hae had for twenty years. You heard me say, before Saunders, and the gude wife there can tell you the same, that I never intended to put you out o' your house: gude kens I dinna want it—and"—

"That's just sae muckle the waur," retorted Robin. "Ye say ye dinna need it, and wadna take it; sae it was naething but pride that egged ye on: but by lees and jookerie pawkerie, ye hae got the house and the land, and I trow you 'll keep them for me."

"Dinna say that, Robin," replied John; "you 'll keep them baith, and lang may you and yours live to enjoy them; so we 'll get a' things put right again, and the furniture sorted.—Malcolm, come and help me to bring in the settal."

"If ye stir a foot on ony sic errand," said Robin to Malcolm, "you 'll be nae longer son o' mine. It 's no a wheen smooth words, John Maxwell, that 's to hinder me frae wishing a malison on the man that has brought me and mine to want and poortith:" and the old man dashed his bonnet on the ground.

"Oh, dinna let him curse my father!" said Mary, clinging closer to Malcolm.

"Father," said Malcolm, "if John Maxwell has done an evil deed to you, he can do nae mair than say that he rues the same; and as he is willing to make reparation"——

"And are ye gaun to turn against me, too?" exclaimed Robin, in high wrath. "I see what you 're after, you 'll marry that man's daughter; he 'll gie you my house and land, goods and gear, and your auld father may dee at the back o' a dyke for what ye care. This is warst o' a'! this is warst o' a'!"

"I'll not let you say that," interposed Annie, "for a better son than Malcolm ne'er drew breath."

"Hear reason, Robin;" said John. "I winna deny that, I 've been in a faut; for my conscience tauld me scores o' times, that as your gear and mine would a' come to our bairns, it was an unchristian-like thing to take the law o' ye. But I 'm sorry for the same, and I 'll be blythe to make a' things square; and you 'll just live on here, as if a' was your ain."

"John Maxwell," answered Robin, "ye little ken the man you 're speaking to. I wadna take a meal o' meat frae ye if I was dying o' hunger; far less wad I take as an awmous what I hae aye thought my ain. I reckoned on stretching my auld banes on the bed where my faithfu' wife gied up her spirit; but a pickle straw behint a dyke will serve the turn. Take down that bible, Malcolm ; it was your blessed mother's ; its a' that belangs to you in this house. Now gather up a wheen clouts to make meal pocks to us, and we 'll awa and beg our bread frae door to door." And the old man put on his bonnet and seized his staff.

" Oh, father !" said Malcolm, as he stepped between him and the door.

" D' ye want my malison ?" he answered fiercely.

" Dinna thraw him ! dinna thraw him!" said Annie, softly to Malcolm. " Take him to auld Jenny's ; she was down here, a while syne, greeting for him to come to her bit house ; its a poor place nae doubt, but ony thing is better than to hae him wandering about the country with the snaw drift blawing on his grey head."

" You are right," answered Malcolm ; " he 'll come to a better spirit before lang. Comfort Mary." And Malcolm hastened after his father, who, staggering in the snow at every step, at length suffered himself to be conducted to Jenny's cottage, where he was immediately put to bed, from which he did not rise for many weeks.

So soon as his father ceased to require Malcolm's personal care, he engaged himself as a day-labourer on a farm near the village, and toiled early and late for his support. Robin's strength gradually returned, and as he disdained to eat the bread of idleness, he betook himself to digging peats in Lochar Moss. One day, while Malcolm was busily at work, he saw his father with his spade in his hand running towards him. " Fling down your spade, Malcolm ;" said Robin in high glee. "A change o' days is coming to us baith. Look at this purse, man! as fu' as it can haud o' red gowd, which is as welcome as flowers in May; for hear ye, laddie, I 'll use it in such a fashion as will make John Maxwell rue the day he put me out o' my biggin. I 'll revenge myself in a way they little think o'."

"Where did you get this siller, father?"

"D'ye think I stealt it, ye gowk? I got it in Lochar Moss, where I was digging peats."

"In the moss? Then it's nane o' yours; for I've heard you tell a hundred times, that all found treasure belangs to the king."

"I may hae said sae," replied Robin, as his countenance fell; "but I dare say it was just country clatters."

"Ye ken it was nae such thing," replied Malcolm; "oh! dinna gang to sin against your conscience; I 'll dig for you, I'll beg for you—but, oh father, dinna gie yoursel up to the tempter."

"Ye're right, laddie," said Robin; "I hae been an honest man a' my days, and I 'm ower auld now to take up anither trade; but if ye could see into my breast, ye would ken what for I was sae keen to keep the siller."

"Fling awa' the purse," said Malcolm, "I canna bear to see it in your hand."

"Fling awa' the purse? faith! I'll do nae sic thing; wha kens but the king may gang halves with me."

"And what will ye do wi' the money?" asked Malcolm.

"Ne'er fash your beard about that," retorted

Robin, as he shouldered his spade, and walked sturdily off.

The next morning, Jenny, with a face of great importance, informed Malcolm, that his father had bid her tell him, that he had gone away on "an errand," as she expressed it, and that he would not be home again for some weeks. Exceedingly uneasy at this intelligence, Malcolm assailed her with all manner of questions respecting this sudden expedition; but Jenny resisted all his entreaties, declaring she had promised on the bible to keep Robin's secret, and she concluded by saying that "he was on nae ill errand, and that he had routh o' company with him:" and with this meagre scrap of information, Malcolm was forced to be content.

It was fortunate for Robin's secret, that Jenny had so solemnly promised to keep it, otherwise she would certainly have been unable to contain the surprising intelligence, that Robin had gone to London to "gie the king a ca," as he termed it. Robin had confided to Jenny the circumstance of his having found the purse, and his anxiety for its safe conveyance to the king. "Could I no get ane o' the great lords to take the purse to the king, think ye?"—"Ou, nae doubt they might take the *purse* to the king," responded Jenny, with a sagacious air; "but diel a bodle would be in't by the time it got his length. I see naething for it but that ye maun just step awa to Lunnon yoursel, and ca' on the king: and now I think on't, Donald Mackintosh gangs aff by daylight the morn to

Lunnon wi' a drove o' nowt; sae that if ye could be ready by that time, they would be grand company for you on the road." As this was an opportunity not to be slighted, Robin agreed to the proposal. Jenny then sewed up the purse in the lining of his bonnet, and having accompanied him to the place of rendezvous, and put him under Donald's special care, she bade him "God speed."

After a long and fatiguing journey, the whole squad arrived in London; and having seen his four-footed companions safely bestowed, Donald accompanied Robin to the palace; where he left him, after promising that he would call for him in an hour or two, to conduct him back to the little inn where they had taken up their quarters. A number of domestics were lounging about the palace-gate who regarded the poor Scotchman with evident marks of contempt.

"Could I get a word o' the King's Majesty?" asked Robin, touching his broad blue bonnet.

"You may chance to get a blow, as well as a word, an you take not yourself off," answered the saucy menial;" there are too many beggarly Scotchmen here already."

"I 'm nae mair a beggar than yoursel," said Robin, sturdily; "I want naething frae the king, whilk is maybe mair than ye can say, for a' your fine coats."

At this moment a young page issued from the gate, and Robin fancying from his rich dress, and the respect which was paid him by the insolent menial, that he was no less a personage than the Prince of Wales, reverently doffed his bonnet, saying, "Oh, my bonny young prince, ye would mickle oblige me, if you would bring me to the speech o' your royal father. I want to say twa or three words to him."

"I am not the prince, my good man," answered the page, highly flattered by the mistake. "And I fear it will not be in my power to procure you an audience of the king; but if you will intrust your business to me ——"

"Na, na," said Robin, hastily; "my business is far ower weighty for you: faith, I'm thinking it would be lighter before it reached him. Now gang ben, and tell the king, that I've walked a' the way up frae auld Scotland to let him see a sight that will make his een reel in his head; and that I winna trust my secret with ony o' his courtiers; sae he maun e'en let me see him face to face, or I'll awa back as I came, which his royal majesty would sair repent o' if he kent a'."

"But what do you want from the king?" asked the page.

"Naething," answered Robin.

"Could I not carry your secret safely?" said the youth.

"I doubt it," replied Robin, with a sagacious air; "my secret would ne'er get the length o' the king, or your courtiers are sair misca'd."

"Well, well," replied the page, "since you will not trust me, you must e'en tell your story yourself; follow me."

"I'll be blythe to do that," said Robin, as he followed his young protector, who left him in an anti-room, till he craved for him the desired audience.

"May it please your majesty," said the page, who was no other than young Lord Lindsay, "a poor Scotchman humbly craves an audience."

"But it does not please my majesty," exclaimed James, gruffly; "he'll be wanting some gear or bountith. Do the loons think their king is made o' gowd or siller? tell your friend to rest his shanks and gang back again."

"So please your grace, he says he has some weighty secret to impart, which he refuses to entrust to any of the courtiers, as he thinks it would never reach your Majesty."

"It's a' a feint, man, it's a' a feint to get into our presence."

"But," persisted the good-natured page, "he insists that he wants nothing from your grace."

"Lordsake! bring him in," said the king; "a Scotchman that wants naething frae us is a ferlie worth looking at: bring him in, Lindsay." And Robin was forthwith ushered into the royal presence.

"And who may you be, friend?" asked the king.

"A poor Scotchman, my lord king," replied Robin, making a low obeisance.

"That's nae news," answered James, "but gang on with your story, for *tempus præteritum nunquam revertitur,* whilk, in the vulgar tongue, means, time past never returns; so now let's hear what grand secret this is, that you were so feared to trust with any of our Lords."

"Here it is," said Robin, as he pulled out the purse, and displayed its contents. "I just had a notion that some o' the gowd might stick to their fingers, and that made me sae instant to come ben to your Majesty."

"Deil take me," said James, bursting into a loud laugh, and looking round at the nobles who were in attendance. "I would not have missed this ploy for ten purses of gold. Now, tell us, ye pawky auld carle, where got ye the siller; and what for have you brought it to us. Where do ye come frae?"

"I come frae near Dumfries, please your majesty," replied Robin. "Ye maun ken, that poor as I now am, I ance had routh o' siller, and a been weel plenished house; but sair changes happened, with the whilk I need na fash your grace's highness; so I took to digging peats in Lochar Moss, where I found this purse, which I ance thought o' keeping to mysel; but minding that a' found treasure belangs to your majesty, (I'se warrant, kings were at the making o' that law!) I just took a step up to Lunnon, to gie it into your ain hands."

"Cocksnails, man!" said the king, in high glee, "we are mair glad than if you had brought us a cauldron fu' o' diamonds. This matter will tie up the ill scrapet tongues o' the English loons, who are aye sneezing at our poor countrymen.—Faith, we're thinking, that though an Englishman had found a pose as big as Ben Lomond, we would ne'er have been a preen the better for it. Odd man, but we're proud o' ye; here's our hand;" holding out his hand to kiss, which Robin took between his horny fists and shook heartily, to the great amusement of the courtiers.

"Enough done, enough done," exclaimed James, somewhat disconcerted by this breach of etiquette; "and now man, tak up the purse again; we're thinking it's no sae fu' but it might hauld a pickle mair siller," thrusting in some pieces as he spoke. "And now, gang awa back to auld Scotland, and bigg yoursel a house in the bonny town o' Dumfries; and as a reward for your honesty, we promise to take a night's lodging in it, when we gang back to the North, which may be sooner than ye expect."

"I'm mair than obliged to you," responded Robin, in a joyful tone; "and may ye hae routh o' gowd, and length o' days to ware it. But, I would fain gie a bit token o' my thankfu'ness to the bonnie young laddie that brought me to the speech of your grace. Will ye take this to buy you a fairing?" said honest Robin, offering a piece of gold to Lord Lindsay, who laughingly declined the gift. "Aweel," said Robin, "since you'll no hae 't, it will gang with twa or three marrows into the poor's brod, the first sabbath I gang to the kirk in Scotland: and now, I'll awa hame: Gude day to your majesty."—And putting up his purse, and clapping on his bonnet, Robin walked sturdily out of the palace.

It was on a clear frosty night in January, when

Robin Riddell lifted the latch of old Jenny's cottage, where he remained only long enough to assure her of his welfare, and learning from her that Malcolm was then at John Maxwell's, he took his way to the farm. The light of a blazing fire drew Robin to the window, which enabled him to see all within. John was sitting by the fire; Annie was baking cakes; and Malcolm was by way of helping Mary to reel a pirn of yarn. "I wonder where my auld father is?" said Malcolm, as a loud gust of wind roared down the chimney. "May the Lord be about him wherever he is," said Annie. "Amen!" cried John, with fervor. Robin could stand this no longer, and in another minute he was in the midst of the group.

"Robin Riddell!" exclaimed John, "are ye here for gude or for ill."

"For gude, I'll answer for it," said Annie, as she threw her arms round his neck.

"Deil take the wife," exclaimed Robin, "she's pouthered me a' with meal."

"Dear father," said Malcolm, "where have you been?"

"I'll soon tell you that," said Robin. "Ye ken when I found the purse in Lochar moss, I told you it would help me to be revenged on John Maxwell; and what think you that was to be? just to forgie a' that had been done: now that we were nae longer beggars, it could na be thought we did it for our bread; and I was in a great vexation, when you put me in mind that it belanged to the king; but as I couldna deny the same, I took a step up to Lunnon, and ca'd on the king, wha behaved unco genteel to me, and gied me back a' the siller, and bad me bigg a house wi' it, and said that he would come and take a night's lodging with me some night: my benison be on him. Sae, John, my old friend, here's my hand. Mary gie me a kiss; the gudewife has got hers already.—I maun haste me to get the house biggit, before the king comes, honest man. And now, bairns, we'll hae a blythe wedding, and live as happy as the day's lang."

This motion was carried by acclamation; and soon after John's roof *dirled* with the sound of mirth and revelry. Robin was the hero of the night, and looked as proud as a Highland piper, as he held forth to the rustics on his wonderful adventures, profusely interlarding his narrative with "says I to the king," and "quoth the king to me."

The old domicile was, by mutual consent, appropriated to the use of the young couple; and Robin built himself a new house, which, till within these few years, might be seen in the High Street of Dumfries, and where in due time, he was actually honoured by a visit from the king, as he passed through the town on his way to his northern capital. Respected and loved, Robin lived to a good old age, and he failed not to inculcate on his children's children the excellent maxim that "Honesty is the best policy."

THE PRAYER.

A Dramatic Sketch.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

Enter Constance.

Here let me rest, and mid this gentle scene,
So calm and soft and beautiful, my heart,
That seems the only sad unquiet thing,
Will hush its fearful throbbing. Yet methinks
There is a sultry softness in the air
That feeds my bosom's fever, not allays;
And on the flowers, though on their leaves already
The dews approaching even flings before
Are moist and cool, there hangs a cloying perfume,
Whose sweetness sickens.—I am Fancy's slave!
A midnight dream—a void fantastic dream—
O my weak heart!—And yet, are we not told
Of Warning Voices, at the dead of night,
That oft do startle the dull ear of Sleep
With sounds presaging woe and dread?—for then,
When all bad thoughts and sinful feelings lie
Hush'd in the slumbering heart, the guardian voice
Of our good angel falleth not unheard.

To-night!—what of to-night?—see how it comes
In tranquil beauty stealing o'er the sea—
No breath—no sound. And yet it is most strange
This solemn stillness! why should all things be
To-night so deathlike silent? Seems it not
As if the earth, and sea, and heaven were watching
Like witnesses of some accursed deed
That, awe-struck, hold their breath till it be over!
O Julian! Julian! ever in that name
There dwelt a magic, which was wont to still
The throbbings of this wayward heart when they
Did wildest swell; yet now, methinks, it falls
Upon my ear, as if by other lips
Pronounced—with boding—low—prophetic sound!

Enter AGNES—*muttering.*

Ha! who is she who crosses thus my path
In this most fateful hour?—thou wither'd beldame—
Witch—prophetess—or devil—whate'er thou art,
An evil omen is thy hideous presence!
Methinks the flowers are wither'd by thy foot,
And ne'er so foul and dire a messenger,
Did draw the curtains of a sick man's bed,
And bid the shuddering wretch despair and die—
Hence—get thee gone—away!
Agnes. Ha! dost thou curse me?
And wilt thou thrust me thus from nature's common?
Am I a toad that crawls upon your path,

And must be spurn'd from the nice sight of beauty?
What! I am old, and ugly, and deform'd,
And wither'd—and you therefore hate, and loathe
me!

Con. (*recollecting herself*) Agnes—

Agnes. Accursed be the eyes that turn'd,
Sickening, away from this foul form! Thrice cursed
The tongue that did command me to my haunts
Of woe and misery, like some savage beast
That must not walk in the fair light of day!
Accursed be thy beauty and thy love!—
All looks that dwell on these with more delight
Than thine on me—the husband of thy bosom—

Con. O, no—not him—he did not curse thee
Agnes!
And I—I did not mean it—but there were
Such fearful thoughts in my bewilder'd brain,
And thou didst start so sudden in the midst—
I thought—I know not what;—wilt thou forgive me?
Thou know'st I ever have been kind and pitying,
And oft did woo thee from thy lonely mood,
And lead thee to the cheerful light and heat
Of a bright winter's fire, and chafe thy hands,
And give thee food and clothing.—Come, I know
Thou wilt forgive me. I have had such dreams!
On any night but this!—Thou didst not curse *him*?
O no, my love, my lord, my Julian's name—
Good Agnes—

Agnes. Wherefore am I now good Agnes?
Am I less ugly, fair-skinn'd hypocrite?

Am I less loathsome — less deform'd — less foul?
On any night but this, said'st thou! — the past
Are now not thine — the future — ay the future,
What knowest thou of them? but to-night —
To-night —— (*muttering.*)
Con. What mean'st thou — stop not in thy speech —
Agnes. I did not curse thy Julian — what avails
Cursing or blessing to the already doom'd? [*Exit.*
Con. Already doom'd! O God! — to what — when — where!
Stay prophetess of evil — she is gone!
— Now do I see, and feel, and breathe once more;
And soon, methinks — yes very soon — shall smile
At my wild fancies. What avails indeed
Blessing or cursing to the already doom'd?
Are we not all so? — and can mortal voice
Call down heaven's thunder ere its destined hour.

Enter Julian.

Julian. Good news, my love! I come the messenger
Of welcome, and unlooked-for joy; —
Con. Good news!
Jul. Yes, love, but 'tis like life — a "mingled yarn,"
Where, mixing with the golden threads, are seen
Some gloomier shades — Dearest — this hour we part —
Nay, start not thus, nor look so wildly on me,
But for a time we part — a few short weeks —
A little month, — and dost thou not remember

How swiftly that short season glided past
Some half dozen moons ago — when thou didst swear,
Full many a pretty lady oath withal,
That Time had drank so deeply at our wedding,
He reel'd two steps for one ?— Speak to me love !
But look not thus with wild and fixed eye—
Dear Constance —
Con. Tell me not of joy, or sorrow —
Speak not of tidings, dire or welcome — but
If thou dost love me — if my tears, my prayers
Can move thee from thy purpose — if thou wouldst not
Destroy me — Julian, go not hence to night !
Jul. It is most strange, I never saw thee thus —
What means this strong emotion ?
Con. Ask not Julian,
Thou wouldst but smile at my fond wilfulness —
And yet, methinks, it is no marvellous boon
To grant thy Constance — at to-morrow's dawn
I will not stay thee, truant, with one kiss
To bid farewell.
Jul. Thou know'st not all, my love —
For thy own sake I must deny the boon
That would devote our lives to poverty.
I must be brief — our friend will tell thee all
When I am gone—and thou, even thou wilt bless
The hour that first did tear thy Julian from thee.
This eve a vessel sails at set of sun—
The sole conveyance—(*a signal gun heard*)—and oh heaven, even now

I must be gone! look up, my life, my Constance!
She hears me not—I cannot leave her thus—
Yet see how at my warm and farewell kiss
She starts—awakes—now, now—heaven bless thee
love! [*Exit.*

Con. And is he gone! O, since man's ear is shut
Against my prayer—high Heaven in mercy hear me!—
(*kneeling.*)
This one—this dreaded night—let me but hold
My husband in these arms—the rest be thine!—
(*rising.*)

O God, I thank thee, thou hast heard my prayer!
A glow of holy triumph fills my heart,
And through my frame a strange, sweet feeling thrills
And gives assurance, strong as if some angel,
Heaven-sent, had spoken, that my prayer is heard!
He will not go—and in these guardian arms
My Julian I shall hold this fated night!

Scene changes: *A rocky shore—Commencement of a sudden storm.*

Enter Agnes, *wildly.*

Roll on, ye troubled waves—roll on, ye storms?
High ministers of destiny, to me

Your thrilling touch is rapture, and your voice
Is holiest music! Thou, whom mortal eye
Hath ne'er beheld, save mine, dread Spirit, bend
From thy pavilion clouds, where throned thou sit'st,
Guiding the tempests in their fated path,
And shed thy whisper'd secrets on my soul!
For I have linger'd at the appointed place —
O many a long, long night, the silent moon,
My sole companion, deeming at each sound
That 'twas thy promised footstep in the sky.
How joy'd I when at length thy well-known voice
Awoke the slumbering genii of the deep,
And in the farthest heaven the beauteous lightning
That diadems thy brow, star-like arose!
Hark! now he speaks, the thunder is his voice,
And the earth shudders at the sound, while I,
Who hear alone the horrid tale it tells,
Am calm. O, let me hear that voice once more —
Or to our own high watch-tower shall I haste,
On the steep ridge of yonder dizzy rock?
And there heaven's mysteries thou shalt unfold;
The secrets of the deep, thy ministering power,
And of the clouds, thy awful home — all, all —
And I will weave in one bright song the tale,
At which the earth shall tremble.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Con. Stay, Agnes — hold —
At this dark hour, and on so wild a night,

What dost thou here, like to some guilty spirit,
Thus conjured up at the dead witching time,
In thunder and in storm?
Agnes. What dost *thou* here?—
Thy snow-white garments and dishevel'd hair
Streaming like tracks of starry light, while thou,
Like some commission'd angel, walk'st in glory,
On the dark bosom of the night, with power
To still the gathering tempest in its wrath?
Oh, thou dost look so fair, that were I not
Myself so foul, and had I tears to give,
I now could weep for thee — away,
Thou com'st too soon — it is not yet the hour! [*Exit.*
Con. Thy aimless ravings cannot now affright me.
All coward thoughts are hush'd within my bosom,
That now but watches what mysterious way
Heaven will redeem its pledge. This very storm,
Which rose so sudden in the sultry air,
Is but the minister of its gracious will.
The bark will not to sea — or if it does
A stronger hand than human will oppose
Its impious career — yea, on the rocks
Dash its frail sides, rather than heaven should fail
In its high promise, — and my Julian then
Will kneel with me amid the wreck, and bless
His glorious protector!
Hark! she sings!
The wandering maniac — what a fearful thing
To hear a human voice so wildly swelling
Upon the storm. Even on such a night —

Long, long ago, as nursery legends told,
A cry was heard on that dark deep — but, ah !
No help was near ; and when the morning came,
And the bright sun looked down in peace and glory
Upon the slumbering sea, upon a rock,
Mute, motionless, there sat a human form ;
'Twas she, the wretched Agnes — kindred, friends,
All, all, were lost — she was bereft, alone !
And ever since that hour, among these rocks,
The only haunt that superstitious fear
Hath left her, she hath dwelt, and still when night,
Shrouded in storm and darkness, brings to mind,
With indistinct impression, her sad fate,
Thus will she wander wildly and alone,
Shrieking amidst the tempest.

Hark ! methinks
That picture conjures in my troubled fancy
A hideous image. O, it is most true —
These terrible sounds ! the fated bark has perished !
Where art thou, Julian ? 'tis thy Constance calls —
Yet fear not, love, there is a spell around thee
Will quell the billows in their wrath, till thou,
Unharm'd, on their white bosoms ride to land ! [*Exit.*

Another part of the beach. Fishermen and Women dragging in a dead body from the wreck. All dark.

Fisher. Here set it down, a light is moving there
Among the rocks — it comes this way, and now

We soon shall see if stranger, or companion
To his last home is gone.
First Wom. O! 'tis my husband!
The very 'kerchief I did tie around
That neck I feel now cold and wet.
Second Wom. Ah me!
It is — it must be he — O God — my brother!
I know it by the beating of my heart.

Enter Constance.

Con. What sounds of woe are these, that make the storm
More dreadful — ha! has death been here? High heaven,
How wondrous — how unsearchable thy ways!
It was not I — I did not do that murder —
O, no, it hath not — my unconscious prayer
Drawn down destruction on another head,
And from the altar's horns withdrawn my Julian,
To place another innocent victim there
With barbarous piety! Here comes a light,
And now this chill and marble countenance
Will freeze some heart as mute and death-like cold.
O, mother — sister — wife — whate'er thou art,
My bosom bleeds for thee!

Enter Agnes, *with a light.*

Set down the torch.
Agnes. What! art thou here before me? — do thou hold

The torch; stretch forth thy hand—yet stay, one moment,
And let its light on the fair features fall
Of living beauty, ere it gild the brow
Of death. Thy beautiful eyes are calm and steady,
And in them gleams a more than mortal radiance;
Thy cheek is lighted up with a warm blush,
Brighter than youth's most bright and sunny hue;
And there as thou dost stand with thy white arm
Thus stretch'd on high, like some angelic form
Thou seem'st, instinct with power to spurn the earth,
And on the chariot winds ascend to heaven!

[CONSTANCE *holds the torch to the face of the corpse.*]

Look there! — thy prayer was heard, and thou this night—
Even now — dost hold thy husband in thine arms!

[CONSTANCE *drops the torch, and falls on the dead body of* JULIAN.]

Fisher. Oh, awful sight! Are these the fruits of prayer?
Agnes. Silence, presumptuous worm! The paths of God
Are on that dark, illimitable sea,
Whose voice even now falls awful on our ear,
When yet the straining eye no gleam can catch
Of its vast form athwart the abysm of night.
Lie there, in happy union, blessed pair!

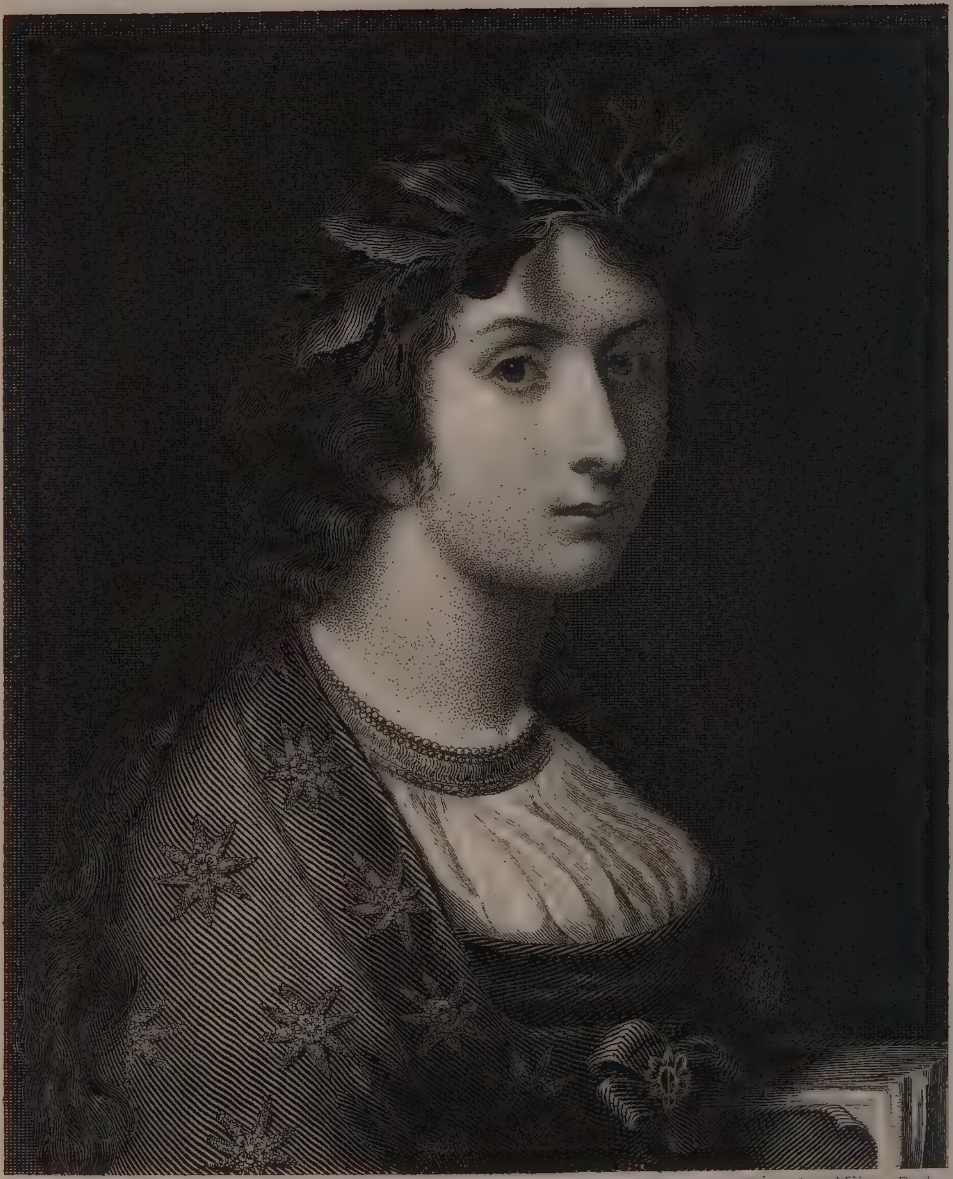
Oh, weary mariner, how calm thy rest!
Oh, faithful wife, how still thine anxious breast!
To thy deep love and holy faith was given
Release from earth — a changeless home in heaven!

SONNET.

BY JOSIAH CONDER.

"Even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."
Matt. vi. 29.

From cold utility does beauty spring?
Is there not use in beauty? Go, fond sage,
Scan Nature's flower-illuminated page,
And learn that beauty is a sovereign thing,
Redundantly conferred by Nature's King,
Beyond all need, mocking all Art's pretence,
Lavished with glorious munificence
On weeds and worms,—the tiniest insect's wing.
It is the cipher in which God inscribes
His name upon His works: His name is Love —
Ill understood by wisdom's curious tribes,
Florist or botanist. Oh, far above
Their lore, the lesson which a flower conveys.
These are thy works, O God, and they proclaim thy praise.



Painted by Carlo Dolci

Engraved by William Finden.

Poesie.

[illegible] by Smith, Elder & Co 65 Cornhill

POESIE.

Beauty that language fails, yet pants, to picture—
Solemn, though soft—august, though love-inspiring—
Passion and Wisdom's blended workmanship—
Hath crowned thee with perfection, elder-born
Of a rejoicing world! Mercy's minister
Wert thou from the Omnipotent to man.
When sin assumed supremacy on earth,
When the dread curse stayed Nature's teeming womb,
When the sand-surge swept o'er the flowery plain,
When noxious vegetation buried Eden,
And the sad children of its erring exile
From Toil and Sorrow wrung their bitter bread,
Thou didst remain Heaven's sweet remembrancer!
And gladdened through the forest boughs at even
The drooping soul with song.
                                        Lovely and young
For ever!—of no land where beat
Breasts pure and free forgetful—Thou hast stamped
The currency of ages,—mid the wreck
Of old far-conquering nations marked some spot—
A speck upon the mantle of the main—

And some brief period, with thy seal divine,
Imparting Time's duration.
Records strange
Blazon thy mystic volume—Thou hast stored
Themes in all tongues, traditions of all people—
Of other spheres scaled the dusk boundaries;—
In thee the antique hero arms again,
Laughs in his might, and riots in the war—
The grape's divinity revives in thee—
And startled by thy summoning spell, arise
Long slumbering forms, whose eyelids closed on beauty;
Their pensive voices pouring on the ear
Matter so moving that afflictions present
Are lost in griefs long gone.
To thee and thine
Be glory! Praise to all who set apart
From the distempered business of life's scene,
With holy awe, thy radiant advent wait
In nature's roofless temple, where I've been
From infancy a careless loiterer.
I knew not that thy spirit was upon me
When stealing from my ever-merry mates—
A dreaming, pale-cheeked boy—I wandered on
Through the dim groves that seemed at noon-tide haunted—
Where the winds muttered their wild oracles—
And couched among the tall fern on the rocks
Noting the waving foxglove, or, affrighted
By mastering Fancy, shrinking sudden back
From dalliance with the giant cataract.

The revelation came with later years.
In solitude I see thee and adore.
Fair, but fugacious, hast thou been to me!
Smiling at midnight—vanishing at morn;
Leaving nought save the unwilling memory
Of vows abortive—homage ill expressed
And a heart humbled, chill, and desolate
Even as a temple from whose mourning shrine
The angry God hath parted.

K.

SONNET.

On a picture by the Rev. John Eagles.

BY R. F. HOUSMAN.

This lovely picture hath a summer look;
And doth remind my spirit of a day,
A bright day long since vanished, when I lay
Dreaming wild fancies in a leafy nook,
Alone,—nor wishing fellowship!—Yon brook
Might be the same whose never-ceasing play
Made the flowers quiver, and the twisted spray
Weave sunny diamonds on my open book.
Yet there is one thing wanting—a low cot,
Star-like descried amid the trees,—its smoke
Breaking through coppices of slender oak,
And winding heavenward, with a motion still
As voiceless fountain in a hermit's grot,
Or vapoury steam above a moon-light hill.
1829.

TO —— AND ——

ON THEIR APPROACHING MARRIAGE.

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

'Tis not the cymbal's silver sound,
'Tis not the tabor's light rebound;
Nor all that music's stores supply,
Can touch the soul with genuine joy.

'Tis the calm bliss, the pure delight,
When hearts with virtuous hearts unite;
The conscious feeling, heaven-approved,
That loves, and knows itself beloved.

Yet one mild voice the silence breaks,
From yon blue tract of air it speaks—
"Go on, my children! trusting go!
And prosperous be your course below.

Go on, in tried affection dear,
In humble hope—in holy fear;
Tread in the steps your fathers trod,
And be your rest your fathers' God.

TO MY CHILD.

(At Eighteen Months Old.)

BY JOHN BANIM.

By the quiverings of thine eye, my babe, so quick and sharp, they seem
Revealings of meridian mind before thy time to gleam,
By thy knowledge of our words to thee, although the knowledge come,
We know not by what promptings, for as yet my babe, thou'rt dumb—

By thine answers in thine actions, babe, so rapid and so true,
Is all that by a word or look we want thee, babe, to do—
By signs like these 'tis whispered, babe, in moments as of fear,
That a spirit winged so early forth, not long can settle here.

In pride, alone, and humble thanks for promised gifts so rare,
That foolish whisper comes to me, of my little girl so fair,
Because by sickness only, I am sure God lets us know,
When he doth wish a living soul back to himself to go.

And yet, my babe, while you and I this day communed alone,
A creeping of that vain surmise I inwardly did own,
There was such meaning in thee, babe, so startling and intense—
A power in thine up-cast eyes, a pure intelligence—

In accents strange and primitive, in a language bold and strong,
Once spoken in the infant world, though now forgotten long,
I almost thought to hear thee shape the question of that look,
To which, as to a spirit's glance, I for a moment shook.

My dreams! my dreams, I also fear! they do so picture thee,
A little corpse laid at my feet, in sage tranquillity,
And in the middle of the night, my own weak moans do start,
The desolating sorrow from my cramped and quailing heart!

ON AN ETRURIAN VASE.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS.

Relic of days forgotten! — Monument
Of Time's remediless, and wasting sway —
Of pleasure faded — frail endearments spent —
And hopes, long crushed in one unmarked decay —
Who shall behold thy fragile shape unrent,
That form of weak but still enduring clay —
Nor feel as if a deep and warning cry
Came from the sepulchre of years gone by?

What hast thou seen?—the smile of youth carest,
The friendly group convened—the mother's pride—
Age, in its garb of mild instruction drest,
And meekly listening Beauty side by side;
What time the radiant eve, with starry crest,
Serenely glimmered o'er the Tyrrhene tide,
And the tired herds, in slow and devious track,
Came from the tillage, and the pasture back.

What hast thou heard?—the jest; the awakened song;
The infant's querulous or sportive cry;
The merry laughter of the assembled throng,
As stole the festive hours unheeded by;
Perchance the lyre's faint tinkling, borne along
With voices mixed of rural minstrelsy;
While gladness marked, upon the teeming plain,
The vine's blue increase, or the poppied grain—

And where are these? oh ask not—rather think
How many a statelier pageant—loftier scene—
Since then hath risen above destruction's brink—
Dawned, shone, and faded—where no trace hath been;
How many a fabric Time has reared to sink,
Smote by that giant wave, of might unseen,
Whose yet insatiate womb, far stretched and hoar,
Rolls dark o'er millions, and still cries for more.

Then turn and meditate on this—the Arch
Of Triumph moulders, where its lords defied;
Death checks the sage's quest, and warrior's march,
And hails the sceptred monarch to deride:
Yet, while, as leaves, which summer's lightnings parch,
Ambition's majesty and pomp subside,—
A potter's vessel braves unharmed the blow,
And lasts—when strength and state and wealth are low!

LOVE'S GROWTH.

BY THE REV. HENRY STEBBING, M.A.

I KNEW them when the rosiest light of love was on
their brow—
When their hearts were throbbing deep and quick—
first conscious of its glow.
Beautiful were they in its joy, and the brightness of
their truth,
And musical as silver harps the voices of their youth.

I walked with them through many years—their gladness shed a light
O'er a path that my own fate or hopes had never made
so bright—
And every sun that rose and set, their love more fervent
grew,
As if heaven never from their hearts its morning beams
withdrew.

And sweeter seemed the tones of each gentle voice to
sound,
As time and converse fond and sweet, their souls more
closely bound;
And brighter every day I thought, their beaming brows
became,

With the living thoughts that nurture hope, and love's
undying flame.

I saw them in their happy home, and by their winter
hearth,
The world nor harmed them with its lures, nor tempests
with their wrath;
A charmed life was in their hearts, a spell divinely
wrought
O would that oftener human hearts that spell divine
were taught!

Love changeless kept all else from change, and glad
they past along,
Life's course but varied as the flow and measure of a
song;
And time prest on them, but with form so gracious and
so mild,
I ever deemed their smiles the same I loved so when a
child.

Beautiful were they in their youth—and when I saw
them lie
In their last sleep I looked and knew man's spirit could
not die.
Love filled them with its purest light, their hearts its
place of birth,—
O would that bright Immortal dwell in shrines that are
but earth?

WITH THEE—WITH THEE.

BY ELIZA WALKER.

With thee — with thee — oh! what a bliss,
To sail o'er Life's tumultuous sea;
And every blessèd hour feel this,
They all are past with thee — with thee!

To know when wakes morn's eye of light,
Thy glance more radiant I shall see;
And glowing noon — and shadowy night,
Will find me still with thee — with thee.

Can care come near when thou art nigh?
No, no, beloved, it must not be;
Thine own fond girl will hush each sigh,
And ever smile with thee — with thee!

Though fate shows dark, and withering blight
Hath ever stalk'd Life's path with me;
I spurn its power, I scorn its might,
Which leaves me still with thee — with thee!

Arm'd strong with love — clasp'd heart to heart,
Our souls shall soar — brave, buoyant, free;
No time shall sever — sorrow part,
One grave I'll share with thee — with thee!

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

What can we suffer worse? Is this, then, worst?---*Milton.*

In the library of the ancient university of Caen, there is a manuscript collection of letters, chiefly written by monks, many of which are of the most curious and interesting nature. There is one, indeed, from Jean Galland, a monk of Ardennes, to Philip de Harcourt, abbot of Troarn, giving the details of an extraordinary transaction, briefly alluded to by the poet Segrais,* which I am surprized the laborious researches of the antiquarians of this city have not yet discovered. They will not, however, be displeased to have their attention directed by a foreigner, to the very valuable source of information whence this singular record of human suffering has been drawn, which I stumbled upon by mere chance, the library not possessing a catalogue, or a librarian who might supply the place of one. In translating the documents into English, I have taken few or no liberties with the original, except in suppressing here and there certain pious ejaculations, which had no other effect than to interrupt unseasonably the stream of the narrative.

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* Segrais appears to have heard but a very meagre account of this transaction, and had unquestionably never read the letter of the sufferer himself. His version, however, as the reader will perceive, differs but very little from the truth: "Un homme," says he, "que l' on avoit pendu en cette ville de Caen, ayant donné quelques signes de vie, apres avoir été enlevé de la potence, fut porté *dans la maison d' un Foulon,* voisine du lieu ou l' exécution s' en etoit faite: on le mit sur un lit. Des archers etant demeurés pour le garder en attendant l' ordre de la Justice, se mirent à jouer aux cartes. L'homme cependant revint entièrement à lui; et comme il etoit rempli de l' exhortation du confesseur qui l' avoit assisté, voyant que l' on jouoit aux cartes, il se demanda d'abord à lui meme, *si on y jouoit en Paradis où il croyoit être:* C'est ce qui il a raconte lui-meme, etant entré dans un couvent ou il prit l' habit, après s' etre sauvé adroitement pendant que les archers jouoient." Oeuvres Diverses de M. de Segrais, t. i. p. 204, 205. Edit. d' Amsterdam.

"I was born, my dear brother in Christ, (says the monk, in his letter), to little or no fortune; but my parents, who were engaged in business, had been sufficiently favoured by Mammon to enable them to bestow upon me an education which lifted me above my original condition. With ideas which might have appeared too lofty and aspiring even in a prince, and which had taken possession, God only knows how, of my whole soul, I saw myself doomed, however, as soon as the period of my studies should be over, to descend from my high spiritual contemplations to the level of vulgar life, where the mind, if it be not tarnished and degraded, becomes tame and servile, and loses the fine relish of enthusiasm. Inspired by such feelings, I returned to my father's house, in the street of St. John, where my family had from time immemorial vended silks and other vanities to the matrons and maidens of the city. I was not, however, immediately required to forsake my studies and give up my days to the pursuit of gain, my father having in his mind certain plans and schemes respecting me, which the event that shortly after took place dissipated for ever, without even allowing me to come to the knowledge of what they were.

"Nevertheless, I took pleasure in visiting occasionally the shops and warehouses of my father, where the fairest and loveliest of the damsels of Caen might every day be seen, cheapening those wares which, when properly disposed about their persons, only sharpened the darts of desire, and rendered more efficacious the snares they insidiously spread abroad for the souls of men. Among this crowd of fair beings, there was one whose presence disturbed my spirit exceedingly. This was the only daughter of the Count de Mathan, a maiden who was just then about to step upon the threshold of womanhood, adorned with as much beauty and innocence as ever accompanied the female soul in its transition from the state of the girl to that of the woman. Her eyes, which is frequently the case among the women of our city, as you have no doubt observed, were as blue as the summer sky; her features regular and delicate; her hair of the richest auburn; and her complexion so singularly fair, that her neck was scarcely to be distinguished from the snowy lace or cambric which concealed a portion of it.

"By degrees, the idea of this beautiful creature formed itself a home, as it were, in my mind, from whence it seldom departed, even when sleep, or the chaste spirit of meditation, had banished all other earthly things. All beings tend more or less powerfully towards the other beings in the universe which most resemble them; but love is as the attraction of two spheres of equal magnitude, which hurries irresistibly the one towards the other, and ends by reducing them to one. Isabelle de Mathan had now unconsciously become the world to me. Her presence was paradise, her absence hateful as death. Perhaps there was too much earthliness in my passion; perhaps it was exclusively the beauty of her person which at first lit up the fire in my breast; perhaps my heart was not sufficiently purified from the taint of concupiscence — and therefore the Lord afflicted me! As God shall judge me, I know not: but I loved as man never before loved woman.

"My sole pleasure now was to place myself as often as possible near her; and whether it be that there is an atmosphere around beautiful persons, which, whoever enters is happy, or otherwise, I cannot determine; but assuredly, the felicity which I experienced in the presence of my beloved resembled, as far as earthly passion may, that which, they say, is tasted by beatified spirits, if it may be said without profaneness. Night follows not more regularly the footsteps of day than I did her. If she went to the theatre, I was there; if she mingled among the crowds upon the public walks, I mingled among them also; if she repaired to the house of prayer, or to the altar of God, I still hovered near her, as the lapwing hovers over its scarcely fledged progeny, instinctively seeking the use of its wings.

"That she was conscious of being the object of my admiration I now know; but hitherto I had not spoken. At length providence seemed to offer me an opportunity of declaring myself. I had followed her as usual to church; the priests were chaunting the solemn service of the mass; numerous youths were pacing the floor of the sanctuary to and fro, swinging their censers, and scattering about the hallowed perfume of the incense; a little boy, decked in priestly garments, was bearing aloft a tall silver cross, which glistened in the sunbeams then streaming in through the painted windows above the principal altar, when the church became suddenly darkened. Presently the stillness of the atmosphere became oppressive, the church grew still darker, and the crash of thunder and the glare of lightning terrified the worshippers. Flash after flash entered the windows and shot along the aisles. The spirit of fear was upon us all. We thought of death, and each man saw the hue of a corpse in his neighbour's countenance. At this moment I stole a glance at Isabelle. She was pale and awe-stricken, like the rest; but there was I know not what of splendour about her forehead, of meek pride in her eye, which threw a kind of divinity around her, which seemed as a buckler against danger. The service meanwhile proceeded; but in a tone into which a sense of imminent danger had infused a peculiar solemnity. The priest had just entered upon the sublime portion of the Psalms which had been selected, as the lesson for that day, when an indescribable but fearful noise was heard over head. It appeared at first like the blasting of rocks, when the mineral powder is rending the bowels of the mountains, and hurling their shattered fragments aloft into the air. Then the roof of the church opened with a tremendous crash, and fragments, vast, black, and smoking, like the crust of a volcano, thundered down upon the pavement, crushing the people to atoms, and seeming to shake the very globe itself. Shrieks, groans, screams, and yells of terror and pain, instantaneously filled the temple, though few attempted for the moment to escape. I saw Isabelle standing in the midst of the terror-stricken multitude, with hands clasped, and eyes round and glaring with horror; and, without reflecting or knowing what I did, instinctively seized her in my arms, and fled with her through the cloisters into the street. Here she recovered her reason, which had been momentarily extinguished, and looking wildly about, exclaimed "My mother! my mother!" Without uttering a syllable in reply, I rushed back to the church, and attempted to enter; but the multitude had now found their way to the door, and were rushing out like a torrent, the young and the strong treading down and trampling upon the weak, and creating more horrors than the fragments of the lightning-blasted spire. Nevertheless, in this flood of passion, there were numerous proofs of the innate goodness of human nature. Love, like the spirit of God, was in the midst of them, prompting to deeds of heroism and self-devotion. Mothers, always pre-eminent in love, faint, wounded, and bleeding, but rendered powerful by terror, were bearing out their children in their arms; husbands were hurrying along with their wives; and young men, who should be immortal for their piety, were snatching from destruction the gray hairs of their fathers, thus proving that love flows back as naturally to its source, as onward to its offspring. It was in vain that I endeavoured to stem this living torrent. As often as I opposed myself to its fury, and tried to force my body between that of the fugitives, I was dashed back like a reed, which is thrown into a winter stream. At length, however, the building was empty, and I made my way in. Small fragments were still dropping down, and the place was filled with dust. No living creature was to be seen; at least none that exhibited signs of life, though I more than once thought I heard a stifled groan among the heaps of rubbish. I called; but there was no answer; and finding that all search was fruitless, I now returned to the spot where I had deposited my precious burden. Here, to my surprise, I found the whole family united, awaiting my return, in order to overwhelm me with gratitude. The old Count had saved the life of his consort. His little boy had escaped, no one knew how. I was pressed into their carriage, and accompanied them home. This was the second stage of my misfortune.

"Thus introduced into the family of the count, the humbleness of my birth was for a time overlooked, and numerous opportunities were afforded me of rendering Isabelle acquainted with the state of my heart. It was long, however, before the secret of my passion passed my lips; but, when, in a moment of high excitement, when prudence slumbered, and the natural timidity of love was forgotten, it burst forth in spite of me, I found that, whatever might be the aristocratical feelings of her family, my beautiful mistress entertained no prejudices respecting blood or rank, but regarded all human beings as God regards them. This discovery appeared to elevate me to the summit of human happiness. I loved and was beloved; which, in the blindness of my sinful state, I considered to be all that was requisite to constitute complete felicity; and if Providence had then vouchsafed to proffer me the fulfilment of all my wishes, I should have asked for no more. Even now when, from this calm and holy retreat, I look back upon those moments of delirium, I cannot regret that my soul has passed through them; so much do they seem like glimpses of the beatitude that is to come! You know the gardens of Montvert. There, in the warm serene summer evenings, when the sky was paved with curled clouds, between which the evening star showed at intervals its small bright disk of gold, we walked together, with beating hearts, frequently too happy even to speak, and satisfied with gazing at each other's faces. My heedless impetuous disposition soon brought a cloud upon my happiness. Forgetting that if Isabella was omnipotent over me, she was not so over fate, and circumstance, and the world, I neglected to conceal my passion for her, which being perceived, caused me at first to be coldly received by the count, and shortly afterwards to be excluded altogether from his house. It was beyond his power, however, to shut out my image from the heart of his daughter. In proportion as the love of others was withdrawn from me, hers threw its balm and its perfume more profusely upon my heart; and assuredly to be well with her would have been more than recompence sufficient for being at open war with all the rest of mankind. When I could no longer be seen at the chateau, Isabella, with a young friend of her own sex, contrived to elude the vigilance of her relations, and to meet me in the neighbouring forest, where, in the cottage of a poor old woman, on whose fidelity we ventured to rely, we often spent the greater part of the night in trances of rapturous affection, the friend of Isabella witnessing and sharing in our chaste joys.

" Circumstances having deprived my mistress of the countenance of her companion, our meetings were discontinued; until at length, impatient and unhappy, I in an evil moment besought her to venture forth alone; but, for greater security, to come disguised in man's apparel. She consented; for to what will not the confiding nature of woman consent, when it is love that petitions? It was a mild, moonlight night in the time of harvest; and the smell, I well remember, of the ripe corn, which lay in sheaves upon the ground, filled the atmosphere, and called up every primitive and patriarchal association. I felt, as I stood beneath an old oak, waiting for my beloved, as if the golden age of the world had returned; and, verily, it had a real existence for me, as nature never could have looked more smiling and beautiful, even in Paradise, than it did to me at that hour. At length I discovered a figure, which I doubted not was that of Isabella, approaching through a glade of the forest, and I instantly bounded away to meet her. She was yet at some distance, however, when a man rushed out upon her from between the trees, and bringing her to the ground with a single blow, was again lost in the darkness of the wood. All this was the work of a moment, and took place before I could advance ten steps towards the scene of horror. In another minute I was supporting my mistress in my arms, but the wretch had stabbed her to the heart, and in his haste had left the dagger in her body. This I drew out as gently as I could, but her life came with it; and she expired with my name upon her lips. Her blood had flowed over me, as I held her in my arms, and pressed her to my heart; and had drenched my clothes completely. This told against me afterwards; but at the time I received every drop of it with eagerness, as if I had thought it would have been a crime to allow so divine a life to be spilled upon the unhallowed ground. Who was the murderer, or what could have been his motive, I fear will never be known, till the day of doom shall reveal the secrets of all hearts: but as my spirit hopes hereafter to hold communion with God's spirit, I am innocent, my brother, of this fearful deed, though no asseverations of mine will ever, I know, absolve me from suspicion on earth, or cease to cling to my name, even when my soul shall have returned to him who gave it.

"That I neglected to pursue the murderer, is true. My enemies are welcome to what they can infer from that. But I was too completely absorbed at first by interest about the fate of my mistress, and afterwards by grief and and anguish and horror, to give a thought to the demon who had reaped down at a blow all the hopes of my heart. Little, however, did I then think that *I* should be suspected of a crime worse than that of Cain — of a crime for which the very devils would have excluded me in abhorrence from hell! — Great God! — But I must dash away these burning tears from my cheeks, and proceed. In the morning I was discovered by some peasants of the neighbourhood close to the bleeding body of Isabelle, with the dagger in my hand, and madness in my eye ; and was dragged away to the chateau. The salutary horror against crime, which Nature has implanted for wise purposes in our souls, now made strongly against me. It was thought that in some fit of jealousy, or frenzy, or for some unaccountable motive or another, I had murdered my mistress ; but that, repenting afterwards, the terrors of a guilty conscience had chained me to the spot. In the bitterness of my suffering I confessed, also, to every one, that I alone had been the cause of her death, which was true, inasmuch as it was for my sake that she had exposed herself to danger. These circumstances were quite enough to convince her family and the world that I was a murderer, and they hurried me away to prison, where every ordinary criminal regarded me with detestation. These feelings still continued in powerful operation when my trial, which I need not describe to you, since you were present, came on; and I was condemned, protesting my innocence, and professing my readiness to die to have that innocence believed.

" When sentence had been passed upon me, I was taken back to my cell, into which I was thrust without pity, like some ferocious beast, for whom man could entertain no sympathy. I had now but two days to live. The world, with all its vanities, seemed to steal away, like the unsolid footing of a dream, from beneath my feet; and eternity, like an ocean, shoreless, fathomless, dark, tremendous, came rolling towards me, to swallow up my being in its mysterious tide. God alone can comprehend the anguish which then fastened, like a demon, upon my soul. In the transports of my agony, I began to believe myself actually guilty of the murder. How, I began to say to myself, am I sure it was not I? Perhaps, in some access of frenzy, I stabbed her; and the idea of the man who flitted across the glade, inflicted the wound, and disappeared for ever, is a mere creation of my brain, maddened by guilt, and seeking to unburden itself of the weight of crime! Then, however, more sane thoughts would follow. I was conscious of having loved her to the last moment. No cause for anger, for unkindness, for strife, had arisen. Our passion, like the summer sun, had risen, and set in calm and tranquillity. She died pronouncing my name, and I would perish with hers upon my lips. Perish? Hah! With that thought came shuddering, and fear, and doubt, and horror. Was I prepared to render, before the throne of God, an account of all my actions, thoughts, wishes, desires? Should I not be in some sort a suicide, since it was by indulging a passion which I then began to consider unlawful, that I had brought death upon the object of my idolatrous affections, and now was about to bring it upon myself? To die as a murderer upon the gallows, a butt to the scorn and hatred, and abhorrence of mankind! To feel, as it were, while living, the fingers of death among my heart-strings—to be sucked into the whirlpool of oblivion—to descend, scarcely yet cold, into the grave—or, more horrible still, to be thrown like the carcase of some worthless animal upon the dissecting table for the amusement of anatomists! And then, my father,—my mother!

"Great God! how dearly did I then perceive the imperfections of civil society—the terrible responsibility which man takes upon himself, when, under whatever pretence, he deprives one of his fellow-creatures of life! Here, a number of men had clubbed together, as it were, to commit in their blindness and ignorance a deliberate murder, after which, they would sleep quietly in their beds, and imagine they had done God service! There was some mystery in the faces of the people about me. Their features, whenever any of them approached me, were screwed up into an expression of determined unbelief. They would see nothing but a murderer in me. They discovered guilt in the very vehemence with which I protested my innocence. The priest, poor man! who came to probe the condition of my soul, thought me perverse and hardened, because I would not acknowledge the commission of the crime. Then life, mere existence, the privilege of breathing the common air, appeared of unspeakable value. The very fly that crawled in the dim light upon the wall of my cell was endowed, in my eyes, with a dignity, a glory, and an elevation in the scale of existence, of which the blind fury of my fellow-creatures was about to deprive me.

" But agony as well as happiness must have an end. Before the morning of execution arrived, a kind of apathy had seized upon me, under the influence of which the circumstances and persons about me appeared like the creations of a dream, agitating, loathsome, horrible, but still capable of being endured. The feeling that weighed most fearfully upon me was the certainty of my fate. Had there seemed to be a chance, however trifling, of escape, my mind would have laid hold of it, magnified it, and by placing it, if I may so speak, close to the intellectual eye, would thus have almost entirely excluded every thing else, as the universe is hidden from the natural eye by a small pebble or a leaf. This is the mental process which enables the soldier to go heedlessly and coolly into battle. But there appeared to be no chance for me. I felt myself linked by an indissoluble chain to a cluster of horrible circumstances, and had only a few steps more to take before I should find myself in the united embrace of death and infamy, whose tortures, for aught I knew, might only be the forerunners of those of hell. I then felt most exquisitely the capacity of the immortal spirit within me to suffer. My body seemed nothing more than a veil of gross matter, thrown round the form and lineaments of a God, to lay him open to the approaches of pain, as the garment of the centaur was wrapped in inextricable folds round the body of Hercules. My ideas, which during the preceding part of my life, had seemed to be merely the reflex and images of things, were now transformed into so many demoniacal essences, endowed with life and inextinguishable activity, and intent upon devouring the brain that had conceived and nourished them.

"At length the fatal moment arrived: I was placed in the hurdle, the horses moved forward, and the fiends who had collected together to see me murdered by the idiotic interpreters of the law, set up a shout, or rather yell of triumph, as if some new Python were about to be removed from the world. Perhaps the real murderer was there, with hell in his breast and in his eyes, looking on my seeming confusion. I once or twice looked around me, unintentionally; but quickly withdrew my gaze, on beholding the terrible expression which sat on every countenance. The lips were drawn hard against the teeth in a kind of hideous smile which told most distinctly how glad they should all be to see the last of me. The sun, however, and every thing in the creation but man, wore a kindly aspect, and this I took to be a revelation of the disposition of my maker towards me. I now closed my eyes, determined to open them no more in this world, and sought by a desperate effort of the imagination to recal the tranquil delight, the blissful moments I had once enjoyed with Isabelle; and I swear to you, my brother, that so pure, so holy had my love been, that I thought it in that awful moment the best garment in which my trembling soul could appear before its maker.

"The sudden stopping of the car at the foot of the gallows gave a horrible shock to my brain. I started, and in spite of my resolution to the contrary, opened wide my eyes, as if instinctively, to take a farewell look of the pleasant world from which I was to be forced away for ever. The hideous post, the cord dangling from it, and the fiend in human shape who was to fasten it about my neck, were the first objects that presented themselves. I threw a wild hurried glance over the vast crowd now collected round: but lest the sight of them should awaken unkindly feelings, unbecoming the mind of a Christian at so awful a moment, I once more closed my eyes, and prepared to meet my doom. The executioner now led me up the ladder to the scaffold, placed the rope about my neck; and, the priest, having performed his duty with me, struck the footing from under me, and I was suspended in the air. Death, for I may so call it, was in itself nothing. A few terrible convulsions — a fiery light in the eyes — a few confused pangs in the brain, and all was over.

"Whether the action of the thinking principle was ever totally suspended or not, is more than I can determine; but the moment in which the first ray of consciousness was shot into my soul, I seemed to be lying at the bottom of an immeasurable ocean, whose sounding waves were rolling in eternal murmurs over my head. A weight, like that of the whole world, seemed to be pressing upon my breast and upon my eyelids; and yet I appeared, even though my eyes were thus forcibly kept fast shut, to be conscious that I was surrounded with dazzling light, while a mighty and magnificent creation, the exaggeration of the world I had left, stretched itself out before me. Oceans, mountains, cities, skies, and beings of celestial form and super-human stature, thronged upon my inward sense, and oppressed me with their grandeur. Rainbows of immeasurable span appeared to throw their glowing arches over plains studded with gigantic flowers; cataracts foamed and thundered from inaccessible cliffs; and rivers of molten silver rolled like vast shining serpents to the sea, over beds of golden sand.

"By degrees the glory of the vision faded away, and pain, sickness, and inexpressible loathing followed. At length my soul burst suddenly from this dream-like state; I became sensible of all that had passed; my eyes opened, and a sense of horror still more intolerable than any thing I had yet experienced seized upon me. Indeed, I am almost persuaded that had I awakened in the nether world, and found myself in the fangs of demons, my sufferings could scarcely have been more exquisite than they now were. To confess the truth, I did not as yet feel at all sure that I was not in reality plunged into those dismal regions where " hope never comes, that comes to all;" for the first sounds which grated upon my ears were blasphemies, oaths, howlings and contentions, such as we commonly imagine to be the entertainment of the damned.

" Looking wistfully and fearfully about me, I found myself in a large dreary chamber, into which some faint rays of a light, resembling that of day on earth, found their way I knew not how; while to aid the effect of these scanty beams, a small iron lamp had been kindled, and placed upon a rude table at the farther end of the room, around which a number of fierce-looking men, in military costume, were seated, engaged in gambling. One of these men, with a halbert in his hand, stood half-way between the gaming-table and the door, as if hesitating between pleasure and duty; but at length the allurements of sin prevailing, he threw his weapon upon the ground, and joined the rest of the crew in their orgies.

" I now clearly saw my position. The horrible suspicions, suggested by the wanderings of my mind, that, having passed through the valley of the shadow of death, I was really in hell, and that the hideous beings whom I saw before me were demons, quickly gave way as reason resumed its empire. I now felt thoroughly convinced that I was still alive and upon the earth; and the love of existence not having been extinguished by all that I had undergone, I began to consider within myself whether I might not even yet escape. Who, or what the men were whom I saw in the room, was more than I could conjecture—for my brain was still somewhat confused—but I did not for a moment doubt that they were placed there to keep watch over me, and therefore repressed the first natural impulse to throw myself upon their mercy and implore their protection. I had now, indeed, learned to look for no mercy or justice from man—innocence was no shield; virtue, no defence. I therefore eagerly watched my ruffianly guardians, quarreling over their petty gains and losses, drinking deeper and deeper, and becoming every moment more regardless of their charge, in the hope that Providence might present me with some opportunity of escape. The day-light I perceived, to my great joy, was fading away. The lamp upon the table yielded but a dim and feeble light; and though the soldiers, in the intervals between the games, sometimes cast a careless glance upon the bed where I lay, not one of them ever came near me to observe whether I were alive or dead.

"Contrary to custom, the bed, which was hung with thick dark curtains, was open at the foot; and it was by that opening that I now hoped to escape. By degrees, with infinite care and caution, as the slightest noise might have roused the vigilance of my guards, I slided down to the foot of the bed, pausing every moment to observe whether my movements had excited their attention. Seeing that they still continued their amusement with much noise and brawling, I put out one of my feet between the curtains, and was about to descend upon the floor, when a man entered the door which was exactly opposite the bed, with a bottle in his hand; and discovering the foot of the corpse, for I had not had time to withdraw it, he uttered a loud shriek of terror, and dropped his burden upon the floor. The soldiers, alarmed by the cry, started from their seats; but being already intoxicated, and half furious with excitement, they listened to the man's story with scorn, and, cursing him heartily for the good liquor he had spilled, they bid him hastily to seek for more, and returned to their gambling. The poor fellow himself, no longer discerning the terrible foot, for I had now carefully withdrawn it, imagined that his own fears had deluded him, and rapidly retreated, leaving in his confusion the door wide open behind him.

"Convinced that I had no time to lose, as every moment exposed me to the danger of discovery, I now slipped down once more, and being barefooted, for the executioner had deprived me of my shoes and stockings, as well as of my coat and hat, I descended upon the floor without noise, and was fortunate enough to reach the door unperceived. Here, from the mirth and riot below, I discovered that I was in a tavern, and should probably have to pass through a crowd of persons before I could reach the street. However, I crossed a long corridor, and crept down the cold damp stairs, without encountering a single human creature, and began to conceive a hope that I should be able to discover some door or window by which I might issue altogether unperceived from the house. Having, however, searched about for some time in vain, the fear lest the soldiers should miss me, and descend, harrowed up my mind, and rendering me desperate, I approached the room where the company were assembled, drinking and singing, as if from joy that the murderer of his mistress had received his reward. For a moment or two I stood behind the half-curtained glass door, trembling from head to foot, and eyeing with intense agony the throng of people through which I should have to pass. Among them were several soldiers, who, rendered vainglorious by wine, were boasting of their valorous deeds, and tempting Fortune to present them with some new occasion of signalizing their courage. At this instant I opened the door, and, I know not by what infatuation, put my head in, and looked slowly about the room. Had I known my own strength, I need have felt no alarm. They saw at once from my swollen neck and livid face that I was the hanged man, the murderer's corpse from up-stairs, and the cheek of the most valiant was instantly blanched with terror, while their knees smote against each other, their teeth chattered, and their hair stood on end. The glasses which they were lifting to their lips were arrested mid-way—their eyes were fixed upon my horrible countenance—the angel of death seemed to have smitten them—and they were chained breathless to the spot, like the Babylonian king and his revellers, when the mysterious hand appeared writing upon the wall.

"In an instant I sprang into the room, and darting through the crowd, as through so many lifeless corpses placed upright upon their feet by magic, was lost in the darkness of the street, while the drunken revellers were yet trembling where they stood, or striving to escape through the wall from the horrible phantom which their fears still presented to their imagination. Owing to the extraordinary terror which my presence had inspired, no alarm was for some time given; and, consequently, no pursuit set on foot.

"As soon as I found myself in the street, my guardian angel suggested the propriety of moving slowly. It was still early in the evening; but as darkness was abroad, there were, as usual, few people stirring, the Caennais, as you are aware, having a particular aversion to be out after dark. The smaller the crowd, however, the greater the danger, as my strange figure, which might have passed unnoticed among a vast multitude, was likely, under present circumstances, to cause me to be detected. Indeed, I thought I could perceive, as I moved along, that the people made way for me with much the same sort of feeling as that which induces them to make way for a rabid animal; though, perhaps, or rather undoubtedly, they regarded me as a poor mendicant, whom poverty, not the hangman, had reduced to a state bordering upon nudity. At length discovering, as I roamed, tremblingly and in terror, through the obscure streets, an old house which had fallen to decay. I contrived to slip into it unperceived, and crawling up the dilapidated staircase, concealed myself among heaps of rubbish near the window.

"I had not been long in this place, before I heard a hue and cry in the street below; and, peeping cautiously out of the window, saw a number of gendarmes collected together directly opposite the ruin, and heard them enlarging upon the circumstances of my escape, and the rigours they should incur in case I should not be retaken. From their conversation, I now learned that some suspicion being entertained, when I was taken down from the fatal tree, that life had not been totally destroyed, I had been placed upon a bed in a tavern, while a messenger was dispatched to the principal authority of the city, then at his chateau, to know what was to be done with me in the event of my recovery.

"I now began to fear that my entering into the ruin had been observed, and that they were come with the lanthorns and torches which they held in their hands, to examine it in search of me. Being greatly alarmed, therefore, I retreated to the back part of the house, and creeping out upon the window-ledge, dropped down into the garden, where I again hid myself among weeds and bushes for some time; but, at length, finding that all was still, I ventured once more into the street, and keeping as far as possible from the great thoroughfares, emerged, in about half an hour from the city, on the road to Bayeux.

"Grief and shame kept me from thinking of my father's house, and whither else to betake myself I knew not. Strolling through the dark fields in a state bordering on despair, I at length knelt down beside a stone, to ask counsel of God by prayer, and having poured out my sorrows to him who is never deaf to the afflicted, I wept bitterly. After this my spirit appeared to be refreshed, and my eyes turned instinctively towards heaven, where the everlasting lamps of the firmament were burning as of old, and shedding a cheering and religious light upon the abode of mortals. The spell which had bound me to the world had now departed, and I felt that if God in his mercy would release me, I could be content to die that moment; though I still shuddered with horror at the thought of being precipitated into eternity by the violence of my fellow-creatures. The holy calm of religion, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace, descended upon my soul. My passions died away like a taper that is burnt out. The spirit of devotion took possession of me. I was rapt. Just then the bells of the neighbouring abbey of Ardennes rung out solemnly but beautifully, to sound the brotherhood to their midnight devotions, and the sound spoke like the voice of an angel to my heart, and informed me what I should do. In the world I had now no abiding place. I was an outcast — a malefactor — a monster to be pursued to the death by the laws. Here, close at hand, was a place of refuge, where, as in the grave, the wicked must cease from troubling, and where the weary might be at rest. The dawn of my life had been given up to the love of one of the noblest of God's creatures. That fair being, beloved and cherished even above my own soul, had now vanished like a morning dream, and with her the prime glory of the earth had also departed. Wherefore, then, should I again seek to mingle among mankind, seeing that though, to borrow the word of the Psalmist, I might go to her, she could never return to me? To smile, to indulge in one pleasurable feeling, after death had closed those beautiful and beloved eyes which had been my earthly cynosure, appeared, in the frame of mind in which I then was, a species of impiety, a grossness, an abasement of my spiritual nature, of which I should have blushed to be guilty. There being, therefore, among all created things, nothing more beautiful or pure than her, to which my spirit could attach itself, I at once elevated my affections to the source of all beauty and all purity, and sought for happiness in the bosom of God. There, at midnight, in the presence of the stars, I devoted myself soul and body to my Maker, and taking sanctuary in this convent, I became a monk, and shall never put foot beyond its precincts while life remains. Before many years revolve, however, I feel assured that my spirit will be united with her spirit before the throne of God.—Adieu."

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